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The HOME PUBLISHING Co., Ltd.
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THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of The Western Home Monthly is \$1.00 a year, or three years for \$2.00 to any address in Canada or British Isles. The subscription to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1.25 a year.

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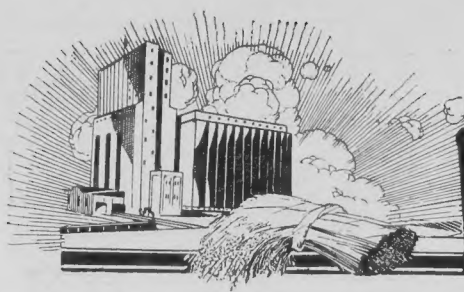
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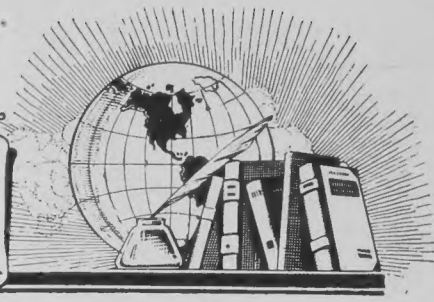
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EDITORIAL



Justice for the Poor

THE destruction of the poor is their poverty." Nowhere is this more evident than in the Courts of Law.

It need hardly be said that it is not any malign purpose or any deliberate corruption on the parts of the courts that lead to that result. Rather it is the necessarily expensive character of litigation under our present system of judicial administration. That system, organized to fit the needs of a homogeneous, chiefly rural and generally prosperous population, is not always flexible enough to deal with the problems that have followed immigration, the great increase in the number of industrial workers and the growth of great cities. The poor man, and especially the recent immigrant, finds justice a hard thing to come by for three reasons: First, the machinery of the courts moves so slowly—or can be made to move so slowly—that he is exposed to delays that he cannot understand, and to expenses that he cannot meet. Second, he cannot get his cause heard simply by making complaint of a wrong, but must find the money to pay certain invariable fees and costs. Third, court proceedings can usually be carried on only by attorneys, and the very poor have not the means to pay for a lawyer's services.

A solution of the problem would seem to be the appointment of a public defender in criminal cases. He might be paid by the state or by a private society organized to give legal aid to the poor. Legal aid societies exist in thirty-seven American cities and are doing a very useful work. They might be called into being in every city of fifty thousand people.

Another solution of the problem is that many of the cases now being tried in court be settled directly by a judge without the aid of lawyers. The small claim courts in Chicago, Cleveland, Portland, Kansas City, and the courts for juvenile delinquency, in our own land give illustrations of justice being meted out without cost. There are other cases where commissions arbitrate cases without legal fees and costs. Why not give the poor man a chance?

Europe's Plight

LIVING so far away from the scene, we fail to realize the seriousness of the situation in Europe. We have a vague hope that in some way disaster will be averted, indeed we believe in our hearts that men like ex-premier Nitti are alarmists or excited extremists, and so we listen to them but for a moment or two and then resume our wonted attitude of indifference. Yet there is no denying the gravity of the case. France and Italy unable to pay their war debts, Germany unable to pay France, France squeezing Germany, but unable out of that stone to extract an ounce of blood—all this because, as Nitti says, the articles of peace were preposterous, the conditions impossible. It was not peace at all that was secured, but a continuation of war. Says Nitti:

It is necessary to hark back to the Middle Ages to find treaties which are as low, from the moral point of view, or imbued with such brutal cynicism.*** All the nations created after the peace treaty were contrived solely for the purpose of taking as much territory as possible away from Germany and Russia, and of separating as much as possible, the German people from the Russian people.***

It was believed that by starving Russia she might be forced under a system of economic control that was not openly declared: that by occupying Germany militarily with white and black troops and condemning her to every form of torture she might be dismembered and her unity broken; that by depriving Turkey of all her European territory she might be eliminated as a European power, confined within narrow boundaries and shorn of all religious control like some small Asiatic State.

This policy, nearly the same everywhere and characteristic of the Entente, especially in certain of its manifestations, was the best adapted for exasperating the nations to which it was applied. Turks, Russians and Germans are now in the same state of exasperation. Though possessing no actual tie in common, they are bound together by the same feeling of hatred, and everywhere there are in process of fermentation outbreaks of violence which are certainly far from contributing toward a policy of peace.

Nitti sees but one bright spot in the whole picture. Great Britain has made the greatest effort toward peace, a fact that will constitute for her a claim to glory after her great efforts in the war. She has declared herself ready to renounce all in order that Europe might be reconstructed. She has insisted on paying to the last penny her debts to those from whom she has borrowed, even if she knows she can expect little or no returns from those to whom she has lent. Yet Britain's magnanimity cannot of itself save Europe. Nations that are sitting in the darkness of greed and hate, instead of basking in the sunshine of goodwill

and mutual forbearance, cannot grow and prosper. There is nothing for them but certain death. No wonder then that Nitti calls upon the new World to save the old—to save it from poverty, and from the more serious peril of selfishness.

Now, it is possible for America, as the only nation in the world that made wealth out of the war, to come to the assistance of other lands, but, speaking frankly, it is doubtful if she possesses any less of the spirit of selfishness than European nations. Perhaps we are all tarred with the one stick.

Nitti may be a confirmed and disappointed pessimist, but it is just possible there is good sense in some of his advice.

Germany is being ruined without any profit to her victorious foes, and those who were victorious in the war are marching rapidly toward downfall.

What is needed is an honor agreement between the United States and Great Britain, such as may bring about a systematization of Europe; otherwise new ruins will be heaped up, new wars engendered, and Europe will fall to the lowest level of degradation, to the detriment of civilization throughout the world.

There is, of course, another side to the shield. In an address before the Canadian Club at Ottawa, Senator Beaubien of Montreal well expressed the French view:

Describing the situation as between France and Germany, Senator Beaubien said that Germany, the aggressor, was unpunished, prosperous and with her money exported, incorporated to works or meted out to the public, while France, the victim, was bled white, still devastated, ruined, crushed by debt; her basic industry strangled and facing bankruptcy. He declared that as the result of the destruction during the war, 85 per cent of France's industry and production had been lost.

What we have to do is to make the best we can out of the argument on both sides. We do not know Germany's condition to-day, and we do not know what planning and plotting are still going on. Naturally our experience has led us to suspect Berlin and Moscow and Constantinople. One morning we accuse France of being unreasonable, greedy, ungrateful, and the next morning we sympathize with her in her distresses, and justify her attempts to make Germany repay her losses—even to the last franc.

So in our indecision we wait for the peace for which our hearts long. And as we wait we catch the sound of marching armies, and hear the riveting of armour on the dreadnoughts of to-morrow. Who shall tell what that to-morrow will bring?

Immigration

PROFESSOR Carl Bingham of Princeton has published a little book on "A Study of American Intelligence," in which he analyzes the results of the army tests from the view point of racial groups as applied to immigration. He shows that the immigration for the past thirty years has been on a distinctly lower plane than formerly, that in intelligence and mental quality the late comers are far below the average. Herein is a lesson for Canada. It is easy for us to sacrifice the future to the present, easy to settle the country with men who can aid in building railways and opening new districts, but it is not easy to build up strong vigorous manhood out of a stock that is impoverished or diseased.

This immigration problem is not so simple as some people imagine. It is not merely a matter of getting workers. It is rather a question of getting people here who will coalesce in a helpful way, who will unite with other elements in creating a strong Canadian citizenship. We have now elements here whom we could well afford to do without. They can earn money and spend it, but they are aliens and strangers in all matters pertaining to good citizenship, and their children's children will be like them in their isolation and attitude. These are not ideal settlers for city or country.

Eventually the problem of promoting right feelings among all classes falls upon the public school. That institution has now reached its limit. As far as possible the immigrants should consist of those who are in sympathy with British traditions and British institutions and who are capable of uniting domestically and socially as well as industrially and politically in all matters that concern the Dominion and the Empire.

Brains

FOLLOWING the statement of Prof. Bingham comes a remarkable address by President Cullen of Colgate University, lately of Acadia University, Nova Scotia, in which he makes a plea for good birth.

There is only one way to produce brains and that is to breed them! We cannot develop them from non-brains, nor can we hope by process of education or training to increase potential mentality—that seems to be a fixed quantity; we must get brains from brainy parentage. Of course we have known this in a general way for a long time, but we dislike to admit it and to fashion our program upon it. We have been careful

to breed animals upon this principle. We breed horses for speed from speedy parentage, and likewise for strength or for jumping ability; we breed cattle for milk, beef, or draught purposes; we breed hogs for bacon or for hams. One needs only to look at the various breeds of hogs and realize that they all came from a common stock, and that without breeding selection would revert to a common stock, to see what selective breeding can do. Burbank's great success is not only in breeding for certain desirable qualities but in breeding out the undesirable qualities. If a Martian should visit this planet and get a comprehensive view of our life I can imagine the first observation he would make, with uplifted hands and horror stricken face, would be, "You're breeding out your brains! You're breeding out your brains!"

What is meant by such a statement? Simply this: Our brainy people are not producing sufficient children to take their places, while the mentally inferior are producing far more than enough to fill their places—we are getting our population from the mentally inferior. A recent investigation shows that Harvard graduates average seven-tenths of one son and Vassar graduates one-half of a daughter. Let me take an example nearer my home. The faculty of Colgate University numbers fifty-five. These men average eight-elevenths of a son, and their wives average three-fifths of one daughter. I mention this not because it is extraordinary but because it is typical. I have been charged with saying that all the intelligent people are in colleges; of course I have never said that. What I did say, and reaffirm, is that people of higher intelligence are sure to be found in our colleges and to be found here in greater proportion than elsewhere. I judge that about 10 per cent. of the young people of higher mentality are to be found in the student bodies of our colleges and universities, and that the same proportion of older people of high mentality will likely be found to be college graduates. It is not unlikely that the average number of children of the 100 per cent. of this class will not much if any exceed that of our college graduates and faculties. The tendency is for those who by mental superiority make a success of life, to send their children to college and consequently all the offspring of superior mentality gravitate toward the colleges, and if this condition of small families applies only to the college graduates and not to others of high mentality, the result will eventually be the same.

Man's Worst Foe

TWO creatures are particularly repulsive to mankind—the snake and the rat. The distinction of the poisonous snake has been known for a time beyond the dawn of history. Perhaps there has been an intuition that the rat is equally distinctive. It has remained for science to prove the fact beyond shadow of doubt.

Here in the Western Hemisphere we are accustomed to reckon the destructiveness of rats in terms of money or other material things; but in the East they reckon it in terms of human life. It is the house rat that harbours the flea that transmits the bubonic plague that causes the "black death," which in the fourteenth century destroyed twenty-five million people in Europe, and which under the name of plague is always pandemic in Asia, Africa, Australasia and South America. Since 1896 it has killed nine millions of the people of India alone.

The economic loss owing to rats in this hemisphere is probably two hundred millions a year—and this measures damage to property alone. It says nothing about traps and poisons and the cost of the Public Health Service in seaboard cities.

As with so many other evils, the remedy is preventive rather than curative. Buildings must be so constructed as to be rat proof, which is not at all difficult; and then streets, neighborhoods and communities must be rid of rats and kept clear of them by co-operative work under intelligent and ample authority. One half the money that now goes to feed and fight rats would do it in a few years. But until such co-operative work begins, let every farmer and every householder look after his own premises with traps, shotguns, rifle, poison and the assistance of Thomas H. Cat.

"The Paper Mint"

The mischiefs produced by any monetary system that is not self-regulating, are now more widely recognized than ever before, thanks to the havoc wrought in all parts of the world since the war by inconvertible paper currencies. Nothing short of an automatic currency seems to be of any use, because only hard money of a fixed legal weight and refinement is independent of politicians. No country can be sure that its statesmen will always be, and remain sufficiently virtuous and sufficiently intelligent to keep their hands off so convenient and easy a resource as the paper mint.—London Economist.



Eskimo murderers. The boy at the right of picture is responsible for many deaths including Constable Doak and P. Binder of H.B.C. (H.B.C. vessel "Lady Kindersley" in background.)

ESKIMO : : : PRISONERS

By A. de H. Smith

ESKIMO murderers and murderesses are at this time of writing wandering care free on the beach at Herschel Island, at the mouth of the Mackenzie River; the captives of the Mounted Police together with the witnesses amount to over twelve persons, and other bands are being sought by the members of the R. C. M. P. in the unknown territory east of Coronation Gulf.

Murder as a pastime apparently appeals to the natives of the eastern Arctic, and the consensus of opinion in the far north is that the Mounted Police posts should be augmented as it is apparent that the force is to have a busy time in carrying the whiteman's laws to people who inhabit the coasts of the Frozen Sea.

Some of the prisoners now at Herschel Island were brought there as the result of tribal wars in which a number of Eskimos were killed, while others of the captives have but one killing to account for. Included in the number are two women and Akautik, the latter being responsible for the murder of Corporal Doak of the Mounted Police—one of the most famous "mushers" in the north. This man is also facing the charge of killing P. Binder, the Hudson's Bay Company manager at Coronation Gulf, but he is quite unconcerned about the matter and evidently regards the procedure as portion of the rule regarding the survival of the fittest. This man was brought overland in the dead of the Arctic winter along the wind-swept coasts by Constable Stevenson of the R. C. M. P., and this feat is regarded as one of the notable achievements of the Guardians of the North. With his team of huskies and without company save the murderer, the lone constable drove his dogs over the eight hundred bleak miles which intervene between the police post on Coronation Gulf and Herschel Island, delivering his prisoner with the usual sangfroid of the force.

SOME of the prisoners have been waiting trial at the police post for two years, and it is expected that if the department decides to try the natives in the manner of the "outside" that Judge Dubuc will go out from Edmonton next spring. It is largely a matter of conjecture, however, as to its effect on the natives as they have no understanding of the laws in this respect, and merely kill when it seems necessary to them to do so.

In the case of Akautik when he heard that he was to be taken to Herschel Island to answer the charge of murdering one of his compatriots he understood that he was to be removed to "a far country" to which he preferred death.

With this idea in view he entered the police detachment at Tree River post on Coronation Gulf, and seeing the unfortunate Corporal Doak lying on his bed fired at him, with the intention of wounding him so that the policeman would retaliate and put him out of misery.

The shot proved fatal, and poor Doak never moved again. Then the native realizing what he had done made up his mind that to avoid deportation he would have to kill all the other whitemen in the territory, following which he killed the H. B. C. post manager, and would doubtless have also murdered the other two whitemen who were returning from a seal hunt, but that he was persuaded otherwise by the remainder of his tribe.



Summer in the Arctic. View of ice pack near Point Barrow taken in September last

Dr. W. P. Millar of Edmonton, the first dentist which the Arctic has known, has recently returned from the far north, and relates that the murder colony at Herschel Island is enjoying an idyllic existence. Though guarded by the Mounted Police, they are at perfect liberty to wander where they will in the vicinity of the post; they spend most of their time fishing, and so with



Floating ice near Herschel Island through which the "Lady Kindersley" steamed in and out. Taken in September last.

At Evening

By Harry W. Laughey

I long for a cottage beside the way—
Just a hut with a thatch to its
low-hung eaves;
With a vine round its door and its win-
dow ledge,
And gables embowered in whispering
leaves;
With a bench which invites to a shady
nook,
A casement that mirrors the wester-
ing sun,
And a welcome which waits at the open
door
With a smile for my guerdon when
day is done.

May my cottage be hidden from prying
eyes;
May it echo no sigh of the passing
throng;
May it thrill to the tune of a whispering
rill
And the love-laden plea of a lone bird's
song;
May a tea kettle sing on its blackened
hob
And a clock tick aloud on its low-
ceiled wall,
While I sit by the embers that warm the
grate,
At peace for a moment while shadows
fall.

I clamored for more in the years gone
by—
A mansion that towered upon a
height;
I harassed the gods with my efforts
vain;
I courted the fates in their frenzied
flight.

But youth climbs the hilltops that lead
to noon
While age yearns the valleys, and
close of day.
Now—the road has been long, let me
rest awhile—
I long for a cottage beside the way.

Dream Ships

R. B. Forsyth

Out of the mists of Long Ago
There sails o'er the ocean wide
A phantom fleet and a phantom crew
With the drift of the ebbing tide.

It slips through the haze of the even-
ing calm
With sails so thin and sere;
Each ship is freighted with dreams long
past
And hopes that were once so dear.

Merchantmen, frigates and galleons bold
Slip by where the seas wash down
One by one they come and pass
Toward the land of the West'ring
Sun.

One by one they come and pass,
Dream-ships of a day gone by,
To the sunken reef and the storm-swept
crag,
And the shore where the dead men
lie.

Ah, deep so deep, where the wild waves
sweep
These hulks of the past lie dead.
And winds roam by 'neath the gath'ring
sky,
Like the ghosts of a day long fled.



Eskimo murderesses "in durance vile" at Herschel island

the rations supplied by their captors are of the opinion that a murderer's lot is not such an unhappy one.

In addition to the natives themselves, Dr. Millar says that society in the Arctic is extremely mixed, and that it is advisable not to inquire too closely into a visitor's antecedents. Many of the "upper ten" arrived on the coast via whalers. In some instances their nationality is decidedly vague, while their descendents from intermarriage with the Eskimo can hardly be classified. Some originally hailed from sunny Portugal, others are pure blood Kanakas from the Fijiian and Hawaiian islands—strangely misplaced in a geographical sense—while amongst the ranks of the white beach-combers may be found men of every race.

Due to the exceptional white fox catch for the past few years and the high prices which have prevailed, all the natives are in the millionaire class; they have more money than they possess wants to satisfy and are willing to expend their wealth on anything spendable. This year the Hudson's Bay steamer "Lady Kindersley" landed a thousand tons of freight at Herschel Island for the various posts of the company in the north, but owing to the fact that the ice has never left the Arctic all summer, she was unable to deliver the food and other supplies to the posts and it is feared that the traders and missionaries in the eastern Arctic will have a difficult time in winning through the winter.

WITH one exception none of the traders who usually come up to Herschel Island to lay in their year's supplies were able to get through the ice barrier this year; as a consequence a large quantity of valuable furs will not reach the market. One trapper—a Kanaka—himself made \$18,000 in trapping white fox last season, and many of the natives were equally fortunate. The only boat of the eastern fleet to get through was the "Argo" owned by Captain McIntyre. Though disabled in the ice, she managed to battle her way to Herschel Island, bringing with her Constable Wollams of the R. C. M. P., and five Eskimo prisoners.

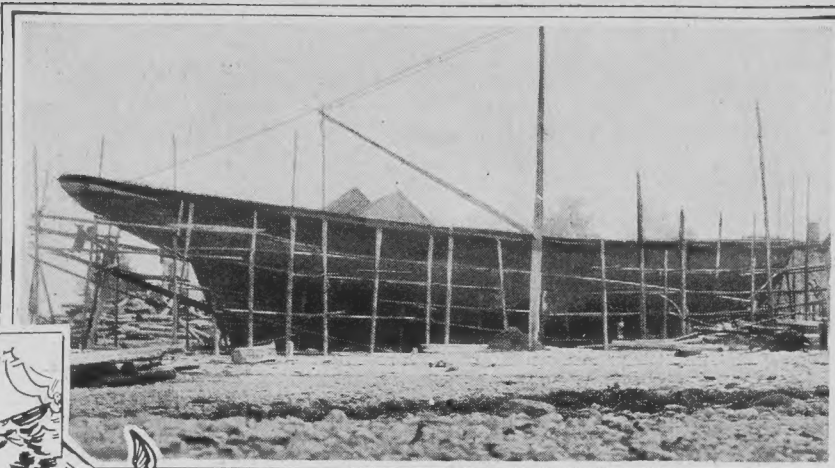
As illustrating financial conditions in the Arctic, Dr. Miller visited Captain McIntyre on his boat, and on going down to the cabin was surprised to see a large tin box lying open on the cabin table, this being fairly stuffed with bills of various denominations in addition to American gold coins. When the table was cleared for the visitor the captain casually shoved the box in a corner, remarking that locks were not required in the Arctic, and that such a thing as theft was unknown.

Both the "Lady Kindersley" and the whaler "Herman"—the two vessels which yearly visit the Arctic from the "outside" via the Behring straits—were hard put to it to win a passage through the ice to unload their cargoes at Herschel Island. Once landed no time was lost in getting away again, and much difficulty was met with in getting through to open water. The ships left early in September; it froze steadily every day, and a passage had to be forced by the ship's engines through the ice. At one time the captains were of the impression that they would have to remain in the Arctic until next year, but finally decided to "chance it," and won.

Financially this is one of the best years which the Arctic has known, but from the climatic point of view the worst for a decade.

OFF To The BANKS
In A TWO STICKER
The I MacCORKER

On A FRESH FISH
TRIP—As TOLD By
The OWNER'S SON



These are the boats they go to the Banks in and dare the midwinter tempest

SHOWING THE BUILDING AND THE USE OF OUR FISHING SCHOONERS

With Topmast Stowed and Every Sail Drawing

By Bonnycastle Dale



Showing the stern built to withstand a great following sea



A vessel ashore. The end of the "two sticker"

THE I MacCorker was iced and baited and all the crew was aboard. Word had come from the last banker in, that the weather was "nasty" on the banks and that they had had a mains'le blown to ribbons and all the dories and deck hamper swept clean off the deck, and one man's leg broken in the sweep of the sea. But what weather ever kept a fisherman ashore? Blow low! blow high! they go out and slip overboard into their dories and set trawl even when the weather is cold enough to freeze the line in the tubs, out there, a mile from the vessel, with heavy winds blowing and squalls of snow drifting up on the horizon and them praying it won't get so thick they can't see the vessel.

Old, but not unusual, although this crew was signed on in a U. S. port, every man jack of them, from captain to cook was a Nova Scotian, a true "Bluenose" as they are called in these coastwise ports. Brave to the point of foolhardiness, no story daunts them. It came in lately that a banker hove to in a great sea, with the men busily heading and throating and others passing the fish along to the hatch, with every man's hand slippery with "gurry." An "old sea" roared over the rail and carried three men clear of the ship and dashed two of them back on the deck just as if Old Ocean scorned victims that day. Frozen fingers, nipped feet, hook torn hands, no, nothing daunts them. I went back and spoke to the young Bluenose at the wheel—Let him tell the story in part.

"There was a nip in the air and the wind was fair nor'west as we slipped along over the wind chop for Sable Island Bank. We had thirty tons of ice in our kit and twenty-two as good dorymen as ever fished a bank.

It was my trick at the wheel and I had her true. It was "first watch" (8 to 12 p.m.) and the sun was sinking in a red rose sky—that's good at night but bad in the morning. The lights off "Cape Sable" and "Seal Island" and "Bacaro" and even "Cape Negro" were just beginnin' to wink out a warnin' to us sea dogs, and a "gentle breeze" (18 miles) was filling our sails. We had the topmasts stowed so that saved work on this trip. Just then I had to "mast her" as she swung a bit, but most of the time "the course was good" and the I. MacCorker is an easy one on her helm.

The tide was with us and the moon was clear, which meant frost. Along about sou'west ledge can booeey (buoy) we passed the big "Lingan," loaded down with coal for St. Johns and one other liner which I guessed was a Cunarder by her "red and two narrer black bands and a black top." It was just about as fine a night as I ever seen in March, if the sting was outen the wind a mite; but I was well oiled up, a stout little hundred foot two sticker under me and a chance to "mug up" again in a couple of hours—we was

always a muggin up in the I. MacCorker. Through the glasses matey says he could see the lights atwinklin' on the shore—he was fresh and homesick likes but all on us was as happy a lot of fisherlads as ever baited a cod hook.

We had 2,000 pounds of squid and 10,000 of herring from the cold storage for bait, and cod was 6c when we left Gloster. We was on shares, half to the men and ship, and ship count one in with the men—see!

THE night was just changing from pink sunset, with twinkling stars to dark purple headlands and gloomy black sea. There was a huge raft of migrating "sea ducks", as the wheelman called them but I knew them for eiders. At times overhead there sailed up out of the south and disappeared into the east great black bodies looking like loons—white I knew in daytime. Under the curl of the bow I could see at times a dovkie (sea-dove) watching our big, dark, overhanging form approach, then down it would dive into the clear green seawater. Once, for just a second, we saw what the wheelman called "blackfish"—small whales that dipped and rolled and loafed along, love making no doubt, as all nature was heading that way this March month.

Shouldn't wonder if the tempest hit us when we are on the banks. We had to run about three hunder miles before one last March and we lost every rag we had above us, but we did save the dories and the "kegs" an "kits."

It is wonderful to be "putting the land down" on a cool clear frosty spring night like this with the tang of the men's "pigtail" tobacco sweeping forward on the breeze and the strains of "Hug me Honey" coming aft out of fok'sle where the crew were enjoying the raspy old music box.

Soon the top hamper was lost in the gloom of night and the great main and foresails looked like huge threatening shadows overhead. Every rope end that slatted made a ghostly racket and forward in the "whiskers" an old bacey tin fell with a rattling crash that made me jump. We were "wing and wing," foresail and main on different sides, and the I. MacCorker swooped along like some magic-driven night bird. Something crashed above us and I heard a gruff order. A shade a bit darker than the rigging climbed swiftly aloft and the thumping ceased.

The shotter must a been left when we tripped the topmast and a block or something that shouldn't a been thar—the "old man" will tell us all about it pretty quick.

Up over the eastern uneasy rim of the sea lifted a great silvery yellow globe. It was so long since I saw a moon rise without a bit of old earth intruding into the scene that at first I did not know just what it was. Up—up it came at

express rate and instantly—as it seemed—the dull gloomy ocean was just a silvery mass of tumbling seas and far overhead on every point of the compass the constellations burned and twinkled. I sought my bunk as I wanted to see the sun lift up in that mysterious East whence the big yellow moon had just emerged.

In my dreams I heard the cry "All hands on deck!" But not until I was thrown violently out of my bunk—luckily a low one—did I understand just what it meant. I stuck my head up the fok'sle and the scene was one of sublime grandeur to my sleep bitten eyes. All the ocean was a racing mass of lean white topped racing seas and over it all shone a silver clear moon, its face every second washed by a fleecy cloud which raced across. We were almost on our beam ends, for the rain water in a lashed down trawl tub near me was spilling over the side like a mill race. The masts seemed to slant right out to the creaming tops of the seas, mountains risen in a short two hours. One instantly wet me from sock to hair so I crept out to see where I could help. I did a bit of lashing down and threw my arms about the foremast to watch that crew—they were black or silver all in a minute as shine or shadow changed. Then they ran streams of sparkling salt water like some fountain figure when a sea broke over them. We were about now and the vessel was righting and the cloths slat—slatting. Every man worked like a demon to reef those wildly billowing mountains of cloth. Once I saw a black figure go streaming out on the wind. Lost! I shuddered. No, he had a hold of a rope's end and he smashed back into the main'sle like a plummet into the sea. Three jibs, two big sails all reefed down—except a corner for a lie to—all in a few minutes by those man-monkeys, the salt water fishermen—big lads mostly.

Before the sun came up like a golden ball in the troubled East, the wind had died down from the wild gusts of last night to a true norther and we were scudding for the banks like a great white bird with every sail drawing again.

WE had just about two-fifty miles to do from that Sou'western Ledge we passed that glorious Sunday night and we put it astern in twenty-nine hours for the good old sun was just sinking when the man with the lead called out "Fishing grounds—good anchorage."

So we were on the banks—the Western Banks—just the southern edge of Sable Island Banks, but, so far as I could see, there were no "banks." Of course they lie in deep water, but even that depth is shallow compared with the sea bed. On these millions of acres of sandy shallows swarm the great masses of bait, the cod and the haddock love, grille, shrimp, billfish and all the shallow water loving small fry on which the codfish

lives—yes, and a few big green crabs and lobsters, halibut and cusk, dogfish and wolf fish—or catfish as these fishermen call them.

At every opportunity the men had been baiting up their tubs of trawl-heavy codlines. Now they loaded their dories with their tubs of trawl and kegs or buoys and gaily they stepped over the rail after a final "mug up."

As these crews which are on shares get a much larger part of the "fare" than do crews on wages, every man is alert and ready at the first sign of "fishing weather" to have his dory over, and away go the whole fleet of them. We had ten dories with two men to a dory. Some have a "man to a boat," and they spread out two off bow, two off stern, three on either side away off. I knew the men's histories, and among the twenty that slipped so gaily over the rail was more than one who had been given up for lost. The man in the bow of the first dory had only two fingers on one hand. He gave the others when his dory was lost in the fog on the banks and he rowed and rowed on and on, and when the night came, with its fierce winds and breaking seas, he let his hands freeze to the oars for fear he would lose them, and when a big passenger liner hove to and sent a boat for him there he was in "caught a crab" shape, on his back in the dory with his oars "cock-a-hill" and his head on a trawl key which had kept it up out of the water that was slushing back and forth. He got a free trip to Liverpool and back. As there was no wireless in those days, and he in some manner got his name and address all tangled up, it was two months later when his supposedly dead body came swiftly walking along the tide-flats towards his home in the little Nova Scotia "Snug Harbour."

"It looks like Jerry!" said his sister. Just then he dodged a well-known tide channel that only a native could have known of, and as he plumped down on the other side he waved his hand—and his mother sat down in a comfortable faint—"for she thought I was a ghost," he told me.

Several men among those twenty rowing away so swiftly had been lost overnight from their vessels. One had rowed the whole two hundred odd miles to the shores of Nova Scotia. You see each dory is supposed by law to have food and water in, but most of the men only take a water jug.

Later on in the day we slatted back and forth among the dories and "lightened them." By nightfall we had almost 20 "kantles" as the Captain said (112 pounds of fish in a "kandle"). A mist settled down towards night and the sea calmed a bit but it was still pretty "lumpy" as they said, and in, upover the rail, came man after man and soon the whole deck was "gurry." Headers and throaters,

Continued on page 14

Scientists War In West With Deadly Pine Blister Rust

By Francis Dickie

THE most important scientific battle in many years in the field of plant pathology has been in progress in the last few months on the Pacific coast of the United States and Canada, a battle in which the stake was commercial white pine timber to the colossal value of about three hundred million dollars.

All through the spring and exceptionally long, hot summer of 1922, though handicapped by the worst forest fire season in the recorded history of the province of British Columbia, plant pathologists and forestry pathology experts of the United States and Canadian Governments, the most celebrated men in their line on the North American continent, assisted by hundreds of forest rangers, and many private citizens specially instructed, scoured the vast wooded area of British Columbia, and the western states bordering upon the Pacific, in order to take the measure of the deadly pine blister rust menace, one of the most remarkable and destructive of timber scourges; one which for the last sixteen years has been blighting valuable pine timber on the eastern portion of North America, causing the loss of untold millions to the people of the United States and Canada.

Yet great as has been the destruction of the pine blister rust in the eastern portion of the continent, it was fondly hoped that this deadly enemy would never reach the forest wealth of the Pacific coast and bordering states.

But on September 10th, 1921, Mr. John W. Eastham, Provincial Pathologist for British Columbia, and one of the greatest authorities on plant diseases on the American Continent, made the startling discovery of the presence of this strange pine blister rust menace on the British Columbia coast on some black currant leaves taken from bushes growing at North Vancouver. Immediate search revealed the disease to be present on black currant over a considerable area in the Lower Fraser Valley and on Vancouver Island.

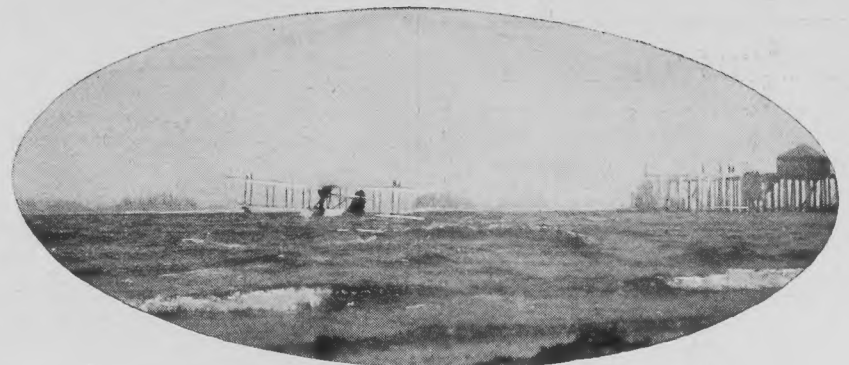
The news of the presence of this menace to the white pine was like the explosion of the first bomb in a battle. The headquarters of Plant Pathologist Eastham, became famous overnight, so to speak. The eyes of the United States Pathologists turned Pacific coastwards, for with such news to hand the American authorities at once saw how ominous was the possibility of danger to the

tremendous pine forests east of the Cascades in Washington, Idaho, Oregon, Montana, and even to California, valued at some \$300,000,000. Every expert in the service at once took the field. The above mentioned regions were thoroughly covered, while Dr. Pennington, Dr. J. S. Boyce, Professor Bethel, H. G. Lachlund and Mr. F. M. Knapp of the American Forestry Pathology Service, came to Canada in the summer of 1922 to see what progress the disease had made in British Columbia.

The Canadian Dominion Government authorities were prompt in taking the field. Little work was possible in the winter of 1921, but with the opening of the 1922 season, Mr. A. T. Davidson, Canadian Forestry expert, chief in charge of the Field Force, arrived on the coast of British Columbia.

The Canadian Dominion Government, recognizing the importance of the work and realizing the vastness of the territory to be covered, at once saw that the air force would be of invaluable aid in covering the thousands of miles of scouting work necessary. Fortunately a fully equipped Air Force was stationed at Jericho Beach, Vancouver, with three of the most up-to-date seaplanes in America.

With the co-operation of the Air Force it was possible in the short period



Pine blister experts making a landing in a rough sea

dense banks of smoke covered the earth and air.

The visiting American experts were offered every possible assistance by Dominion Chief Davidson in the way of data already gathered; and several of them made a number of flights in his company to various infected areas.

Through the courtesy of Provincial Plant Pathologist Mr. John W. Eastham, your correspondent accompanied him on one of his journeys of investigation on the coast of British Columbia, and from him gained fullest data, the following being the most important facts in connection with the pine blister rust menace, a plant disease having peculiar and remarkable methods of action.

This fungus disease is known commonly as White Pine Blister Rust, or Black Currant Rust, and technically as *Cronartium ribicola*. Like many others of the group of parasitic fungi known

blister-like swellings appear on the bark of the infected area in the spring. These are filled with large quantities of bright orange red powder consisting of immense numbers of the spring spores (aeciospores). The covering of the blister breaks and the spores fall out. They are light and especially adapted to wind dispersal and apparently can be carried in a living condition for many miles. But the peculiar and very interesting fact in connection with these spores is that they cannot directly cause the disease on the pines. The only plants they can infect are those belonging to what the botanists call the genus *Ribes*, that is to say in everyday language, all currants and gooseberries. Apparently most of these, including wild and cultivated ones, are capable of being infected, but there is considerable difference in the ease with which they take the disease, the cultivated black currant being in a class by itself in the readiness with which it becomes infected. For this reason it forms on the one hand a useful indicator of the presence of the aeciospore infection, while on the other hand its presence is almost necessary for the disease to become extensively established. On the currant leaves the disease shows on the lower side first as yellowish or orange colored spots or summer spores and later it forms peculiar reddish brown horn or hair like growths which are very characterizing. These little horns may not be found all over the leaf but only in patches which are quite thickly covered. Such patches often show as dead or discolored areas on the upper side of the leaf and often there is no indication until the leaf is turned over. Each of these hornlike bodies is composed of a large number of autumn spores (teliospores) adhering together. The inconspicuous summer spores cannot affect currants, but produce a minute and delicate secondary spore (Sporidium) which can infect pines if these are not too far away. These secondary spores are so easily killed

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When a forced landing has to be made a pigeon is let go with a request for aid

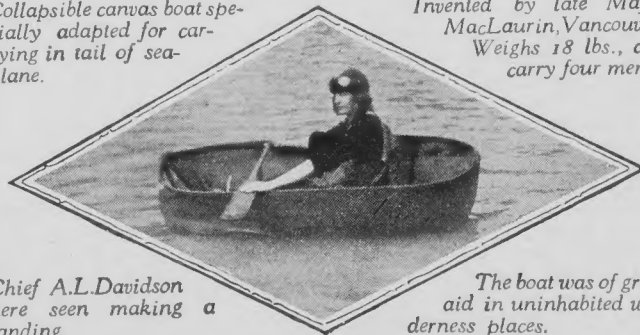
of five months for Mr. A. T. Davidson and assistants, to cover 4,000 miles of territory, a task that under ordinary conditions would have required several years. So once more was proved the immense value of man's conquest of the air, for only sixty-five hours of actual flying time were required to do work ordinarily necessitating years.

OWING to the summer of 1922 being the worst for forest fires in the recorded history of British Columbia, much of this flying was done under

as "rusts" the parasite lives alternately on two different plants (spoken of as "hosts"). One stage may occur apparently on all pines which have five needles in a cluster: e.g. White pine (*Pinus monticola*) Eastern White Pine (*P. Strobus*) White Bark Pine (*P. Albicaulis*) and such introduced ornamental species as Swiss Stone Pine (*P. Cembra*) and Himalayan Pine (*P. Excelsa*). Three needle pines, e.g.: Bull or Yellow Pine (*P. Ponderosa*) or two needle ones, e.g. Lodge Pole Pine (*P. Contorta*) are immune. The disease on the pines

Collapsible canvas boat specially adapted for carrying in tail of seaplane.

Invented by late Major MacLaurin, Vancouver. Weighs 18 lbs., can carry four men.



Chief A.L. Davidson here seen making a landing.

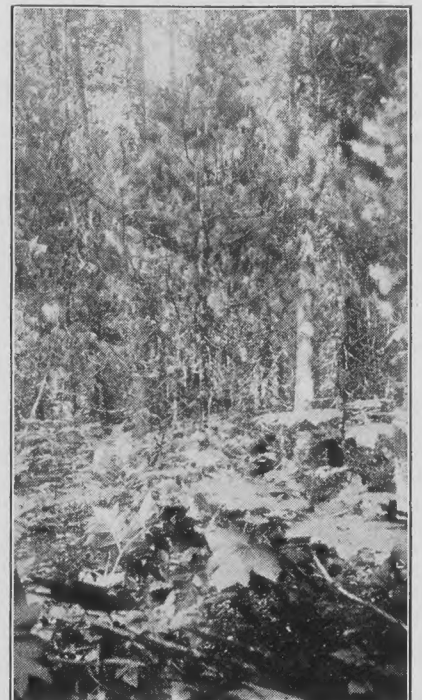
The boat was of great aid in uninhabited wilderness places.



Photograph by courtesy of A.T. Davidson, Chief of Dominion Field Force. A close up view of a young pine tree. Blisters show white in the picture. The smaller dark objects are pycnial drops appearing on bark in infected areas before blister. In heavily infested districts the pycnial drops give off heavy sickening odor like stale flour and water. The drops are a favorite food with squirrels.

difficult conditions, and much of the success of the scouting work is due to Major MacLaurin and Pilots McLeod and Cowley, who flew under all fire and weather conditions. All the flyers were veterans of war aviation, and their experience in France was of great assistance under the at times somewhat similar conditions, when for scores of miles

effects entrance through the needles or the bark where it may remain in a dormant state and inconspicuous condition for three years or more, producing merely a local swelling. It is claimed that cases have been found where the dormant state lasted 17 years, but its duration is ordinarily three to seven years. At the end of this time raised



A white pine stand in interior of British Columbia, so heavily blighted with blister rust as to appear fire swept. Right foreground large leaves of native black currant. Picture shows ideal conditions of association of pine and this deadly currant "host" for rapid spread of disease.



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"It isn't any secret, Dorothy. Well, yes, I suppose it must be in a way—otherwise there would not be so many women of middle age who are tired, listless, worried about their health.

"It's tragic to see them age so rapidly. And in most cases I believe it's so unnecessary. True, the cares of motherhood are wearing but mine have been as exacting as those of most women who have lost their charm and vigor.

"You know I have been careful about just a few things. Every day I rest and relax even if for only five minutes. I don't eat unwisely. I exercise regularly.

"Last but by no means least, I have always been exceedingly careful about one thing to which many women do not pay proper attention—feminine cleanliness that is *antiseptically* clean."

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OUT Of The STORM

By Lydia Hammersmith Heath

FRAMED in the open door of the spotless farm kitchen Marion Wood anxiously searched the azure of a summer sky. A freshly starched gingham, waves of soft brown hair brought becomingly low, a firm chin that defied failure, and we have pictured the eastern college girl who chose plain John Wood and his western farm.

In the hay-field beyond, John Wood's sturdy figure bent to the task of, gathering in the hay that the scorching heat was defying to turn into plump kernels that would lift the mortgage that would save their home. It was for the little comforts that John had borrowed the money—that she might be spared the drudgery of her fellow neighbors—tired wives who clung to the old-fashioned back-breaking methods. It was John's defiance in the face of skeptic admonitions that hurt—it had been all for her—the labor saving pumping system, the hygienic bath, the lights. John was a genius, and he had perfected his own dynamo, and then the modern up-to-date hennerly that was her pride with a little heating plant, and the hens that were blue-ribboned.

The young wife again scanned the sky with a little helpless sigh. "If it would only rain," she petitioned.

A patch of fleecy white slowly arose from the northwest like a hand in the sky, and spread out across the heavens like cobwebby lace.

"Oh, if it only would," she cried, hopefully. "It would save the north field anyway! What would they think at home? We were so sure, John and I."

With accurate measure, she filled the pan she carried, with the exact proportion of cracked cereals from the bin in the granary, and then to the hatchery and feeding coops where her feathered friends chirped and fluttered their welcome.

"You little darlings," she cooed as they understandingly pecked at the food in her hand, and perched on her arm and shoulder. "And to think old Hamon wanted to buy you all before the fair so I wouldn't get the prize—the old tight-wad—just as if it wasn't enough to hold a mortgage over our heads!"

ONE glance at the darkening sky and she hastened to close the feeding pens, and drew down the side shades of heavy canvas. A puff of cool wind pierced the mugginess of the air and silhouetted against a darkened sky a cone-like funnel of whirling dust, moving along the crest of the hills.

"A storm!" she wailed, and with housewifely concern flew to close the opened windows in the comfortable farm cottage, through which a gale whirled and scattered sticks and leaves against the closed panes.

A long black-bodied car swung into the lane and was whirled amid a cloud of dust and flying things to the very door. A man alighted. He was tall and angular and had quick jerky movements. A cloud of sandy loam drifted in with the visitor's jerky entering of the living-room. Marion Wood wiped the sifting dust from the best rocker and offered it.

Her visitor rubbed his hand nervously one over the other. "No, no, haven't time—too busy—I'm Hamon—the interest—" His voice sounded cracked, like a worn tremolo key.

"Why, it isn't due till August, and this is July the second." Marion's voice was indignantly calm. With one hand she pressed her breast to still its heaving.

"John looks for a good crop in the North Hill," she said. "The hay will bring the interest."

The confidence of her words failed in quelling her own misgivings. Her auditor cackled his dry laugh, rubbed his hands again, and with the passive inquisitiveness of an auctioneer, peered from room to room with jerky nods, and commented: "Too much fixin'—my wife's old-fashioned, rag carpets, an' oil lamps and healthy well water's good enough for her."

Mrs. Wood bit her lip, tears were close. She bravely blinked them back. To hide them she pressed her face against the daintily curtained window to see if John was coming home from the hay field. She gulped hard.

"We'll pay it all, Mr. Hamon," she said, "and if the hay fails, I'll give you the barred Plymouths," her voice broke. The inquisitor chuckled.

"Now you're a-talking sense," he wheezed, "the first real sensible thing—blue ribbons be all right to them as has money to burn."

Marion winced, her head tilted. "There's no reason why the hay need fail," she retorted.

Something struck the window pane a sharp thud. Soon there was a dozen more, till it became a monotonous din. Her tormentor chuckled.

"See, it's a-hailin', now—there won't be a spear left o' grain."

Marion threw out her hands protestingly. "Oh!" she cried, "my beautiful pullets!" and darted past him for the coops. "I'd forgotten you, my beauties," she apologized with trembling fingers. She began to pile the canvas heavier on top where the thin glass had cracked here and there leaving holes where the icy pellets that stung and smarted her bare arms and face had struck and fallen through.

A huddle of half-dead chicks made her gasp in dismay. "They're dying," she wailed. "The interest, and the hay gone—and—oh, dear—poor John!" her words suddenly checked. Her unwelcome visitor was towering above her with a leering smile that seemed sardonic and satanic both at once. Marion arose—her head high—heedless of the icy balls that pelted her from all sides and made white garlands about her.

"You'd—a—better let me a—had 'em when I wanted to take 'em offen your hands like a neighbor—city folks allus was selfish," he said.

Marion straightened her trim figure, her finger pointed to the gateway. "Go!" she commanded, and held her poise till with jerks he had shuffled away, and the black car slid down the lane.

John found her under the canvas a wet, bedraggled child with a tear-stained face that he kissed as he swept her in strong arms and toasted her chilled hands by the warm fire, while she poured out her story of the ogre and the dead pets. John smiled and poured coffee, and coaxed her to drink, and told jokes about folks that struck oil and found ore-pockets; so she forgot in John's confidence and began to plan how to rid their tiny nest of its coat of dust left by the storm.

Someone rushed to the door; a small lad disheveled and freckle-faced with a hitch in his walk that reminded her of the ogre. He gasped. "Ma's a-dyin'," he said, "and for you to come quick!" His eyes round with terror were full of pleading.

"Sit down, Tommy Hamon," commanded the housewife, for again she had attained the dignity of matron in the need of her neighbor.

"What doing, wife?" John watched her quizzically as her nimble fingers quickly made up a bundle, and she slipped on the big black ulster.

"Who art thy neighbor, John?" she quoted, and smiled back at him.

"And if you're quoting let's add 'coals of fire'," he returned, as she blew him a kiss on her way to the neighbor in need.

From the window he saw them trudging hand in hand, the freckled-faced lad, and the woman who was not afraid.

"Heart of gold!" he blessed her. A lump arose in his throat as he went to do the honors she had in farewell bid him do for the blue-ribboned brood of Plymouths the storm had trampled, as it had their hopes for the lifting of the mortgage.

THE sight of the coops made him execute an old-fashioned hand-spring. "By George, but won't Marion be happy!" he cried out in ecstasy, and hopefully started for the north field. "The dear girl," he murmured feelingly as he plodded across the wet fields.

"I couldn't have done it—heaped coals of fire on that old skin-flint's head—but it's her love for kids—bless her heart."

Something rose in his throat—for wasn't he just as disappointed as Marion over the little grave, and wasn't it the reason why he'd given her the blue ribboners to pet and coddle and the other things so she wouldn't miss the cradle that wouldn't ever now be brought down from the attic?

The north field came into full view. A setting sun cast a halo of long yellow beams across the swaying heads. The man caught his breath. Like one entranced he stumbled to the edge of the field and knelt.

OUT OF THE STORM—Continued from page 8

"Lord, it pays to heap coals of fire," he prayed, and while he thanked a divine intervention, the little woman had joined the big sisterhood of the west, and over in the discommodious old farmhouse was battling for two lives, grateful that nursing had been one of her hobbies, glad that with a heart of universal love she had delved deeper and gained the knowledge that made her able to ease the sting of death that long awful night. And when in the gray of the morning more skilled help arrived she lay down to a well-earned rest, after the assurance of the big breezy medical man that she had done her best. At noon she arose ready to again battle with death. But the great man of the medical world still sat thoughtfully by the bedside and on his face was pity and a hopelessness that the little neighbor read.

The sick woman stirred and opened her eyes slowly.

"Take my babes," she whispered feebly, and was gone.

The big man folded her hands and bent to lift the babe; but it too was gone. "It is for the best," he said.

Bowed at the foot of the bed the husband with rigid white face looked on moved by a great loss. Marion Wood touched his shoulder. "You know what she said?" she asked. He nodded sullenly. "You are satisfied?" Again he nodded.

John and said, "Our Father," and "Now I Lay Me," and the good-night kiss and "don't be afraid, God will send an angel where mamma is gone to," and then downstairs with repeated tiptoeing to and from the blue and white chamber, and kisses pressed on tear-stained cheek, till sleep lent a mantle that lulled childish sorrows and motherlessness.

With the twilight John led her to the forgotten coops. With one hand he lifted out one fluffy puff of black and gray and a lazy peep made her cry out her delight, and soon he had taken out another, and another, and she was cuddling them, half crying, and he was explaining how they had only been stunned.

Then as the stars came out, and each sleepy feathered puff had gone back to its nest, John took her in his arms and told her the greatest news of all, how that the storm had followed the trail of the ravines and missed the north field, and that the rain had saved the crop.

A figure loomed out of the nightshades, and stood before them, a man whose avariciousness had made gain his greatest loss. One long lank arm shot out with a jerky movement, and was held out in petition. Moonlight flooded the earth and his stern features stood out, stamped by remorse. The first impulse of dread to touch his hand was swept aside by a holier after-



Ask Any Beauty How she beautifies her teeth

If all women knew what millions know, they would all brush teeth in this new way.

Ask anyone with glistening teeth. You see them everywhere today. You will probably learn that the reason lies in this new-day method.

Then you can see the results on your own teeth if you make this delightful test.

Able authorities proved these methods effective. Then a new-type tooth paste was created, based on new discoveries. These two great film combatants were embodied in it.

The name of that tooth paste is Pepsodent. Careful people of some fifty nations now use it, largely by dental advice.

Clouded by film

The natural tooth luster is clouded by film. At first the film is viscous. You can feel it now. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays.

Food stains, etc., discolor it. If not removed it forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film. And few things do more to mar beauty.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

Very few escaped

Tooth troubles were constantly increasing. Beautiful teeth were seen less often than now. So dental science saw the need for better cleansing methods. Research found two ways to fight film. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

Corrects mistakes

Pepsodent also corrects mistakes made in tooth pastes of the past. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Former tooth pastes brought just opposite effects. They depressed these natural tooth-protecting agents.

Your home needs it

Everyone in your home should adopt this method. They will when they see the results.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film coats disappear.

The results in one week will delight and convince you. Cut out the coupon now.

Made in Canada

Pepsodent
REG. IN CANADA

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

1083 Can.
10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 784, 191 George St., Toronto, Ont.
Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

Only one Tube to a family.



Where the Prince of Wales will do his shopping when in residence at the Royal Ranch, South York Trading Post, so called at His Highness's suggestion

MARION WOOD took him at his word. With one last look at the barrenness, the utter discomforts of the old farmhouse, she packed the freckle-faced, now motherless lad's few meagre belongings and they trudged past the well-filled barns across the big wheat fields, and hand in hand reached the little cottage where she washed and cuddled him and where John found them at night, the lad's cheek pressed against hers both fast asleep in the big rocker.

At an early hour they put the lad to sleep in a bed with clean white linen, and a soft mattress with downy pillows and covers that felt like fleecy clouds. Hand-clasped they knelt beside the cot, she and

thought and Marion laid the hand of charity in his grasping palm.

The man was gone—silent as he had come—a monitor of the night and in her hands lay a packet—"To raise my boy to be a man," it read—the mortgage and money to raise the child.

"It burnt—the coals," John whispered happily in her ear, his arms about her.

"It was the fire that burnt out pure gold," she answered back, and again the moonlight flooded the prairie, the fresh open grave beside the little one in the hill, and beside it a man, who had paid the price, and upstairs the gift of the storm that God had laid at her door in place of the other one.

Echoes of Love

Moonlight, or songs of little birds;
The glistening sheen of dew;
Or strong free winds
Wing back my thoughts to you.

The little star trailing the moon
Across the silver sky;
The passion long of larks
Swelling up, oh so high!

But all has vanished, like the dew.
The echoes only come,
Bearing again the pain
Of joy now dumb.

Oh that we might relive and stride
Abreast Life's strong free wind,
And know again the love,
That only young hearts find.

Lereine Ballantyne.

My Garden Friends

Oh, warm and magical the air,
When birds announce that spring has come,
And wandering in my garden fair
I find again delphinium.

Above the trees are green and gay,
The brooks are rioting and wild,
And pansies have a little way
Of peeping at me like a child.

And crowding to my very door,
As if their love I'd ne'er deny,
The iris patch is paved with blue,—
It's only rival is the sky.

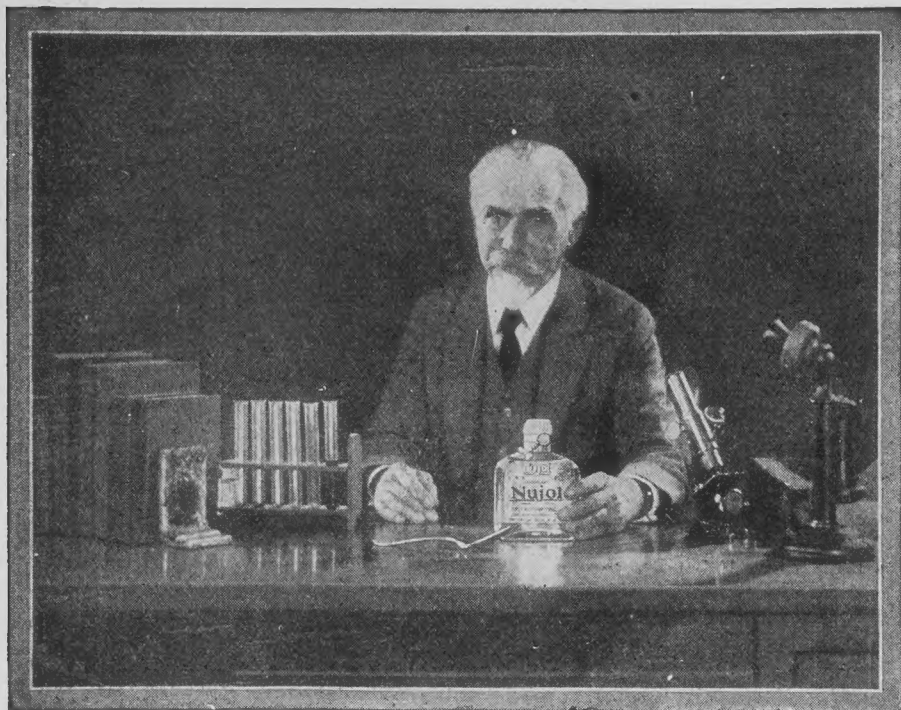
And oh, the heart of me is glad,
To each fair flower I dearly yearn—
For winter time seems very long,
Till all my garden friends return.

Lereine Ballantyne.

LAND'S END

By R. E. Breach

Continued from February Issue



"If more people knew of its merits, there would be less sickness and suffering in the world."

Letters from Physicians and Public

Tell how Nujol has overcome many thousand cases of constipation

IN OUR FILES are thousands of letters from users of Nujol—voluntary tributes of gratitude inspired by the good work Nujol has done. Daily they come pouring in, each with its earnest, human story of sickness conquered. These letters bear eloquent testimony to the ability of Nujol to overcome constipation in people of all ages and conditions of health. We quote a few extracts from letters picked at random.

"Relieved her without affecting the baby"

"When the same trouble (constipation) began with our third child, our physician said there was no laxative medicine for my wife that would not hurt the baby. I then persuaded my wife to try Nujol. It relieved her without affecting the baby; as a result we have the healthiest, happiest child I ever saw."

"Constipated for two years, relieved by Nujol"

"I don't think there was ever anybody more constipated than my little three year old boy. He had been constipated for two years. I tried Nujol, and it relieved him. From a mother who will always be thankful for your great remedy for constipation."

"Relieved hemorrhoids"

"For two years I suffered with hemorrhoids. I spent about \$800 before I discovered Nujol. To-day, after five bottles, I am feeling as well as the day I was born, as far as knowing what pain is."

Mistol a new product, for Colds in head, Nasal Catarrh, Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Hoarseness and acute paroxysms of Asthma and Hay Fever. Made by the makers of Nujol.

"A wonderful product" —Says doctor

"I beg to say that Nujol is a wonderful product. I have quite a number of patients now using it and all are pleased with it."

"Nujol all it is claimed to be"

"Nujol has given me new life, strength, hope and comfort. It possesses a wonderfully soothing effect upon the intestines, without any of the hot, burning, weakening sensations that usually result from the use of pills or other purgatives. Nujol is all it is claimed to be by its makers, and if more people knew of its merits there would be less sickness and suffering in the world."

"Sure to give relief without griping"

"I am seventy-four years of age and had chronic constipation for years. Have suffered much at times trying to get relief by using physics. Now I use Nujol every morning and find it sure to give relief without griping pains of any kind. I cannot say too much in favor of Nujol as the best remedy for constipation. My friends use it with the same results; never fails; no griping; no physicking; no inconvenience. I surely recommend it to all sufferers from constipation, old or young."

Nujol overcomes constipation by the so-called lubricating method. When you are constipated there is not enough of Nature's lubricating liquid produced by your system to keep the food waste soft and moving. Doctors prescribe the gentle lubricant, Nujol, because it acts like this natural lubricant and thus replaces it. Like pure water, Nujol is harmless and pleasant.

Test Nujol yourself. Your druggist sells it.

For Constipation

Nujol

A Lubricant—Not a Laxative

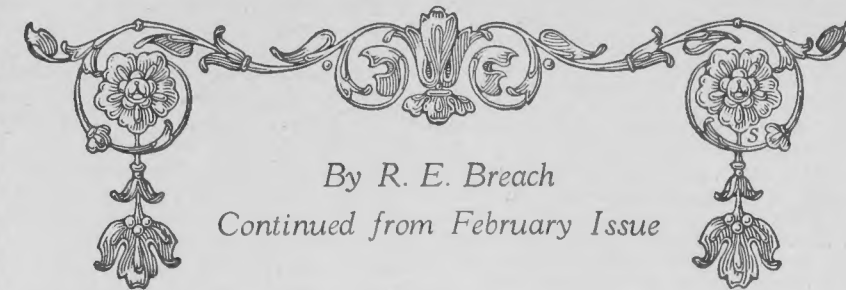
Guaranteed by Nujol Laboratories



Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey)

Mail coupon for 24-page booklet, "DANGERS OF CONSTIPATION"—How auto-intoxication undermines health and shortens life—to Nujol, Room 877-P, 22 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal.

Name.....
Address.....



THE days began to move past with monotonous regularity. Adam hunted, fished, chopped wood, while the girl did the work of the camp under his directions. At times he went farther afield, hunting for signs of the precious substance, but he dared not go far from camp, and he had unsuccessfully searched the same ground before. What he wanted to do was to strike far inland through the ravines or to follow the outcroppings of the long ribs of the central mountains, which ran down into the sea.

Had it not been for the frequent rains he believed that his charge would have regained sufficient strength to try the road out. At such times she was forced to lie in the hut all the day long. Her cough returned, she appeared feverish, and was racked with rheumatic pains. After recovering from one of these attacks, Adam in desperation took her into the woods with him, in the vain hope that she might show herself equal to the hardships of the trail. She gave in after an hour's walking, and he had to carry her back to the hut. After that she never mentioned the overland route to him.

But on fine days she pattered about the camp, inventing tasks to pass away the time. She would spend half-a-day arranging and rearranging her camp, piling up sticks of wood, even building figures in the sand. But most of all she loved to go to Land's End, and sit in the sun above the quiet sea. There she would stay for hours, thinking, brooding, Adam knew not what, but he feared that her thoughts of him were not happy. He vainly tried to interest her in the occupations of their daily life. If he told her she was to do such a thing, she would do it. But she did not voluntarily ask assistance or information from him, nor speak to him except when necessary, and then only in regard to their daily labors of procuring food and fire. Her very acquiescence to his will troubled Adam more than an active resistance.

One night he dreamed of the burned cache and woke with the impression that something was wrong. Rip, lying beside him, was looking out through the open door of the hut. He, also, followed the dog's gaze, and lay watching the sands.

Presently he dozed, and through his sleep heard the sound of muffled sobbing. He went out into the night, followed by the dog.

Anita was lying face-downwards on the sand before the hut. After a while she became aware of his presence, and raised herself on her elbows, wiping her tears, child-fashion, with the sleeve of her jacket. Adam knelt beside her, and raised her in his arms.

"What troubles you, Anita?"

"Oh, I can't do it, I can't! I wanted to, so much!"

"Wanted to do what?"

She pointed to the rifle beside her.

"I wanted to kill you. I was going to kill you. But I can't!"

"I knew it."

"You did? How?"

"Rip and I have been watching you for the last hour. In fact, I fell asleep while I was watching you."

"Didn't you think I would kill you? Weren't you afraid?"

"I didn't know whether you would kill me or not. But I wouldn't stop you. If you wanted to kill me, I didn't want to live. That's how I felt about it, Anita. Now don't start to cry again. I am going to build a big fire, and we

will sit down before it, and talk about this. We can't go on this way any longer."

He carried her and sat her down between the warm rock and the leaping flame. Covered with blankets her cold limbs regained their power of motion. He waited for her to speak, but she held an inscrutable silence.

"Do you really hate me?" he said at last.

"No," she answered, quietly, "I don't think I do, any more. I don't hate anything or anybody any more. I used to dislike and despise so many people. But that is all gone. I shall never hate again."

"Do you know that I love you, Anita?"

"Do you? I have just tried to kill you."

"Do you remember the night the cache was burned?"

"You mean the night when I burned the cache?"

"You thought then that I was going to refuse to take you away. But I wasn't. I was going to try it, though I am sure it would have been a failure, possibly a disaster for us both. But you are very persuasive, Anita. I wanted to give in to you."

"I don't think I could have walked, anyway," replied the girl, to whom the whole subject had apparently lost interest. "I suppose you were right."

"You don't believe I had, or have still, any evil design or thought against you?"

"No, I don't."

"Then why would you kill me? If I were not here, what would become of you? I think, dear heart, that we are very necessary to each other. So I ask you to bear with me until the end. It will not be long now—just two months—for the ship I told you of is due here at the beginning of October."

"I'll try to be patient, and I am sorry, so sorry for—what is past. But, Mr. Adam, don't talk to me about love, for I shall never love you, or any one else, if that is any consolation to you. All I long for is to get away from this awful beach. I hate it so much! The long yellow glaring sands, the long glaring green forest, and the sea, which glares more than all. It is driving me mad!"

"You mustn't talk like that! You have been lying on that wet sand shivering and crying for three hours."

"Oh, please don't remind me of that!"

"Forgive me! I might have known you would be so troubled. If I have been harsh with you Anita, please forgive me. I suppose I didn't understand how dreadful all this life would appear to you. But I tell you what we'll do. To-morrow we'll fix up that little hut in the woods for you, and you can go there, and rest whenever you are tired of the beach. But one thing you must remember, don't confuse me with the beach. Don't you see that that is what you have been doing? Your mind has involved me with the painful impressions it has received from this place. Try to forget, There is rare beauty here for you to find."

But she refused fretfully to think well of their refuge, and so he troubled her no more. She soon fell asleep in front of the fire, and he returned to his shelter, leaving Rip on guard.

Next day he repaired the old hut in the wood for her. Thereafter she became more content, and daily gained strength and courage. She even told him he might go far from camp, provided he would leave the dog with her. This pleased Adam, who loved his work,

LAND'S END—Continued from page 10

and he often spent two, sometimes three days away in the mountains, returning penitent and in great anxiety about her, to find her well and busying herself in tasks of her own invention. She even asked him questions about his work, his former life, and he was only too glad to tell her of his wanderings in all parts of the globe.

BUT through all her apparent friendliness, she maintained toward him the same quiet, indifferent acquiescence, that hurt him more than her anger. He began to despair of her love. He foresaw that when she was restored to her people, she would become again immersed in her own world, and he would be forgotten, save perhaps as an interesting romantic figure to entertain her friends. Old Westgate would offer him a substantial reward and his interest towards a good job; he would be invited to dinner a few times,—and then forgotten. Rich men's daughters do not marry poor prospectors or ambitious scientists, hunting visionary metal through the wild places of the earth.

If she could only love him, and be happy with what he could win for her! He would take her with him where before he had gone alone, and show her the beautiful and wonderful earth, more glorious for her presence. Something better and holier for her, and for him. A home—sweet with the spirit of her presence, children's voices in the wide

running among the boulders. It was the end of October.

Adam returned from Land's End along the top of the headland. He was soaked, and water oozed from the seams of his worn boots. Walking through the trees was like wading neck-deep in water. But he wanted to find partridges, and being thoroughly wet, he could not be more uncomfortable, so determined to carry on. After half-an-hour's walk he shot two birds, and then returned to the hut.

Both shelters now stood under the trees, which afforded them protection against rain and wind. Rip thrust his bristly nose outside the blanket which guarded Anita's door. His whole body quivered with welcome.

"I've got some birds, Anita," said Adam, pushing aside the blanket, and stepping inside. "How's the fire?"

The girl was wrapped in blankets, and was poking wood into the little sheet-iron stove, but she answered cheerfully through the smoke:

"Not badly. Since you put that board up against the wind, it doesn't smoke nearly so much. I'm so glad you got partridges. Will we make broth? I'm so tired of fish, though you do cook it so nicely."

Then, after a pause:—

"Did you see anything, Mr. Adam?"

Adam could never persuade her to call him by his given name—Steven.



When the Western sky fortells a welcome break in the cold spell

halls. He knew a place where one might build such a home—a deep valley fronting the sea, in a land where winter never comes. Poor Adam! Wild dreams in the misty cold rain, dropping down the face of the slippery rock, tapping, prying into the mysteries of this cold northern coast, and the hungry ocean gnawing beneath him at the castaway's refuge.

August slipped away, monotonously, rain and sunshine alternately; September, and the sunshine faded, and wet mists crept in from the ocean. Anita's cough grew worse, and she hugged the fire and shivered all day. Towards the end of the month Adam went no more abroad, but made their scanty belongings ready against the return of the whaler. What Collison and Morton might say to this ignominious collapse of their hopes, he dared not think. He had done nothing for them, and now Anita would soon be lost to him. Day by day he went to Land's End and watched for the coming of the Lajeunesse.

Rain, mist, wind. Ceaseless dropping on the roof, endless dripping from leaves, sodden stirrings in the forest. The earth lay under a wet gray blanket. The sun had not shown itself for two weeks, and from Land's End one could not see ten yards from the foot of the rock. The faint warmth that had clung to the summer rains had given place to the cold clamminess of the ceaseless autumnal downpour. The beach, which had been hard and dry as pavement, now was soppy with little streams

He shook his head at her question. Day after day he had had to give the same reply. The Lajeunesse had not come. He sat down and began to skin the birds.

"Let me do one—I can, nicely."

"No, never mind. Have you been coughing much this afternoon?"

"I've been napping," she replied, evasively. "But, Mr. Adam, do you think they might forget about you, and go by?"

"No, I'm sure old Akers wouldn't do that. He is a decent old chap, and besides, he gets paid for stopping. What have you been doing to amuse yourself this afternoon?"

Anita was fertile in resources for keeping herself busy.

"I have finished the bowl," and she showed him a small bowl, shaped like a porringer, which had been carved out of soft pine with a jack-knife. It was well-shaped, and a carved wreath of pine-cones encircled it.

"You certainly have a fine talent for that sort of work. I wonder, you didn't try your hand at sculpture. Now you'll have a good bowl for soup."

"But it's for you."

"For me?"

"Yes; see, I have put your initials on it. S. G. A. What's G?"

"Graham—my mother's maiden name. It's fine, Anita. I'll keep it for a souvenir. But you must use it yourself, first."

The tender fowl needed little cooking, and he poured the broth into the new bowl. His own share went into a tin

Continued on page 12



Mothers and Their Debutante Daughters Enthusiastic Over

marvellously beautifying effects of

Boncilla

Clasmic Facial Pack

Age is no barrier to beauty. By using Boncilla Beautifier, many mothers now have complexions as radiantly lovely as their daughters.

Boncilla Clasmic Facial Pack is unlike anything you have ever used. It cleanses the pores to their very depths. You simply cover your face with Boncilla, then rest while it does the work of rejuvenation. It makes your skin soft and velvety, your color as lovely as a rose petal.

Boncilla guarantees to do these definite things or your money will be refunded:

1. Clear the complexion and give it color.
2. Close enlarged pores.
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6. Make the skin soft and velvety.

Get Boncilla Package-O-Beauty, 50c

This contains enough Boncilla Beautifier, Cold and Vanishing Creams and Face Powder for three or four complete treatments.

Sold by all Druggists and Department Stores.

If they cannot supply you, send us 50c with the Coupon given here, and we will forward Boncilla Package-O-Beauty by return mail.



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590 King Street, W. Toronto, Street.....
I enclose 50 cents. Please send me Boncilla Package-O-Beauty. City.....(W.H. 3-23)

Canadian Boncilla Laboratories, Ltd., 590 King St. West, Toronto

LAND'S END—Continued from page 11

What is 7 good health worth to you?

Health is priceless. You wouldn't knowingly part with it for anything in the world.

Why then do you risk it needlessly for the sake of a few cups of tea or coffee?

Tea and coffee contain Caffeine, a drug which often interferes with nerves and digestion.

There's an easy, pleasant way to avoid this menace to health, without any sacrifice to comfort or satisfaction. Drink Instant Postum instead of tea or coffee.

Instant Postum is a pure, wholesome and delicious beverage made from choice wheat. It is most convenient and economical, too. Just a level teaspoonful to each cup, add boiling water and stir thoroughly. Then add cream and sugar to taste.

At Your Grocer's in Sealed, Air-tight Tins

Instant Postum FOR HEALTH

"There's a Reason"

A generous sample tin of Instant Postum will be sent, postpaid, for 4 cents in stamps. Write:

Canadian Postum Cereal Company, Limited
45 Front St., E., Toronto
Factory: Windsor, Ontario



WEAR-EVER



Replace Utensils
that wear out
with utensils that
"Wear-Ever".



As all good housewives know, to preserve flavor and ensure tenderness, it is necessary to fry meat slowly. A "Wear-Ever" fry pan is better than any—in fact, is ideal—for this purpose. Once the pan is heated through, the heat can be reduced, and the minimum will serve to fry slowly but thoroughly. A "Wear-Ever" fry pan will last your lifetime. Ask for the genuine "Wear-Ever."

Northern Aluminum Co., Ltd., Toronto

"Wear-Ever"

Magazine Value as represented by The Western Home Monthly at \$1.00 per year is unequalled. Tell your friends about it.

mug, and a portion for Rip in a flat pan. The dog always shared equally in whatever they had. After the soup, came the meat of the partridges, and cold clear water to finish the meal.

"I think I deserve a pipeful of tobacco," said Adam, reaching for the precious package. "I have never been so soaked."

"I wonder if the Lajeunesse will come tomorrow," sighed his companion.

"That's something I want to discuss with you," replied he. "I am afraid, Anita, that the Lajeunesse is not coming at all."

"Yet you don't think that Captain Akers would go by?"

"No, but I am beginning to think that something has happened to the whaler. Akers was due in Seattle on the tenth of October, according to his contract. He stood to lose a big sum of money if he wasn't there on time. Ten chances to one the whaler has been wrecked, or he has gone too far in, and late now. And, at any rate, we can't wait any longer."

"Why, what else can we do?"

"We've got to get out, if I have to pack you on my back!"

"You needn't do that," said the girl, smiling at his vehemence. "I think I could get along by myself. But really, I'm not so strong as I was at the end of August. How do you think to get me away? Though I'll try my best not to be a drag on you."

"Here's what I have been planning. Now, it's the continued dampness that's making you ill. I want to get you up to high land, up to the snow line."

"But won't it be too cold?"

"Not so bad. You'll get the sun there, anyway, and the frost is better than dampness. I'll build a warm shelter for you and Rip, and put in a good grubstake."

"For me and Rip? What about you?"

"I want to leave you there," said Adam, hesitatingly. "You would be quite warm and safe, with lots of grub and firewood. Then I'll go on alone either to the nearest settlement, or until I run across a trapper's outfit. Then I could come back with some ponies and Indians to bring you out. How would that suit you?"

"Being alone would be the worst. Still, having Rip with me would help. How long would you be gone?"

"A week—two weeks, at the most. But you've got to get away from this wet beach or—"

"I might go away myself, eh? Well, don't worry. I have lots of energy left. If I could put some of it into my legs that is used up in coughing, I could travel far and fast. But I like your plan. When do we start?"

"The first thing to-morrow morning!"

SO it was settled, and through the dim blur of the mist, the two castaways abandoned their refuge, and struck inland towards civilization. Adam would not even go to Land's End for one last look for the Lajeunesse.

"It's no use, Anita. Let's get out of here."

"You are beginning to feel about it as I did."

"Well, perhaps I am. No, you're not to carry anything. We're going light, you know, and I can manage alone. Take this stick. The rocks are slippery with wet moss. Now, Rip, keep your eye peeled for birds or bears. All ready now? Forward, March!"

The little procession left the clearing, and flung itself against the forest barrier. They were confronted by a mass of interwoven branches, partly stripped of their brown faded leaves. Adam went first, head bent, pushing forward the tangle with his body, Anita following close behind, her hands in his belt, supporting and protecting herself from the blows of the wet branches, which stung like whips. Rip ran under the leaves, scouting blithely in every direction, but after several tumbles behind rotten logs, came to order, and kept to the line of march, his bright eye alert for birds.

Ten minutes struggle, and they paused for breath. Even the dog sat upon his haunches and panted. The hut was scarcely three hundred yards behind them.

"Is it like this all the way?" asked the girl, shaking water from her clothes.

"Hope not. It'll be clearer when we get up higher?"

"How do you know what way to go?"

"By the compass. I set the direction when we started, straight for the snow-line. You'll notice that the ground will rise soon. All rested now? Then we'll have another go at it."

They breasted the forest again. Underfoot the way was knee-deep with rotted branches; round, slippery rocks, the size of a man's head, rolled under their feet. Anita was wet to the knees under her slicker, which stuck to the wet cloth beneath it. When she slipped, which became hourly more frequent, she involuntarily tightened her hold on Adam's belt, so that he bore her whole weight, besides the packs.

SOMETIMES, when the forest momentarily cleared, they walked steadily for an hour. Again, they struggled through a maze of bush and rock, where the man was forced to drag his companion after him; where every few minutes they were compelled to stand for rest, the forest dripped round them, water oozing clammy from their clothes. Adam wondered where the girl drew her endurance. Drooping with exhaustion and weakness, she stepped bravely forward when he gave the word, even though she could make but a feeble effort. She made no complaint.

Toward noon, they began to notice the steady rising of the ground. The rain ceased, and a slight movement in the misty air betokened a breeze above the trees. They rested an hour at noon, and then set forward again. The afternoon was a repetition of the morning, save that Anita experienced a brief renewal of strength, which she characterized as her second wind. This helped them on at greater speed.

A cold wind met them, and the rain stopped again. The ground levelled, the trees were sparser. Jack pine appeared in clumps.

"We must be high on the ridge. Cheerio, Anita, we'll soon be there!"

The girl did not answer, and Adam, turning, was in time to ease her unconscious body to the ground.

She lay huddled in her wet garments, a pathetic figure, but with something of courage yet showing in her helpless collapse. Adam was near his goal, but how near, he did not know. At any rate, the girl could go no farther. He threw down his pack, ordered Rip to stand guard, and lifting the unconscious burden across his shoulders, started up the hill once more.

All the powers of mind and body were required to complete the hard journey. Soaked, hungry, tired, he fell back upon the store of strength and endurance which years of outdoor living, clean hard thinking, had given him. Lean years make one wondrous strong of body and soul. So, though his knees bent under the burden, he came at last exhausted in body, but moving through the strength of his will, to an open place where the grass was sprinkled with a powdering white. As he set Anita down, he saw that her wet clothes were stiffening. They had reached the snow-line.

He sat down beside her, and the world whirled around him. When his vision cleared, he whistled loudly, and presently heard a faint answering bark. Rip came galloping. Adam ordered him to watch the girl, and went back for his pack.

Anita, emerging from deep sleep, as she thought, found herself lying under a shelter of pine boughs, on dry blankets, and a hot fire sending waves of warmth over her shivering body. She sat up so suddenly, that Rip, who had made himself a comfortable bed against her knees, was upset almost into the fire, from which he saved himself, with a yelp of apprehension. Adam came running at the sound.

LAND'S END—Continued from page 12

"What a miracle! See the snow, and the clear sky. And the fire! Rip, poor doggums! Did he fall into the fire?" and she dragged the dog into her arms.

"My dear girl," said Adam, chopping dry boughs with his hatchet, "I was beginning to be alarmed about you. Look at this for dry wood. Dug it out from under the snow, as dry as if it had been packed in rubber. Well, our first troubles are over. We've got in out of the rain."

"However did we get here?" cried the girl, edging towards the fire and peeping out of the shelter. "I remember nothing but the wet and slipping into piles of wet sticks, and climbing out, and slipping in again. Oh, Adam, did you have to carry me?" she asked, suddenly, "what a big useless lump I am! I meant to hang out until the end, but everything went black suddenly, and try as I would, I couldn't straighten up again!"

"It's a wonder to me you ever came as far as you did. You're a brick, Anita."

"You didn't always think so," said she, gazing curiously at him. Then presently, as he made no comment, she asked:

"How far did you carry me?"

"Not so far."

"And make a second trip for the packs, I suppose?"

"Oh, no, I sent Rip back for them."

The Airedale, hearing his name mentioned, wiggled himself in affirmation of his master's statement.

Anita thought from the prospector's answer that the last lap of their journey had tried his endurance to the breaking point, and she forbore to question him further.

Two days of rest and warmth restored them. Adam's muscles, strained and stiffened with his exertions, relaxed. When the sun shone, they sat in its warmth, soaking in life and energy from its rays. They burned piles of the old dry wood for the very pleasure of it.

"Isn't this place high enough for our winter camp?"

"Not quite. Besides, it's exposed to sea-wind. We'll go over the ridge. There's a grouse. Let's catch him for supper."

But Anita preferred to sit dreaming in the sun, and he went hunting alone.

AT noon next day they stood on top of the great ridge that sloped from the sea. Eastward were masses of black forest, from which protruded the snows of mountain-tops, and below them lay gray-fog-banks and the sea. But Adam scarcely noticed the grandeur of the scene stretched on either side of them. He left his companion well wrapped in the sun, and fell to work on a shelter. Between times he hunted, and chopped wood for their fire, which must be kept constantly burning.

Eight feet square, he built the hut, three sides of straight slender spruce, caulking in the interstices with clay thawed over the fire. Around the foundations he piled loose stones, and on the roof a covering of pine fronds. Over all a deep covering of snow.

"It looks like a house in a snow-bank," remarked Anita, "and there are no windows."

"You'll have to forget about ventilation for a while," said the architect, surveying his work proudly. "If it gets too thick inside, open the door. What do you think of your wood-pile?"

"Very fine, but you haven't finished chopping."

"No—I have left that for you."

"For me?"

"Yes, for you mustn't sit idle, or you'll be sick. And I don't want you to go far from the hut. I'll scout around for water later; there should be springs on this ridge. So you can sleep twelve hours a day, and chop wood and cook grub for the rest of the time. There's enough frozen meat in the cache now to last you until spring. And presently there will be more," he added, picking up his rifle, "for I saw some deer among those cedars down the hill, and I'm going after them. No, Rip, go back. You must always stay with the lady."

The dog returned regretfully, and the

girl, comforting him, watched Adam until he disappeared among the trees. She wondered how it would be to be alone.

SHE had never been given to introspection. Her life had been too crowded and gay for soul-searching, until her fatal trip to China had thrust her from luxury to a primeval struggle for existence. Why had her father mentioned that wretched country to her? Why, rather, had her reckless spirit seized on his suggestion and acted upon it? How unfitted she was to face an emergency! Thoughts of those first days on the lonely coast, when she had learned to know cold, hunger and fear, came back to her. She shuddered. And when to these were added pain, she had lain down to die.

The four months she had spent in this man's company had taught her lessons of patience and endurance, and to love the simple things of life. The sparrow's nest, the wisdom of the weather, the growth of leaf and tree, he had shown her; shown her, also, the strength and chivalry of manhood. How different he was from the silly shallow young men she had known. But that, he had told her, was not her fault. She had no opportunity of meeting the right sort. That was the penalty of wealth. It brought you the luxury and the beauty of living, but hedged you in from the spirit of life.

Rip pricked his ears, but she could not see his master among the green-gold cedars. She lay back among her warm blankets again. Rip growled and the hair rose along his spine. Far down the ridge behind her came a distant wailing cry.

Anita sprang up, and climbed to the top of the hill, the dog growling at her heels. The cry had been human in its accents, yet wildly strange. It was like none of the forest sounds she had heard. As she listened the sound was repeated—a long, bubbling, sobbing cry.

The cry of a child. She was puzzled. Could there be here a child lost in the forest. If so, Adam had been mistaken, and they were near a settlement, or an Indian encampment. The sound came from the direction in which they had climbed from the shore. Below the way lay between the clusters of cedars and jack-pine, and she was tempted to run down over the thin powdery snow and call. Rip could lead her back to camp again. She started down the slope, but the dog refused to follow. He could not be coaxed from his position on the ridge. Anita, returning to try further persuasion, saw the prospector running out of the cedars. He waved to her, and she ran down to meet him.

"Did you call me? What's the trouble?"

"Oh, Adam, I am sure I heard a child crying in the woods on the other side of the ridge. Rip heard it, too, but he wouldn't go down with me, and I was afraid of losing the camp if I went alone. Do come with me, and see."

"A child? Are you sure?"

"I couldn't be mistaken—just a child's frightened crying. We must be near a settlement."

"No, there is no settlement hereabouts. But it might be Indian trappers, though they do not carry their papooses with them. But we'll investigate. Over the ridge, did you say? How's that for a bag?" he added, throwing down half-a-dozen grouse. "The woods are full of them."

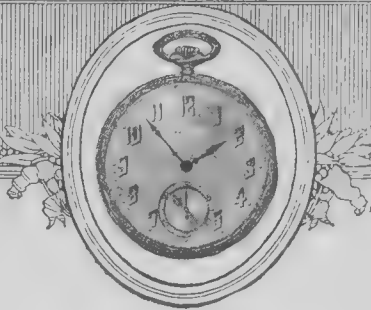
He followed the eager girl to the top of the hill. Rip voiced his suspicion in low growling. They listened a long time, standing among the worn boulders, but the silence was unbroken. The prospector shook his head.

"Sure you didn't imagine it? The wind makes strange noises."

"I am positive I heard something," reiterated the girl, and as if in affirmation, there floated up to them from far down in the forest the same sobbing cry that had disturbed her. Rip snarled.

"A panther!" said Adam. "No wonder you thought it was a lost kiddie. Sounds

Continued on page 34



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OFF TO THE BANKS IN A TWO STICKER—BY BONNYCASTLE DALE—Continued from page 5

busy as nailers, others passing the fish along to the hatch. Others down there in the ice pen breaking up the ice and throwing it over the fish. Lanterns bobbing here and there, hose playing on the fish, decks as slippery as ice forwards and everybody laughing and joking as if it was the easiest work in the known world.

All about us, within a half a mile and further off, bobbed the sidelights of the fishing fleet. Higher up I saw a cluster of lights and alongside us came a passenger liner, a giant of a ship, lights flashing out on all sides like a city afloat. Out blared a mighty blast, and a great beam of light was deflected and swept over the face of the waters, picking us out and showing us our neighbors as clearly as if we were looking at a picture book. You see this is the passenger lane and it is all right on a clear night like this when they can dodge the numerous "bankers" anchored out there, but in a fog they run them down and overturn them and not even wreckage tells the tale. I know of a case where a liner was doing her full speed of 18 knots in a thick fog, every boiler just forcing her along like an express train, and men everywhere to watch for just such vessels as the one we were now on. Out of the woolly fog ahead they saw, for just one second, the outline of a fisherman, then a clear sight of its masts and sails, and the next second it was thirty feet under her cruel, sharp bow and the crew on the bridge gave the order "full speed astern," and such of the poor unfortunate fisherlads as came up with their vessel were drawn into that maelstrom of death, that swiftly revolving propeller, and met their end let us hope mercifully. (The captain will ever regret that fatal order "Full speed astern.")

WE were soon to experience the shifting weather of the banks. First the lower stars snuffed out, then the mid-heaven ones died away and then there sank down on us a fog so thick you could have shingled it. Extra watches were put on. I went away up afore and stared my eyes out. Twice during the worst of it, when the woolly stuff was so thick that your blinkers were wet with drops of water spilling off them; did some of these modern passenger vessels go pounding along through that fleet. One roared and howled under her warning, then we heard her backing, then we heard the lap of the seas on her sides and the "sop! slop!" of her scuppers.

Once the man at the fore yelled down—"dead ahead off—the port a bit—look!" and there a great blank white wall reared itself and a ten thousand tonner slopped past with just enough way on to steer her. "Wroof!! w-r-o-o-f!!!" went a blast right in the wind's eye—"W-r-o-o-f!!!" came an answer dead astern. We were now between the two monsters and they were blindly calling to one another. Just wherever are you anyhow? Back and forth went the answering blasts and at times we thrashed in the backwash from one of the liner's sides. Now and then they tried to pierce the wet wall of fog with their huge searchlights but it only made it look like a haze on a lantern globe. At last we heard the regular "tump! tump!" going off into the distance and we rolled and splashed there quite safe at last. I am afraid a landsman would not have thought so in the big sea that was running, but we lay snug at our end of the cable and hardly ever did we ship even a bit of wind chop.

When I came on deck the next morning it was a wild scene. White capped seas were running high, with the norther blowing "mares tails" off the tops of them and the rising sun in the east making rainbows in the driven spray. There was another little fisherman down to the east making wet weather of it. Every time she jockeyed over the top of a sea she seemed to eat up the wind chop all over—bowsprit to sternpost.

WE were nothing to boast of either. My oils were running and then frozen stiff in a minute. There was slop ice as far as the eye could see and the men were busily engaged chopping off the ice that had formed all over the decks and rigging during the night. There were tons of it and the shroud and decks were well iced up.

We had a bowsprit and the other boat off there was a "knock-about," but the

captain said that had nothing to do with it. "She was blunt as a cheesebox and just coaxed the water aboard."

She came "rap full," ran down wind a bit and came closer, and we had it nip and tuck for about two watches, two men at each wheel and both of us taking the clean green seas over the bows like great snow squalls, so white was it when it broke. It was "all below" now but watch and wheel, and at times I could not lie in my bunk the way she thrashed and pounded, but we managed to "mug up" regular. Captain said nothing but death keeps a fisherman away from the galley.

We beat all that day and night, making miles but not eating into the wind very well, yet on the morning of the second day, after beating up all night through a howling norther, and with ice clean back to the futtock plates—"the bit" was a hill—the "nests of dories" mountains and the deck a rough mass of marbled slob ice. Again we saw the same set of lights we told you about on that Sunday night as we passed out—Cape Sable, Seal Island, Bacaro and Cape Negro. Yes and we were down east a bit and saw the Cape Sable Automatic off the outer reef burning red with its acetylene gas. The wind hauled a bit to the east and a smother of snow came, but as the boys said "you could put them both over same time as ice had to go anyways." I was wondering if we would go under some swift passenger liner's keel in the blizzard—for it was blowing a strong gale (56 miles) now and we were reefed down again. All eyes kept as good a look out as mortals could in that swelter of wind and waves, spray and snow, and by good luck we came off our harbour next afternoon. And the blizzard ceased and we beat in. Cod was 4c—\$86.00 a man and a fifth of the price of the vessel clear to the owners. As we leaped over to go up town I heard cook say to a friend "fine trip—a bit nasty one". Nothing daunts them, blow high, blow low.

THE SODA SPRING IN THE VALLEY

By F. Dupuy.

WHEN the Canadian Pacific Railway, after leaving its steel rails in a line across the Prairie, took the stiff grades of the Rockies and entered dark rock tunnels, to emerge again and creep over partly filled-in timber trestles that spanned pleasant valleys and deep canyons, it opened up a country that few at that early date had ever looked upon, save Indians, trappers and prospectors. I was one of the latter, and of the very few to stumble upon a wonderful soda and iron spring, the strange appearance of which, and the virtue of its water, will bear telling of:

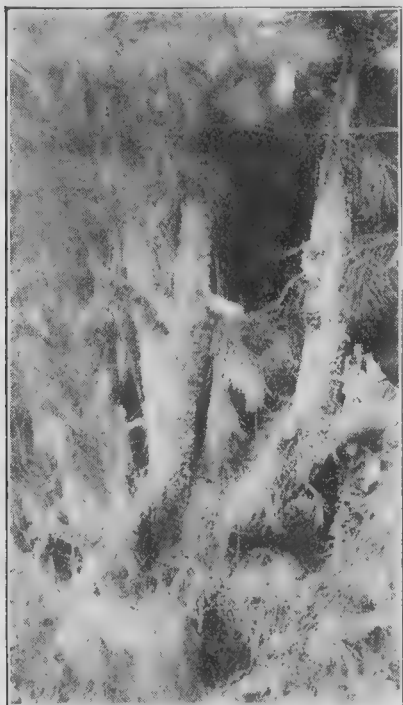
It was off the trail near Revelstoke, in one of British Columbia's mining districts, when dusty, foot-sore and extremely thirsty, my partner and myself got view of a valley or mountain meadow, dotted with clumps of brush and spruce, and flanked on either side by uprearing rock walls winding through this meadow and contrasting with the green of marsh like grass, and in view for some 200 yards like some monster serpent, a curious formation of moss or scum, a dark rust color, made us pause in wonder at the puzzling growth. Just where it had its beginning, two feet would cover the width, but continuing on, it widened to a few yards, and kept this same width through all its length. We soon reached its narrow birth-place, and swaying the thick scum aside found crystal clear cold water welling up from the soil. There was just depth enough without stirring sediment to dip a small tin cup, and as the water, that surely sparkled, cooled tongue and throat like gas charged seltzer, it caught the breath, so that to gulp it down in volume as our parched throats craved, made nostrils quiver and tears suffuse the eye. The iron had given the color scheme, and the soda surely gave the liquid life.

Many a thirst is quenched from bottle and wine hued glass, but never could goblet, function or feast, pour out nectar like that from the tin cup, where the valley looked up to the rugged peaks.

SCIENTISTS WAR IN WEST WITH DEADLY PINE BLISTER RUST—Continued from page 6

that as a rule they cannot be carried more than a quarter of a mile and still be capable of infecting the white pine. It will thus be seen that the disease cannot spread from pine to pine, but it may spread from currant to currant by summer spores, and in a mild coast climate such as for example, British Columbia, Oregon and Washington, where green leaves may remain on the bushes well into the winter, the spore may possibly live over until the spring. In this way the disease in mild climates may persist and spread from year to year without infected white pines. Where severe winters bring all the currant leaves off, it is probable the disease on the currants and gooseberries has to again be started each spring from infection on pines.

ON currants and gooseberries the disease is not usually sufficiently severe to attract much notice. Heavy infection, however, may defoliate the bushes several weeks before the time when healthy ones lose their leaves and the consequent loss in vitality may make all the difference between profit and loss in a crop which is not usually one showing a large margin of profit. It is on the pines, however, that the disease is most serious, so serious as to justify all the grave alarm as already mentioned. Thus it was that the army of experts went forth this summer and labored till the snow began to fall.



White Pine tree about 12 ft. high with almost every branch heavily infected with blister rust, in the fruiting stage.

On the pines the disease spreads in the infected tissues from year to year, finally girdling and killing the part attacked. Large trees can resist this injury longer than young ones unless the infection is exceedingly heavy. Seedlings in particular are liable to be quickly killed and reforestation with white pines prevented. There is some difference of opinion between Canadian investigators and those of the United States as to the amount of damage caused to mature trees. According to reports of the damage done in the north eastern states, trees two feet in diameter are being killed out quite readily and the amount of injury amounts to millions of dollars. In Ontario and Quebec the disease seems chiefly injurious to young trees. As time goes on the disease becomes more severe. A heavy infection of pines produces a heavier infection of gooseberries and currants, and from these comes a still heavier attack on the pines. The raising of white pine in the East is now practically prevented, until the young plantations can be completely cleared of wild currants and gooseberries, a somewhat expensive process which frequently has to be repeated at intervals of a few years. In addition it is necessary to get rid of at least cultivated black currants for 300 or 400 yards around the area planted to pines. Under Eastern conditions it is still found profitable to do this, but it is

doubtful if reforestation with white pine could be undertaken at all in British Columbia, at least on such terms.

The disease is a native of Europe, evidently originating in the Baltic provinces of Russia, where it has been known since 1865. It gradually spread to France, Switzerland and Great Britain. The disease strangely enough, does not appear to be serious to the five leaved pines of Europe. This illustrates a common fact regarding susceptibility of plant diseases: the "hosts" which have been exposed to infection for long ages seem to develop a high degree of resistance. American white pine, (*P. Strobus*) known in Europe as Weymouth Pine, was long ago recognized by European foresters as a valuable tree, and was extensively planted for a time in Europe. But the blister rust soon showed its virulence on the immigrant, so today white pine planting appears to be abandoned. Recently with reforestation becoming a live issue in eastern North America, it was found that white pine seedlings could be imported cheaper from Holland and Germany, than they could be raised here, so extensive importation occurred. So it is not surprising that the disease, which last summer brought hurrying the army of forestry protectors in the United States and Canada, got a good firm foothold on the rich North American land. In 1906 the first case was discovered at the Experimental Station, Geneva, New York State. Later the disease was found on white pines in both Canada and the United States, and since then its record is one of ever increasing spread in spite of the most vigorous efforts to control it, or at least to limit its spread.

In 1914 Canada placed an embargo on the importation of Ribes (gooseberries, currants) and five leaved pines from Europe and other areas of infection, and in 1919 a similar embargo was established preventing the movement of these two "hosts" into British Columbia from Eastern Canada and the eastern United States. Still the disease defeated all vigilance, and has spread all along the British Columbia coast. But as the white pine in these regions in British Columbia is of very little commercial importance, this phase of the situation is not serious. But in the Kootenay district in the interior, white pine is the most valuable timber, and already certain industries, still in their infancy, but of great potential importance, such as match factories, are dependent on the white pine, which timber has been estimated by forest experts to represent \$50,000,000 in the next forty years. The infection has been found in the State of Washington, and all investigation now goes to show that this did not come from British Columbia as there has been a great deal more movement of five leaved pines and Ribes from the east into the Pacific States than into British Columbia.

FULLY cognizant of the menace to their \$300,000,000 worth of pine in the western states, the United States Government has decided to try a campaign of total eradication of the disease in the Pacific States, and are taking drastic steps to this end. All infected currants and gooseberries, and all white pines presumably exposed to infection and in which the disease might later develop are to be destroyed, while in a large section of Washington, black currants have been declared by the State Government a public nuisance, and to be destroyed regardless whether healthy or diseased. The American Federal Government has voted \$50,000 for this work which will probably be spent on a fifty-fifty basis with the Western States. The greater portion of this will doubtless be expended in cleaning up the infected area in Washington. This at first sight may appear like a tremendous expense, with the success of the issue in doubt, but when it is remembered that the five-leaved pines of the Pacific states are valued at, at least, \$225,000,000, the expenditure becomes paltry.

The Canadian authorities on their part have placed a quarantine on the whole of the coastal area including Vancouver

Continued on page 35



The secret of having beautiful hair

*How famous movie stars keep
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NO one can be really attractive, without beautiful well-kept hair.

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You will be delighted to see how easy it is to keep your hair looking beautiful, when you use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water is sufficient to cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly.

Simply pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather which rinses out quickly and easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil—the chief causes of all hair troubles.

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You will notice the difference in your

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After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want to see how beautiful you can make your hair look, set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and healthy, the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet-goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months. Beware of imitations. Be sure you get Mulsified. Look for the name Watkins on the package.

*Splendid for
children—
Fine for men*



THE WINNIPEG OF YESTERDAY

By Edward William Towler

THESE passed into the writer's hands for perusal the other day, an old book of surpassing interest to those to whom the early days of our West are an historical pleasure. I allude to Henry Youle Hind's book of the "Canadian Red River Exploring Expedition of 1857-8," published by Longmans, Green and Company of London, in 1860.

When this expedition reached the Red River, Mr. Hind was at very great pains to get a full and complete account of the settlement. The founding of it by Lord Selkirk is a matter of older history and too well known to be recorded again, although Mr. Hind devotes many pages to it. What is of interest is what comprised the city of Winnipeg in the days of '58. Let us walk the old trail with Mr. Hind. He states that:—According to origin the population of the Red River was as follows:

Rupert's Land Half Breeds.	816
Scotland.....	116
Canada.....	92
England.....	40
Ireland.....	13
Switzerland.....	2
Norway.....	1

Making a grand total of 1,020. According to the census of 1843, thirteen years before the one of 1856, there were twenty-seven more European or Canadian families at the Red River than at the later date. In 1849 there were one hundred and thirty-seven more males than females; while in 1856 there were seventy-three more females than males. The reason of this remarkable change over was due to the fact that many of the men had gone over to the States for employment as there was no industry in the district.

The mode in which justice was administered in the settlement is worthy of note. Mr. Hind says it was of a somewhat undetermined nature. In 1839 the first Recorder was appointed, and in some instances the office of Governor of Assiniboia was associated with that office. The Governor had a Council of twelve of the principal inhabitants of the settlement to assist and advise him and all the Chief Factors of the Hudson Bay Co. were magistrates ex-officio.

The following record of the public accounts for the Red River Settlement ending May 31st, 1859, will be of more than passing interest.

Revenue and Expenditure

PUBLIC SERVANTS SALARIES—Governor of Gaol and Sheriff, £30; Executive Officer, £100; Presidents of Petty Courts, £26; Collector of American Duty, £15; Petty Magistrates, £50; Constables, £108. Total amount of salaries, £329.

Gaoler and Gaol—Gaoler's Salary, Rations and Advances, £32 12s. 6d.; Gaoler's Wood, £4 7s. 2d.; Gaol Expenses, £3 18s. 3d.; Prisoners, Expenses, £4 1s. 6d. Total Gaol and Gaoler, £44 19s. 5d.

Public Works—Labor Performed £34 11s. 6d.; Timber, £29 1s. 3d.; Roads, £282 4s. 2d.; Bridges, £64 3s. 6d. Total amount of Public Works, £410 0s. 5d.

Sundries, £5 0s. 6d.; Rent of Court House, £6; Ferry and Scows, £11 8s.; Premiums paid for Wolves' Heads, £35 10s. 6d.; Post Office, £154 11s. 11½d. Total of all disbursements £996 15s. 4½d.

Revenue

BY outstanding Creditor Balance, 1st June, 1859, £869 9s. 6½d.; Import Duty Hudson Bay Co., European, £788 3s. 10d.; Import Duty Hudson Bay Co., American, £129 6s. 7d.; Import Duty, Settlers, European, £351 11s. 0½d.; Import Duty, Settlers, American, £35 15s. 4d. Total amount of Import Duty, £1307 17s. 4½d.

It must be noted here that there is a difference of 7d. in the addition that escaped the eagle eyes of W. R. Smith and John Inkster, Auditors.

Interest on £186 8s. at 4 per cent. £7 9s. 1d.; Ferry £6; Advanced cash returned, £5; Debtors' maintenance, 2s. 4d.

Old Materials Sold by Board of Works, £2 5s. Fines, £1; Post Office, £149



Main St., East side, looking north to City Hall

16s. 8d.; Marriage License, £1. Grand Total of Revenue, £2,347. Grand Total Disbursements, £996 15s. 4½d.; Balance carried forward, £1,350 4s. 7½d.

I have dealt with this in detail because of its outstanding merit as to a full and detailed account of all expenditures and incomes. This balance sheet should have been a matter of congratulation showing as it did such a handsome balance upon the right side.

There are one or two very curious items, for instance, the prisoners, expenses rated

Hind took the time and the labour to compile these reports and to preserve them for future generations, they are valuable to the last degree, showing as they do, how the future City of Winnipeg was governed, and the cost of that governing, some sixty three years ago.

Mr. Hind speaks of a newspaper as having been started in 1859, but unfortunately omits the name of the paper. He states that a reporter had just enjoyed the opportunity of supplying the Red River Public with the full account of a



Main St., West side, looking north to City Hall

at £4 1s. 6d., an item which cannot be said to err upon the side of extravagance. Then the 2s. 4d. for debtors' maintenance; one hopes that the debtor or debtors were not held long upon such a small outlay for sustenance. Who was the happy man who, paid \$1. for the marriage license?

Pity history is silent upon so romantic an episode. The rent of the Court House for £6, and the Magistrates Salaries at £50 cannot be called exorbitant by the wildest flight of imagination. Here was the whole business of the future city of Winnipeg carried along for one year for less than \$5000.

It is well indeed that men like Mr.

trial in the Courts of Justice, and says "It possesses an interest apart from, and superior to the subject to which it refers." The opening paragraphs are as follows:—

Red River Settlement, December 28th, 1859. General Quarterly Court.—A sitting of the above Court took place within the Court House at the Upper Fort on Thursday, the 15th inst., before William MacTavish, Esq., Governor, Doctor Bunn, Sheriff, Thos. Sinclair, Esq., Robert McBeath, Esq. and Francois Bruneau, Esq., chairmen of the several districts courts. The building was crowded throughout the day and the liveliest interest appeared to be taken in the proceedings, which,



Winnipeg from St. Boniface in old Ferry days

on the whole, as will be seen from the report, were of an animated character. Mr. James Ross acted as French, and Mr. James McKay as Indian interpreter.

Robbery at the Stone Fort

CATHERINE Daniel and Mary Daniel, aged respectively 13 and 16 years, were charged with having stolen two several sums of money from the Stone Fort, the property of the Hudson Bay Company, the former with having stolen and the latter with having received part of the same, well knowing it to have been stolen. They both pleaded not guilty.

There follows a full detailed account of the trial which lasted, as the chronicler states, a full day, and created the liveliest interest. Catherine, aged 13 years, was found guilty of having stolen the money, some £6, and sentenced to two weeks in gaol, and Mary was let off with a severe caution, and admonished from the Bench to look to her future conduct.

As a first instance of reporting in the West, it is unique and its value is enhanced by the fact that it records in full the names of all those taking part in the proceedings, many of which are household names to-day. Imagine a galaxy of the Great, sitting in Winnipeg to-day to try two little girls charged with the theft of less than thirty dollars, and the trial lasting all day and with a crowded court? One wonders where the criminal business of the city would be?

"The Governor and Council of Assiniboia held a General Meeting at Fort Garry on the 7th December, 1859, at which meeting were present William MacTavish, President (Governor of Assiniboia) and the following Councillors: Right Rev. Lord Bishop of Rupert's Land, Right Rev. Lord Bishop of St. Boniface, John Bunn, Esq., John Inkster, Esq., Pascal Berland, Esq., Solomon Emlyn, Esq., H. Fisher, Esq., Robert McBeath, Esq., Thomas Sinclair, Esq., and John E. Harriott, Esq." The meeting is of no interest, but again has Mr. Hind performed a service in preserving for us the names of those that governed that isolated territory in those early days. In reading these records it is indeed difficult to conceive that the span of a man's life has not yet passed since they were taking place.

The old regime has gone, the old days have passed, but when one opens a book such as this, it is indeed lifting the veil and peering through the windows of yesterday and seeing pass in review the gallant gentlemen who made and laid the foundation of our prosperity and also the great City of Winnipeg.

The Turtle's Mishap

A Fable—By Peter Newell

A Turtle rolled upon his back from off a rocky shelf,
And though he struggled manfully he couldn't right himself.
At length he grew discouraged, and ceased his efforts vain,
And, sullen, gazed up in the sky with sluggish eye and brain.
But as he looked he felt a thrill like that of dawning love;
He saw a million gleaming stars set in the dome above:
And with a sense awakened by this strange and novel sight
He noted some were faint and small, and others large and bright.
He saw that some were placed in groups, while others stood alone:
And spread athwart the mighty vault a milky banner shone.
And thus the night he passed away, with wonder and delight,
And all too soon the rosy morn concealed the stars from sight.
'Twas then a friendly Frog appeared and helped him to turn o'er,
A better and a wiser brute than e'er he'd been before.
Ah, shun misfortune if you will, but know that this is true:
Mischance expands both heart and mind into a broader view.

The rug on the floor is Gold-Seal Art-Rug No. 398, a very popular brown design. In the 9 x 12 foot size it costs only \$18.00



"Beats me, Bess, I don't see how such a good-looking rug could cost only \$18.00!"

You, too, will be delighted with the artistic good looks of Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rugs—surprised at their low cost. They come in patterns that for beauty of design and richness of color are equalled only by expensive woven rugs. There are simple tile patterns for kitchen and bathroom—elaborate floral effects for bedroom, dining-room, and living-room.

Housewives are justly enthusiastic about the ease with which Congoleum Rugs can be cleaned. Just a light mopping and the smooth, sanitary surface is clean as new. These rugs need no fastening; they cling tight to the floor, with never a curled-up edge. Small wonder that Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rugs have become the most popular floor-coverings in Canada.

9 x 3 ft. \$4.50	9 x 6 ft. \$ 9.00	9 x 10½ ft. \$15.75
9 x 4½ ft. 6.75	9 x 7½ ft. 11.25	9 x 12 ft. 18.00
	9 x 9 ft. 13.50	

Prices Winnipeg and points West proportionately higher to cover extra freight.

If you haven't seen these lovely, practical rugs, see them today at your dealer's. Or write us for a copy of "Modern Rugs for Modern Homes," a folder showing all the beautiful patterns.

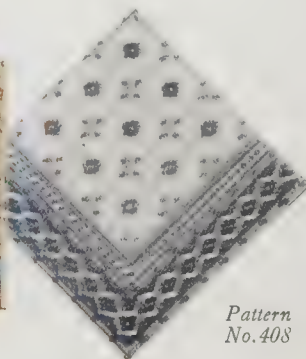
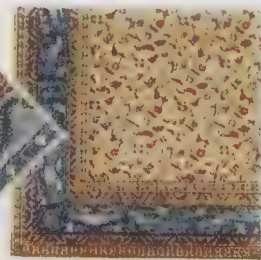
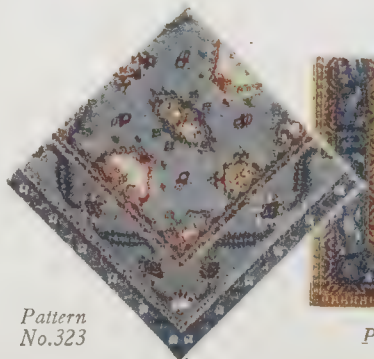
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CONGOLEUM
ART-RUGS
Made in Canada—by Canadians—for Canadians.



Look for this Gold Seal

There is only one Congoleum and that is Gold-Seal Congoleum, identified by the Gold Seal shown above. This Gold Seal protects you against imitation floor-coverings, and gives you the protection of our money-back guarantee. Look for it.

CONGOLEUM COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED
Factory and Offices: 1270 St. Patrick St., Montreal, Quebec





THE manner of his entry was anything but the triumphal thing he had planned.

On a grey spring morning he found himself sneaking in the back way, as it were, through the unfrequented park. Smeared face, shabby coat, frayed pants, everything about him presenting an air of general dissolution.

He had often dreamed of going back. In fact, during those first years in New York when he had so often felt like slumping on the job, the impetus which had forever driven him on was the thought of the day when he would go back and show them all how he had fooled them. How he had chuckled as he pictured himself dressed in the latest New York style, checked suit and flaming red tie, stepping briskly up the street of the old town arousing startled, admiring greetings from all his friends—and enemies. How they would stop and stare at this amazing intruder and then grasping his hand, they would burst forth, "Well, I declare! If it ain't Artie Glyde! I always did say you'd make your mark in the world!" And then before he was caught in the clutch of the next grimalkin, how they would turn to each other and say, "Wonders will never cease! Whoever thought that freckled-faced rascalion would ever turn out like this!"

One person would be genuinely pleased. His old Sunday school teacher. How she had fretted her dear saintly soul over him. She was so sure he was going to come to some bad end. How gratified she would be to see how her prayers had been answered!

Then there were a number of people he wanted to get even with. They had never respected the genius in him. One unforgettable Halloween when creeping stealthily along a high-board fence some one had pounced upon him. He had felt a steely grip on the back of his neck and old Dad Stoneway had given him a fearful shaking and threatened him within an inch of his life if he ever caught him on his property again—He'd always felt sore about that.

And Jack Devlin, the big bully he'd never been able to lick! He'd always sworn when he got big enough if he ever met Jack Devlin he'd pound the daylight out of him.

The memory of the fights always brought back the slim, little figure of Eva Blight. She'd always rescued his hat and restored it to him afterwards when he had rewarded her with a kiss. He had been going back to marry her some day. He had told her so before he left. Of course it was only boy-and-girl love. She was likely married now, but he'd do something big for her.

And then there was Ella Bettercombe and Dora—Dora—what was her name—those older girls who had snubbed him when he was at the calf-love stage. He bet when they saw what a swell dresser he was and how he could throw money around, they'd feel pretty sick.

How the sting of those early experiences had urged him on! And worst of all—he'd never got along with the Old Man. After his mother had died no one had had any patience with him. And that last night when his Dad had thrown him out of the door and told

him never to darken it again, he'd gone. Never even written back since.

But nights when success had seemed so high and so unattainable and he would be about to give up, he would be reminded of the Old Town and then something inside him would stiffen, and he would clench his fists and grit his teeth and hang on. He was going back some day. And he wasn't going back, couldn't go back, beaten.

THEN when Fortune turned her fickle face and actually smiled on him, he put off going back. He wasn't rich enough yet. He'd wait till he was real rich, rotten rich, and then he'd go back and swell around and do something handsome for the old place—build a new church or jail or something.

And he became really rich, rotten rich. Glyde's Paint and Varnish became a household name in a million homes. And he forgot all about the Old Town. There was business spelled with a capital B. There was the club. There were theatre parties. There were dances and cabarets. Life was a ceaseless whirl of excitement. And then lately there had been—Christine.

He had never been perfectly mad about her. He didn't believe in being carried away by one's emotions. He was too efficient for that. But while he didn't lose any sleep over her or miss any of his business appointments, still a considerable amount of time necessarily was required to keep up a respectable betrothal and helped to drive the past out of his thoughts.

Moreover, Christine of late was becoming a little restive. The other girls were planning their trousseaus. But just when it seemed inevitable that the date would have to be definitely decided upon, he had taken ill. Pneumonia! The first time he had been laid up during his fifteen years in New York. He was sure he was going to die. And he had never gone back. All that triumph, the wringing of belated recognition from his boyhood companions, had never been realized. That was his only regret. And his old Dad never to see what he had made of himself!

But he didn't die. And his first resolve, as he turned the corner, was to go back home. He was homesick. It was spring. And he wanted to smell it in the country. New York was stale. He wanted sod and brown earth. The dazzle and glitter were all gone. Life was nauseating. The thought of entering his office drove him insane. Of marriage—O Lord, he cried as if something had stabbed him and he buried his face in the pillow.

As he grew stronger, his resolve became more potent. He became hilarious over the idea. He went to the haberdasher's and became rigged out in the latest New York style. Black and white checked suit and flaming red tie. He wanted to cut loose. He wanted to raise Cain. Now was his chance, and before he settled down into the routine of business and married life he'd go back and gather up all the old scabs and for one

glorious night they'd paint the Old Town red.

When he took the sleeper out of New York, he was out of sorts. The train got into Rosebank at an unearthly hour. Six o'clock in the morning. If anything was flatter than going up an empty street on a cold grey morning. If there was only some place to go and get a cup of coffee and a shave and wait till a little later in the day, he could make his appearance to so much better advantage.

However, he ordered the porter to call him at four-thirty. He would take plenty of time and do the best he could, although his hand was none too steady yet after his illness.

Alas, it was not as steady as he believed. And when at 5.45 he stood immaculately clothed and nervously waiting to arrive at his destination, humming, "See The Conquering Hero Comes," a lengthy strip of pink court plaster decorated his right cheek.

Yes, he was getting nervous. It wasn't going to be as easy as he expected. Ten chances to one, no one would know him. His recent illness had left its mark as well as the fifteen intervening years since anyone had seen him. And his father—He wasn't a bit sure he would receive him.

He suddenly decided to get out at the watering tank. The train was slowing up now. He remembered how the fellows used to hang around there and steal a ride into town. As he stepped down he half expected to see one of them dart out from behind the old box car that stood there—he wondered if it had been standing there ever since—and pull him to one side to relate some glowing adventure or plan some new devilment to startle the town.

He was disappointed, however. Nothing greeted him but the sight down over the hill of the little Old Town huddled in silent sleep. He rubbed his eyes. It wasn't a bit as he remembered it. It now looked so old and weather-beaten. Nothing but grey roofs, drab fences and shabby stores. An air of depression seemed to hover over it. It was dilapidated. Down in the mouth! Out at the heels! The old Town Hall—what an imposing building it had once seemed—stood out as a symbol of the dull, drab respectability of the townspeople. Could life possibly stir there or—

Someone had laid a hand on his arm. "Money?" faltered a shabby looking individual.

"Uh?" said Glyde. "Eh? What'd you say?"

He grasped his bag tighter.

"Money!" said the weary one. "I'm hungry!"

"Hungry! I'd be hungry too if I didn't work."

He looked proudly down at his cheeks in contrast with the faded apparel of the stranger.

"Can't get a job. Tried all over town yesterday. Everything's gone dead down there." He nodded toward the clump of houses which looked to Glyde now to be nothing more than a big village.

HE turned to look at it again and to his amazement the grey town had disappeared and a celestial metropolis stood in its place. Grey buildings had turned to gold. Golden windows gleamed and sparkled from the old Town Hall which now rose stately and grand. He gazed. It was the same old town and yet not the same. The sun, the immortal Gilder, had risen and turned its magic on the poor faded thing.

Suddenly an idea struck Glyde. That's what New York had done for him. He was the same inside only money and success had put a little gilding on the outside. Supposing he had come back like—this fellow, how many hands would be outstretched to shower favors on him? He turned.

"Can't get a job." As the fellow winced something familiar in his manner, a little jerk sideways of his head, made Glyde look at him sharply. It couldn't be—but yes, he was almost certain—it was Jack Devlin, that fellow he was going to lick the next time he saw him. "Can't get a job!" he repeated. "Never saw the fellow yet who couldn't. But say, I've got an idea." If it was Jack Devlin he'd have a red mole on his right shoulder. He was going to find out. "There isn't anybody in this old box car. Come on in and take off your clothes."

"What!" said the fellow cowering. "What'd ya mean?"

"I mean what I say. Come on in and take off your coat."

Glyde's spirits were rising. The fun was beginning sooner than he anticipated. He caught the fellow, his old enemy, he believed, by the arm and shoved him into the empty car. A gleam came into his own eyes. He began to remove his tie.

"You ain't goin' to—fight!" The fellow slowly removed his coat. Glyde grinned. There through a hole in the tattered shirt was the red mole. It was Jack Devlin. He noted to his own satisfaction, that they were about of a size now. If his own muscle hadn't been weakened by his recent illness he believed he could give this fellow the trouncing he had ached for so many years to give him.

"Are you in pretty good trim?" laughed Glyde as he threw off his coat. As his opponent backed up he was suddenly out of his checked trousers. "All I want you to do is to swap clothes with me."

Devlin gasped at him.

"Yes, I got an idea back there a few minutes ago and when I get an idea inside of me it's like fire till I get it out. You put on these checks and see if they don't bring you luck. Here's money to get breakfast and a shave. And if you haven't got a job by night then my idea's no good and I'll take you back to New York with me and make you best man at my wedding."

"Lordamighty!" swore Devlin. "You must be cuckoo."

"No, I'm A. Gilder. You take this bag to the Franklin House and reserve a room. Meet me there at six o'clock tonight. And say, brace up, old man,

Continued on page 20



So effective at easing pain

Sloan's is acknowledged "The WORLD'S LINIMENT"

It is not surprising Sloan's is used in seven million homes—it has so many everyday, practical uses.

WHAT is responsible for this remarkable growth—the widespread use of Sloan's not only in this country but throughout the world?

It has been due to one outstanding fact—the amazing effectiveness of the liniment itself.

No one who has ever tried Sloan's for a tired, aching back, a strained shoulder or ankle, a bruised or sore muscle anywhere, is ever again without it.

How Sloan's brings relief

Most muscular or nerve pain is due to congestion. Congestion is the condition that results when blood collects in a tissue and does not circulate freely.

Sloan's Liniment counteracts congestion. It draws the blood away from the tight inflamed area and restores normal circulation.

Its effect is almost immediate

At first a warm, tingling glow—a drawing, healing

sensation. Then suddenly you notice that the pain itself is gone!

That is the thing which will surprise you most, perhaps, if you have never used Sloan's before—the quickness with which it brings relief.

Keep Sloan's always handy

If you occasionally stand on your feet all day and have a tired, aching back at night—if damp weather is apt to mean stiff or sore muscles—if you have a young athlete in the family who comes in with sprained elbows or bruised knees—you will particularly want to keep Sloan's Liniment constantly at hand. There is nothing that is "just as good".

Sloan's will not stain the skin. It should be applied thoroughly. No need of rubbing—it penetrates.

Don't wait for the time when you are badly in need of Sloan's. Get a bottle today. Thirty-five cents at all drug stores.

Made in Canada

Sloan's Liniment

Wherever congestion causes pain—use Sloan's

and feel as peppy as you look in those checks and the world's yours. Good morning. I'll go around this way by the park."

No, he reflected, as he wandered into the park this was no triumphal entry into Rosebank. He took a drink from the public fountain and sat down on a bench. He stretched. Then he yawned. Then settled himself more comfortably in the sun and half-closed his eyes.

People were going to work. A girl came slowly down the cement walk to the fountain. She was dressed in a grey tweed suit, low black shoes and a black velvet tam. She also took a drink from the fountain and by the way she drank, Glyde surmised that they had eaten breakfast at the same table. She sat down near him evidently not seeing him. And he heard her sigh.

He watched her furtively from underneath his cap.

If that's not little Eva Blight, he said to himself, then I'm sadly mistaken. She has grown beautiful, but too pale.

After a considerable silence he turned slightly and said, "Pardon, Miss, but won't you be late for work?"

She turned her face away. He thought she was hiding tears.

"Don't be afraid," he said gently. "I won't do you any harm. But we seem to be in the same boat. Maybe I could take both oars for awhile. Bad luck? Did they kick you off? Cut down the office supply?"

She turned timidly toward him and regarded him with wistful enquiring brown eyes.

"Yes, and no," she began shyly. "You see, I was a cloak model. The head saleslady wanted to give her niece my job. She said I was too pale, that I didn't show off the stuff. I wanted them to have me tested for T. B., but they wouldn't bother. She'd been with them for ten years. So she brought the glowing niece along and they took her on."

"And you lost out. Got anybody?"

"No. There was somebody once. But he never came back."

"H'm!" said Glyde, uncomfortably. "Did you try any place else?"

"Yes, several places. Always the same, too pale!"

"Ever try rouge?"

"No, it's—put on. It ain't natural."

"H'm! I s'pose when things get faded and dull it ain't natural to gild 'em up. Just let me tell you a little story: I came over the hill this morning and looked down on a dilapidated town—dull and weatherbeaten. It sure looked sick, down and out like—me. And then a miracle happened. The sun came up and gilded the grey roofs till they shone and sparkled. It put spirit and life into the Old Town and it woke up. The same way the sun gilds the ground and makes it glad enough to grow things—trees, flowers and grass. It makes it come alive."

He turned to the old clock in the tower.

"If that old clock was painted some bright color now, since the sun's off it, it'd look more cheerful and hopeful. Wouldn't it? Do you know, when I was a kid I always liked pictures of houses with red-painted roofs. I like to see a house with a red roof among green trees, and green grass around it, white frilled curtains at the window and children running around. I saw one yesterday in a deep, cool valley and I wanted to go there and live forever and ever."

"Why do folks like drab colors? Why do they like respectable, unhappy-looking, genteel, well-bred dullness in their houses? I'd want color—if I had a house."

He stopped and looked at the frail, despondent figure on the bench.

"I've got ten cents in my pocket. Come with me to Woolworth's and we'll soon banish the paleness. And if you don't have a sparkle in your eye when you look in the glass and land the best job you've ever had before night, then I'm not A. Gilder."

When they came out of the store Glyde looked with astonishment at the improvement in the girl's appearance.

"That's just what you needed—a little color on the surface. That's what folks want—a bright surface."

Painting the Old Town Red

Continued from page 18

She was just turning away when he caught her arm.

"This way, please."

And he steered her toward the largest Ladies' Wear store in Rosebank. Ella Bettercombe's father used to own the store. "Bettercombe and Bustworth." He wondered—Yes, the same sign was over the door only the latter part was entirely faded, making it read, "Bettercombe and Bust—"

"Just wait outside the door a minute," said Glyde, and walking in marched boldly to the office and asked to see the manager.

Bettercombe, grey-moustached and bald-headed, was seated at his desk.

"Can you give me a job, Sir?"

"Job! What—sweeping?" He looked disdainfully at his caller.

He reluctantly handed out a dirty dollar bill and five ten-cent pieces, and Glyde hung his head and backed out. As he opened the door he whispered to the waiting girl:

"Now's your chance. See the old gent quick. And say, girl, be at the Franklin House tonight at six o'clock. I want to hear about your success. Don't fail me."

Her wistful brown eyes clung to his for a long instant and he felt, rather than saw, in them a flash of recognition. He turned hurriedly away.

Dad Stoneway's familiar sign out in front of the hardware store was directly in front of him. It was scarcely legible now, washed as it was with the rains of fifteen summers since he had last seen it.



March

"No. Er—boosting your business! None too brisk, I judge?"

"N—no."

"I can build it up one hundred per cent."

A faint light crept into the faded eyes.

"Show me—how."

"It's like this, Mr. Bettercombe, your store is off color. It wears a discouraged expression. It's pale around the gills, sort of bilious. Don't look inviting to the public."

"Now, I'm A. Gilder. I want you to let me dress your window. I want to put a live model—I can get you a beautiful girl for ten dollars a day—in your window to show off this splendid stock." He waved his arm around.

"By George!" The old man jumped from his chair. "That's a cracking idea! Here, young man, I'll give you a dollar and a half for it on the spot, and you—" he glared at him threateningly and pointed to the door—"beat it."

SOMEHOW, on nearing the store the old wobbly sensation in his stomach revived again, and his hand was shaking nervously when he lifted the latch. He hesitated. He had got along so far so good, but he feared old Dad Stoneway's scrutiny.

"Any chance for a job around here?" he greeted the iron-jawed old man who sat behind the counter smoking a corn-cob pipe.

"Not for the likes of you, young man. If you know when you're well off—"

Glyde trembled. It was Hallowe'en again. He was creeping again along that high board fence. He could feel the cold fingers on the back of his neck and the chills chased one another down his spine.

"Well, if you can't give me a job, can you give me a little information. What's the prevailing color in house painting this spring? What are you selling most of? What are people—"

Old Stoneway glared at him with a scrutiny that he felt sure would pierce beneath his tattered clothes and bare his guilty heart within. He measured the distance to the door.

"You ain't looked fur or you'd know. They ain't ben any house paint used in this here town—I couldn't tell ya the day when."

"Oh," said Glyde looking vacantly at the floor. "It'd be a great boon to you, I s'pose, if a few hundred people 'd decide to decorate their dwellin's?"

"Boon!" Dad Stoneway removed his corn-cob pipe from his mouth and spit upon the floor. "By Jiminy, I c'd take that trip to N'York I've ben calc'latin' to take all my life and ain't ben able to afford."

"Never been to N'York, eh? Know anybody there?"

"Yes, an old friend o' mine lives there—Artie Glyde's his name. They say he's clumb the ladder of success right to the top. Regular top-notch in the paint business. I c'd get the paint from him. I know he'd give me a good rake-off—fer the sake of old times."

It was Glyde's turn to gape now.

The contemptible old skinflint! he thought. He suddenly became conscious of his chin feeling for his chest and drew it up sharply.

"Well, sir, be that as it may, I've got it from a reliable source—they ain't any bunkum about it—several hundred families is goin' to start to decorate their dwellin's."

"What d'ye mean? What's on?"

You come over to the Franklin House tonight," said Glyde starting for the door, "at six o'clock and you'll find out all about it. And say," he stuck his head through the door, "I'll put in my order now. Put down A. Gilder—that's me—for a barrel of red paint."

"Holy Smoke! What the Samhill d'ya calc'late yer goin' to do with a hull barrel?"

"I'm goin' to paint this Old Town red. Glyde grinned. "Just watch me."

Old Dad Stoneway came to the door and was still watching him when he entered a Real Estate office.

"Takin' on any extra men these days?" he enquired. "I'm lookin' fer a job."

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" An explosion of laughter greeted him. A pair of spectacled green eyes peered out at him from behind a New York newspaper. "You'll likely look a considerable len'th of time. Nobody but a gink like you'd have the nerve to come here of all places. We just come down here every day from habit. Ain't sold a house er a foot of ground fer ten years. Don't you know Rosebank's dead—deader'n old Scrooge's door nail?"

"Excuse me, it was dead. But it's comin' to life again. They's goin' to be a buildin' boom on here in no time or I'm not A. Gilder! Somethin' hit Rosebank this mornin' about six o'clock. Didn't you hear about it?"

"No, what was it?"

"An idea. You come over to the Franklin House at six o'clock tonight and hear about it."

Late in the afternoon Glyde was making his way to the Town Hall.

Last the best of all the game, he was murmuring to himself gleefully. The Mayor in his strong tower was the last to storm. He pulled the red handkerchief a little tighter about his neck and tilted his cap on a new angle over his left ear and started to whistle. A hand on his arm startled him.

"Well," he exclaimed, "Here's my checks! My checks, how are you? I thought we'd parted for good."

Glyde recognized the checks but not the clean-shaven smiling face of their wearer.

"Not much! I've landed a job!"

"A job! What is it?"

"Suits! I'm selling them," said the ex-tramp. "They liked my style. Say —"

"Excuse me," said Glyde, "what's the meaning of the crowd down the street?"

"Oh that's in front of Bettercombe's. They've got a scorchin' pretty girl in the window showin' off the spring suits."

Continued on page 22

How My Wife and I Made \$500⁰⁰ at Home

This is the splendid record of success in Auto Knitting achieved by Mr. and Mrs. George C. Niven. Not many Auto Knitter owners have the time and energy needed to bring out the full money-making possibilities of their machines, as Mr. and Mrs. Niven have, but in homes all over the country the Auto Knitter helps to bring in many welcome dollars the year round. Wouldn't you be glad to have some extra money in exchange for some of **your** spare hours? Read the Niven's inspiring story and send for free information about our "Guaranteed Wage Plan." That was how they got their start.

By Mr. George C. Niven

HOW many people have said to themselves, "I wish I could get some kind of paying work to do at home?" A little money coming in regularly, no matter how small, would always help towards the household expenses.

I was in this same predicament myself, not because I could not get work, but owing to the state of my health. It was impossible for me to take up my civil employment. I want to tell you how the Auto Knitter helped me out of the financial situation in which I was placed.

I studied all the advertisements in the daily papers and magazines, but nothing seemed to suit until I happened one day upon the advertisement of the Auto Knitter Hosiery Company, telling how to make money knitting socks. Having sent to Toronto for particulars of their offer, their proposition appeared to me so straight-forward that I made up my mind to invest in one of their machines.

In less than two weeks, the knitter was delivered. After studying the instruction Book and learning all about the machine's principal parts, it is surprising how soon one can master its operation. After doing a few pairs of socks I sent in a sample of my work to the Company and soon received word back saying it was satisfactory. I then got busy and started sending in bundles of five to seven dozen pairs, for which I promptly received my wage cheque.

In the beginning of the winter 1920-1921, I started to canvass some of my neighbors and after showing them samples of my work, I was soon receiving orders from them, and they are highly delighted with the work. Having become familiar with my machine and knowing what good work it could turn out, I decided to advertise my work, and if possible, increase my earnings.

I inserted a small advertisement in the local paper, offering to knit socks and stockings from the patrons' own yarn. It was surprising the work I received in reply to it. The first day alone I received orders for 36 pairs of hosiery. I was now earning on an average \$2.00 a day from private work alone and at the same time filling in my spare moments by doing standard socks for the Company.

Seeing the possibilities of the machine, I decided to invest in another one, which my wife could work in her spare time, and I can safely say that our machines have paid for themselves over and over again. As the winter went on, my work got better known and my orders kept on increasing. I had now worked up a fairly good business.

\$500 Earned in Winter Months

When the winter came to end and the demand for Woolen Hosiery slackened off, I had to look about for an opening for my

work during the summer months. Looking back on my winter's work, I am able to reckon my earnings from two machines for five months at \$500.00.

As the summer was now here, I decided to go in for the making of Golf Socks, but I had to find a market for my work. This I found by calling on the department stores in town and was fortunate enough to interest two of them in my work. From them I received a sample order for a few pairs. They were highly delighted with my work and very soon they were ordering more, which kept me going during the summer months.

When this winter came on, I interviewed the managers of the wool departments and suggested that I make up some socks and stockings from their yarn, which they could keep on their counters so that their patrons would see how the different yarns made up, which would help the sale of their yarns and at the same time might bring them orders for hosiery, to be made up by me. They readily agreed with my idea and they each opened up what we may call a "Made to Order Hosiery Department." The success of it was beyond all expectation and I was soon getting work which in conjunction with orders from private customers kept me going from morning till night.

Makes \$30 a Week at Home

I have now established a very good business at home, where, with the sale of yarn and my knitting, my earnings never show less than Thirty Dollars a week and considerably more at times. Before closing I would like to tell of another little opening for the Auto Knitter which only requires to be brought to the notice of my different customers in order to be profitable. That is what I call my "Repair Department. It is the re-knitting and re-footing of old socks and stockings. Every household has old socks and stockings lying about, which are either too small or have the feet worn out.

If people know that it is possible to have them made up again at a very small cost, they are much pleased to have them done. In re-knitting old work, it is only necessary to unravel it and dip it in boiling water, which will restore it to almost its natural state, and after being allowed to dry, it will knit up almost as nice as a new pair of socks or stockings.

I hope the foregoing few remarks of my experience may be a help to any prospective buyers of that wonderful machine—the Auto Knitter.

Mr. George C. Niven.

Why Not Satisfy Your Wants Through Auto Knitting

If you had an Auto Knitter, you could turn your spare moments into steady earnings that would rapidly grow into really worth-while sums of money—to be used for clothes, home-furnishings, savings, or any of the hundred-and-one needs and wants that keep presenting themselves, often unexpectedly, when your family income is already strained by regular expenses.

When an Auto Knitter owner needs extra money, she simply gets busy making standard socks on her machine, sends a shipment of them to the Auto Knitter Hosiery Company and in a few days she has the money—in the form of a "money order from Toronto."

More Than \$18,000 a Year Paid to Workers

The total number of socks being sent in to us by Auto Knitter workers this year will reach over 150,000 pairs, and the total amount of wages sent them in "money orders from Toronto," will exceed \$18,000. This will give you some idea of the extent of this spare time industry that the remarkable Auto Knitter machine has made possible to Canadian homes everywhere.



MR. GEORGE C. NIVEN

This immense number is received at the factory, sorted, shipped to more than 1,000 dealers in all parts of the country, including department stores, men's furnisners and general stores—and sold under the trade name "Olde-Tyme All-Wool Socks."

Yet out of this large number of pairs, received from novices as well as experts; from new workers as well as old—less than 5% have to be laid aside and returned as being below the standard set for "Olde-Tyme All-Wool Socks."

Each Worker Protected by a Contract

You are given a signed Five-year Work Contract, which may be renewed by arrangement, guaranteeing you a market for every pair of standard Olde Tyme Socks you produce, and fixing a definite price which you will be paid for your work, in addition to which you will be furnished with yarn to replace, pound for pound, that which you send us in the form of socks.

You can work as much as you please or as little as you please—and the standard product you complete can be disposed of promptly and profitably to the company. You are not obligated in any way to send any part or all of your work to the company unless you wish. You can make socks and sell them to your friends, neighbors and local trade. But if you prefer not to canvass or do any selling—then it is always your privilege to send your standard socks to us and receive our fixed rate of payment, together with replacement yarn.

Send for Fact-Stories and Full Information

If you want to turn your spare hours into cash, then send the attached coupon today for full details of our offer, with stories of success telling what others have done and how you can get into the work.

Don't delay. Send the coupon today. Get the facts. Then decide for yourself. Resolve now to do as others have done. Make up your mind to let your own spare hours solve your money worries. Get the coupon in the mail this very day.

The Auto Knitter Hosiery (Canada) Co. Ltd
Dept. 733, 1870 Davenport Road, West Toronto, Ont.

The Auto Knitter Hosiery (Canada) Co., Ltd.,
Dept. 733, 1870 Davenport Road, West Toronto, Ont.

Send me full particulars about making money at home with the Auto Knitter. I enclose 3 cents postage to cover the cost of mailing, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name

Address

City..... Province.....
Western Home Monthly, 3-23.

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of being nourished
if you take **Bovril**

**BLUE
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Just as good
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9 TRY IT

You Will Surely Plan For A Good Garden This Year

NOTHING better than Fresh Vegetables from your own garden, and they're a wonderful help in reducing house expenses.

Some Flowers Too For Their Beauty and Charm

Steele, Briggs' Seeds are selected for Western Canada from the Finest Strains produced by the World's best growers and tested and reselected on our own trial grounds.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

1923 is our 50th Anniversary—We have opened up at Regina, complete in all Departments.

Customers May Order from either
Regina or Winnipeg.

"We will try to serve you well"

STEELE, BRIGGS SEED CO., Limited
REGINA and WINNIPEG
"Everything in Seeds"

Dress Making Lessons FREE

Women—Girls—16 or over, can easily learn Dress Designing and Making during their spare moments **IN TEN WEEKS**.
Expert Dress Makers
Frequently Earn
\$45 to \$100 a Week
Many Start Part-time in Their Own Homes
Every girl and woman should design and make her own evening gown, dress, waist, skirt, lingerie, wraps, coats and suits.
Send me AT ONCE, free sample lessons in the subject here checked:
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PAINTING THE OLD TOWN RED—Continued from page 20

Say," he stepped closer, "I'd like to do somethin' for you. I'd get you a suit—
it—"

The burly form of a policeman interrupted the conversation.

"Young man," he said addressing Glyde, "I've been watching you for a couple of hours now and I don't like your actions. Moreover, complaints have come in that you're not quite responsible," he said tapping Glyde's forehead with his cane. Producing a pair of handcuffs, he proceeded to fasten them on his wrists. "Just step into the Town Hall. We'll provide for you for the night."

Glyde felt his face getting hot. This was an unexpected turn of affairs.

"But I can't he protested. I've got an engagement at six o'clock. I've got—" he hesitated realizing how ridiculous it must sound—"to dress."

THE policeman winked at the tramp in the checks and gave Glyde a gentle but firm push in the direction of the Town Hall.

Glyde swore but he knew the futility of further protest. The old town clock

"Is he upstairs?" he enquired.

"Possibly."

"Give me a piece of paper and a pencil." His wrists were still locked. "Here! you write it."

"Your Honor, an old friend of yours is down in the lock-up. He wants to see you."

The policeman, probably to humor him, complied with his request.

It seemed an endless time till the door opened and his old father, considerably greyer and more bent than he remembered him, stood before him. His heart smote him. The room was dark. No recognition was apparent on the old man's face. He was evidently very much annoyed at being disturbed. Glyde scarcely knew what to do. Should he go on and finish the game or should he fall on his father's neck and ask his forgiveness? He wasn't a bit sure that he'd get a good trouncing for his pains if he took the latter course.

"Your Honor," he faltered, "In spite of that bluff I pulled off in the note about bein' an old friend. I swear I'm an honest man. If you'll go bail for me



Toboggan Slide, Banff—Courtesy Canadian Pacific Railway.

pointed to the hour of five. He was due at the Franklin House at six with twenty-five prominent citizens coming to meet him. It was a sad ending to his adventurous expectations, far different to the glorious splurge he had planned so long ago which was to distinguish him in the eyes of all the skeptical companions of his youth. If Christine could see him now! In spite of his indignation he couldn't help an ironic laugh. Suppose he were to wire her to come and bail him out! Just as the policeman was closing the door on him, he spoke.

"Any bail accepted?"

The policeman laughed.

"Certainly, if you have any friends—"

The prisoner hung his head.

"Who—" he hesitated, "who is the Mayor?"

"The Mayor! Why, old John Glyde! He's been Mayor for ten years."

John Glyde! The prisoner gave further evidence of being not responsible for his actions. John Glyde! His old dad—Mayor! And his son in the lock-up! He had gone away from home in disgrace. He was coming back after fifteen years no better.

for one hour, I'll give you—" he suddenly remembered his parent's weakness for the root of all evil—"I'll give you a thousand dollars."

The Mayor turned to the policeman and nodded his head.

"Pretty far gone! I'd order a special guard. Rosebank must be protected." To the prisoner he said sternly, "Young man, do you think I'm going to let you out of here for the purpose of stealing?"

"No," assented Glyde. "But I've got to get out of here—somehow. I have an engagement. I never miss an engagement. I've invited a number of Rosebank's prominent citizens to meet me at the Franklin House tonight at six o'clock. I was just on my way to invite you, your Honor, when I was delayed. I've got to hurry. Doesn't the thousand dollars appeal to you, your honor?"

The Mayor shook his head.

Glyde turned to the policeman. "He won't trust me. If you'll lock the door so I can't run away and release my hands for a minute, I'll convince you that I'm not going out to steal."

Continued on page 23

PAINTING THE OLD TOWN RED—Continued from page 22

The policeman, no doubt out of curiosity, did as he was requested.

Glyde turned his back for a moment and then stepping toward the Mayor, laid in his hand ten one hundred dollar bills.

"Here is the price of my bail. If I run away it's yours."

THE men examined the money very carefully and decided that it was

not bogus. Also they consented to release the prisoner on conditions that he would explain his method of procedure when he was let out.

"Take me out of this hole," he replied. "Take me up to the tower. I want to show you something."

When they reached the tower window he pointed out over the town.

"Look!" he said. "I want to show you a sick, no-account town. Grey roofs, grey houses, grey fences, dilapidated stores and faded signs. It's in a state of chronic invalidism. Run down! Anaemic! Nerves bad! And all the rest of it."

"Now I'm A. Gilder. I'm going to show Rosebank's citizens how to make it a zip-boom-bang, one hundred per cent. Canadian town. Alive, growing, progressive! A town full of happy, enthusiastic people."

Unconsciously his dictation had returned to normal, he had risen to his full height. He had become a man of power and magnetism. His hearers were hypnotized.

"Dad!" he said throwing off his coat and cap. "You don't know me! Why? Because I'm not gilded up on the outside. If I'd come into town this morning all rigged out in the latest style, I wouldn't have been put in the cuckoo class. Hands would have been outstretched to welcome me and my old dad would have been proud of me."

He gave his father a hearty smack on the shoulder which was not altogether appreciated. "How are you, Dad?" he said gently. "I'm going to make Rosebank come alive for you. You know, towns are like people. They've got to look prosperous and peppy. They need color. They need fine clothes to make a bright surface. A bright town makes bright people. Bright people bring other bright people. And then watch your town grow."

We've got to have color. The human system demands it. Why didn't God put an honest-to-goodness grey rainbow in the sky? Because color is a voice of the soul. It says, 'hope on.' Yes, we need it. Right over there in front—the courthouse isn't it—you need a red roof. Yes, paint it red, bright red. Let it be cheerful to the eye, to your eye, to my eye, to the eye of a stranger seeking a home.

Look here, I know a man who was dull and depressed. His folks feared suicide. They called a doctor. 'He's starving for color,' he said. 'His system needs it.' They redecorated his home, they redecorated his office in bright colors. He got better. He got peppy. His business hummed.

Oh, I'd talk longer but I've got to go to the hotel and get all gilded up in my dress suit. I'm afraid, dad, you'll have to go and hold the people till I get there. I've ordered a banquet for them. And when the handshaking is over and the shoulder-slapping and the 'Good-old-scout-Artie'-ing is over, we're going to have a parade. It's the beginning of a make your town peppy campaign. We're going to paint the Old Town red! Incidentally, I'm going to be personally responsible for enough free paint for every householder and shopkeeper in this old Burg to paint every shingle and stick of wood in sight. I'll give old Dad Stoneway a commission for handling it.

By the way, I've decided to settle down here myself for a little while and oversee the job. There's a little girl been waiting for me all these years and we're going to put up a summer home here."

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WINNIPEG - CANADA

(They say it nestles far back in the valley among green trees, and it sports a red tile roof.) Rosebank has trebled its size. "It's such a cheerful place to live in," everybody says. And people come from all over the continent to see what Glyde's Paint and Varnish can do to make over an old grey town.

Overcharged

The attorney for the gas company was making a popular address.

"Think of the good the gas company has done!" he cried. "If I were permitted a pun, I would say, in the words of the immortal poet, 'Honor the Light Brigade.'"

Voice of the consumer from the audience, "Oh, what a charge they made!"

Immaterial to Him

"When does the five-thirty train leave?" shouted a belated passenger, bursting in at the station door.

"Five-thirty," replied a porter.

"Well, the post-office clock is twenty-eight minutes past five and the town-hall clock is thirty-two minutes past. Which am I to go by?"

"Ye can go by any clock ye want, but ye can't go by the train, because it's gone."—American Boy.

Where would He Be

"Yes," said the storekeeper, "I want a good, bright boy to be partly indoors and partly outdoors."

"That's all right," said the applicant; "but what becomes of me when the door slams shut?"

No Wonder

"Do you play any instrument, Mr. Jimp?"

"Yes, I'm a cornetist."

"And your sister?"

"She's a pianist."

"Does your mother play?"

"She's a zitherist."

"And your father?"

"He's a pessimist."

An Editor's Savings

An editor who started about twenty years ago with only fifty-five cents is now worth one hundred thousand dollars. His accumulation of wealth is owing to his frugality, good habits, strict attention to business, and the fact that an uncle died and left him \$99,999.—Editor and Publisher.

One Man Alone Cannot Move a Mountain

BUT...

Thousands of investors pulling together, with their money and confidence, by means of our

Monthly Income Contract

are doing for each other what none can do alone.

Has anyone ever explained to you the great advantages of this form of protection?

The Great-West Life Assurance Company

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Head Office - - - WINNIPEG

The Farmer's Business

Total Assets
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\$600,000,000

NO matter in what part of Canada you live, you are not far from a Branch of the Bank of Montreal. A farmer's business is benefited by a sound banking connection just as is the business of a merchant or manufacturer.

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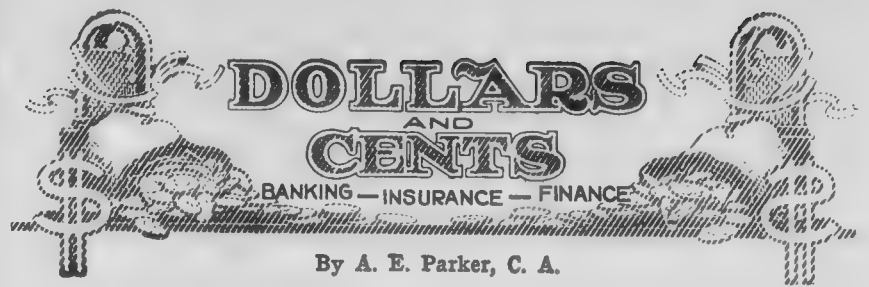
Seeding Time

THE highest agricultural authorities agree that tested seeds only can produce the highest yield per acre. Federal and Provincial Departments of Agriculture will help you produce bigger and better crops. Our managers also will do all they can to help you, if you will only tell them your difficulties.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA



228



By A. E. Parker, C. A.

Canada's Bond Record is Good

SOME weeks ago an American financial writer took occasion to criticise rather severely the record of Canadian municipal and government bonds, inferring that these securities were not in the gilt-edged class. His criticism was based mainly on the statement that the per capita debt of Canadian provinces was higher than that of States of the Union, the Canadian gross per capita debt, not allowing for sinking funds, being \$52.74, while the debt in the nine states with the highest per capita debt is \$33.56. We can all agree that our per capita debt is too high, but it is hardly fair to compare a newly developed country with one that has been in process of development for many years. These figures demonstrate in a very forcible way Canada's real need, namely, immigration. We have railways, roads and other facilities capable of serving a population ten times as large as we have today with very little additional expense.

Another objection made by the American critic is that Canadian laws do not protect the investor to the same extent that American laws do, and he quotes the American Constitution which states that 'no ex post facto law shall be passed.' While there is some legislation which hampers investors in Canadian securities, it cannot be said that bond investments are affected by these laws, for they fall mainly on investors in real estate mortgages. As a matter of fact, there is no case on record where a Canadian province or municipality has repudiated its bonds. There have been a few isolated cases where municipalities have made a readjustment with the bondholders, but these have been insignificant when compared with the total amount of municipal bonds in the hands of investors. The states of the Union have a much less satisfactory record, for we find that the states of Pennsylvania, Maryland, Indiana, Michigan, Florida, Mississippi, Arkansas, Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, Louisiana, Missouri and Kansas have defaulted their obligations on state bonds in the past. No doubt most of these states defaulted as a result of the Civil War, but Canada has a clear record under both peace and war conditions.

We all realize that our bond indebtedness is too high and our constant efforts must be towards keeping it down. But in the last analysis a Canadian government bond is an A1 security, American critics notwithstanding.

Mortgage Companies View of the West

TRANSLATING into English the commonsense observation of one, Bobbie Burns, we should strive to see ourselves as others see us. To be able to do this is a very valuable quality in these days when the outstanding requirement is for us all to see the naked truth concerning conditions in Western Canada. While some of our people are talking about Western Canada going to the "how-wows," we see Eastern capitalists bringing millions of hard cash and investing it in hydro-electric undertakings right at our back door, and we read of Eastern financiers reporting to their companies that the West as a field for investment is all right.

The Manitoba Power Co., a concern financed by Eastern capital is spending \$10,000,000 in the construction of a hydro-electric plant about one hundred miles from Winnipeg. Apparently they have confidence in the West. But if we want further proof of such confidence we need only look at the reports of financial institutions doing business in the West. At the recent annual meeting of the National Trust Company the general manager, W. E. Rundle, stated that after twenty years experience in the West in the loaning business his company was able to report that it had not

lost one dollar on its total mortgage business. He agreed that the West had some serious problems on its hands just now, but stated "In whatever direction lies the solution of our difficulties in the West, I am sure it is not in the enactment of paternal legislation such as we have seen placed upon the statute books of some of our provinces in recent years. The greatest need of a man developing a new country—next to that of his own character and industry—is capital. Together they form a partnership for mutual benefit. Neither the man nor capital can afford to break faith the one with the other."

George H. Smith, general manager of the Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation, stated at his company's annual meeting, "We confidently believe that business conditions throughout the Dominion are improving and that even the Western farmer has rounded the corner. Our collections last year in the Prairie Provinces exceeded \$3,000,000, of which \$1,346,224 was interest, a sum in excess of the interest charged during the year on our mortgages in those provinces."

L. Goldman, president of the North American Life Assurance Co., reported at his company's annual meeting that the directors had no anxiety about their loans in the West. The majority of borrowers met their obligations in a satisfactory manner.

After consideration of the expressions of faith in the West quoted above, we can well afford to imbibe a little of the sane optimism that prompted them.

Wheat Board—For and Against

THE main arguments advanced in favor of a compulsory wheat board seem to be that such a board will secure a square deal for the farmer and therefore react beneficially upon the country as a whole. It has been charged that the dumping of the Canadian wheat crop on the world's wheat market in a comparatively short time depresses the price and therefore robs the farmer. It is urged that the Winnipeg Grain Exchange is an unnecessary and costly adjunct to the grain marketing system. It is claimed by wheat board supporters that the management of a wheat board can hold our crop off the market and therefore force the price up, and it is further suggested that one selling agency in the form of a wheat board sell to better advantage than a number of selling agencies.

This wheat board proposition is a very serious matter for Western Canada. If it is a success—everybody will benefit; if it is a failure it will be a disaster to the West from which it will take us a long time to recover. We can therefore well afford to very seriously consider the objections that have been made to it, for be it remembered that each of the premiers of the three prairie provinces has openly expressed doubts as to the success of the scheme.

The first objection advanced by opponents of the wheat board is that it involves compulsory trading in a highly competitive international business, a thing previously unknown under peace conditions in an Anglo-Saxon country. The Manitoba farmers, with an earlier harvest, more valuable farm land and nearer to the ultimate purchaser is compelled to forego these advantages and stand on an equal basis in the matter of wheat prices with the farmer who farms cheap land way back in the Peace River country. In other words, a Manitoba farm—although it is worth more per acre—is placed on the same producing value basis as a farm on the outer rim of the extreme northwest.

The next objection is that a wheat board can have no effect on world's wheat prices, because Western Canada is only one unit in the supplying of the world's wheat needs. In addition it must be

Continued on page 25

DOLLARS AND CENTS

Continued from page 24

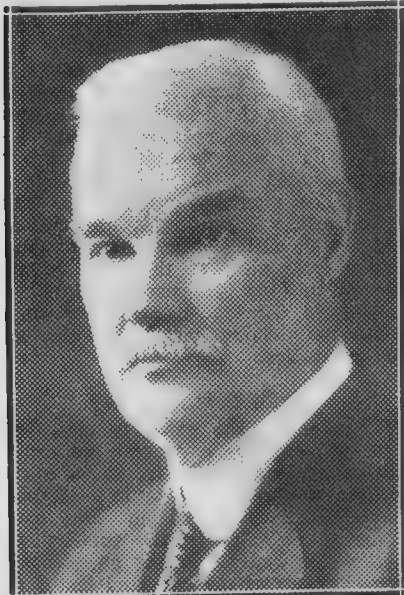
remembered that wheat prices are based on the wheat actually in existence, and thus far the world has not got to the point where there has been a world shortage, so if Canadian wheat was kept off the market Europe would buy elsewhere, and if there was any increase in price the other fellow would benefit. If all wheat exporting countries would combine to feed wheat to the buying countries systematically, then the scheme might work, but with Canada playing a lone hand, it would be a risky business—for Canada.

Space will not permit a complete review of all the objections that have been made, but enough has been stated to start our readers thinking.

Best Year in Sun Life History

THE Financial Statement issued by the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada this week affords a demonstration of activity and strength which will be gratifying alike to its policyholders, and to the larger public who take pride in the predominant position occupied by Canadian financial institutions. This Company, for many years, has pursued an aggressive policy not only in Canada, but far beyond its borders, being firmly established on five continents and having active agencies in more than fifty countries.

The statement covers the transactions of the Company during 1922, the fifty-first year of its operation. In all Departments substantial advances are recorded



T. B. Macaulay, F.I.A., F.A.S., President and Managing Director Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada.

as compared with the previous year. New business written reached \$107,225,248, and the total assurances now in force reach the impressive figure of \$631,404,869. These figures emphasize the Company's position as the leading Life Company of the Dominion and as the largest Company, doing an ordinary Life Business exclusively, in the British Empire.

This expansion is accompanied by corresponding increases in Income, Assets and Surplus. From premiums, interest and other sources a total cash income of \$36,251,322 for the year is recorded, an excess over the 1921 figures of \$5,144,172—by far the greatest advance ever recorded in a single year. Assets now reach the sum of \$174,088,858, an increase of \$44,716,731; another record, both relatively and absolutely, for the Company. After providing for all liabilities and capital stock and setting aside substantial sums to provide for investment fluctuations and other contingencies, a surplus of \$14,269,420 is disclosed, being a gain of \$3,885,511 over the year 1921. The care and forethought with which the Company's investments have been chosen in the past is reflected in an average interest earning rate of 6.27%.

That the Sun Life of Canada is fulfilling its mission is demonstrated by its payments to policyholders or their beneficiaries during the year, a total of \$15,615,505, being reached. This represents a payment of \$6,500 for each hour of the year on the basis of a working day of eight hours. The sum of \$2,673,816 was paid, or allotted, in respect of

Continued on page 27

Lapsed Policies

By Emily F. Murphy
(Janey Canuck)
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"I SEE you made a speech the other day about our needing doctors to tell us if criminals are feeble-minded" said a neighbor to me the other day as we walked home from the street car, "and as to how no Magistrate could tell definitely without the advice of a mental specialist."

"Great Glory! Woman" he went on, "Don't go putting the taxpayers to that expense. I'll give you an unfailing test—an unfailing one, mind you. Just find out if the fellow is paying the premium on his life insurance policy."

"What has that to do with the situation?" I ask. "I don't follow your reasoning."

"Well! Well! Who'd have thought you couldn't 'catch on'? Why the thing is as plain as the face on you (meaning no reflections on your beauty) for anyone can see that while hundreds of addle-headed idiots take on life insurance every year, none of them ever pay up the premiums. These are what insurance brokers called 'lapsed policies.'"

"That's right, I am telling you", he continued. "Before the second premium is due, the policy holder forgets why he took on the policy. All he knows is that it is going to cost an effort to pay up, and he hasn't the stamina in him to make the effort. It takes staying powers, ability to reason a thing out, and a sense of responsibility to save money."

No 'nut' can possibly do it. He falls down every time, so instead of fussing about a psychiatrist (I think this is what those experts call themselves) take my advice, Mrs Murphy, and say to your man "Jones, what about your insurance premium?"

Now, don't go asking me what a 'nut' is, when you know as well as I do that he is one of those fellows with wandering feet, nervous eyes, and a wooden head. They grow all over Canada but, sometimes, I think we have more than our share in the West. The wind just seems to blow them in.

Some of these nuts pay two premiums, and then drop the policy, whereas if they had any sense at all, they'd pay the third premium, and so get back all they paid in.

The other day in Church, our minister was saying that long ago they called turncoats by the name of "shield-droppers," but I think it applies nowadays to the fellows who drop their insurance policy for, God knows, it is the only shield most of them will ever have against the certainties of sickness and death."

"You talk as if you knew a lot about insurance," said I with a rising inflection that hinted at an answer.

"Indeed I do!" he replied, "I came nearly being a nut myself, but it was a long while ago before I got 'salted' down. You see I bought an insurance policy when I bought my marriage license. It was an endowment policy—a twenty-pay life—and cost me \$42.00 a year. It was a pull to pay the second premium because I had to take it out of one month's pay, and this only left me with \$38.00 to keep the house on."

I puzzled over the thing quite a lot till, one day, passing a store window, I saw a little brown house of iron, the door of which had a lock and key. At first, I thought it was only a toy but upon examining it, found it to be a bank, and that the money was put through an opening in the top of the chimney. The opening was big enough to take a fifty-cent piece.

"Here's the solution" said I to myself, "I'll put five cents in the bank out of each dollar I get, and so I'll never feel the pinch again. \$4.00 a month will make \$48.00 a year, or \$6.00 more than the policy. I'll use that \$6.00 for an accident policy."

"The wife laughed a lot at me, but I stuck it out, and the following year, I took out another endowment policy for we had decided we could take ten cents out of each dollar and not feel it at all. Times have grown better with us since

Continued on page 27



"With All My Worldly Goods I Thee Endow"

So he promised at 28—with all the ardour engendered by the wondrous words of the Marriage Service.

He was a Salaried Man.

When he died, eight years after, he was as good as his word.

He left her endowed with:

1. Three small children.
2. A house so heavily mortgaged she was unable to keep it.
3. His half worn clothing.
4. The bills for his illness and funeral expenses and
5. About \$1,000 in the Savings Bank.

These were all his worldly goods.

\$1,000 saved in eight years (in the ordinary savings account) represents \$109.18 a year.

At age 28, this would have paid the Yearly Premium on a 10 year Term Insurance Policy of about \$11,000.

In addition to the actual \$1,000 cash (which might have been used for immediate expenses)—there would have been \$10,000 to be invested for his family.

Or else it would have provided her with an income of \$62.00 a month for twenty years—(till the children were grown up.)

\$109.18 is less than 30 cents per day.

If the Marriage Service means anything to you, let it mean thirty cents a day—actual cash!—for the Endowment of your wife.

Is that too much—when you promise to endow her "with all your worldly goods"?

Write us or let our Agent explain how it applied to Your Own Case.

The
London Life
Insurance Company

"Policies Good as Gold"

HEAD OFFICES - - LONDON, CANADA

Agencies in all principal cities

The Canadian Pacific Railway WILL FIND Farm Help for Western Farmers

TO BE OF SERVICE to Western Canadian Farmers and help to meet their needs in securing competent farm help, the Canadian Pacific Railway is prepared to utilize its widespread organization to provide such help from a number of countries.

The CANADIAN PACIFIC Railway will now receive and arrange to fill applications for male and female farm help to be supplied from Great Britain, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Switzerland and Norway, in all of which countries the Company has representatives who have farmed in and are familiar with Western Canadian conditions and who are now in touch with such men and women ready and anxious to come to Canada.

THE GOVERNMENTS of the countries above mentioned have expressed their willingness to aid the emigration of this class of their peoples. In order to fill such applications satisfactorily and bring the help to the farmer at the proper time and with a clear understanding of the requirements and obligations of each, a printed "Application for Help" form has been prepared which can be obtained from any C.P.R. Station Agent or offices listed below.

The Company will make no charge to the farmer for this service nor will the farmer be required to make any cash advance whatsoever towards the travelling expenses of his help to the nearest railway station. The information necessarily asked for in these application forms, which will be held in strictest confidence, covers the following points:—the kind of help required—male or female—married or unmarried; date required and for how long; nationality desired; monthly wages offered; kind of work offered, etc.

WINNIPEG.—T. S. Acheson, General Agricultural Agent, C.P.R.
WINNIPEG.—John Sweeting, Industrial Agent, C.P.R.
SASKATOON.—W. J. Gerow, Land Agent, C.P.R.
EDMONTON.—J. Miller, Land Agent, C.P.R.
CALGARY.—M. E. Thornton, Supt. Colonization, C.P.R.
VANCOUVER.—E. J. Semmens, Trav. Industrial Agent, C.P.R.

Department of Colonization and Development
Canadian Pacific Railway

J. S. DENNIS, Chief Commissioner, Montreal.

Eleventh Annual Report The Western Life Assurance Co. Head Office - WINNIPEG

The close of 1922 finds the Company in a very strong, enviable condition.

Almost doubling its new business, and making a very large increase in business in force through the trying conditions of 1922, is a record the Company is proud of.

For the second successive year the books were closed with no unpaid interest due on the invested assets of the Company.

Summary 1922 Results

Applications Received.....	\$2,251,615.00
Assurance, New and Revived.....	2,174,799.00
Premiums on Same.....	71,920.00
Assurance in Force.....	6,011,895.00
Premiums on Same.....	209,543.00
Policy Reserves.....	440,500.00
Admitted Assets.....	548,159.00
Surplus to Policyholders.....	100,083.00
Interest Received.....	26,389.00

JAS. M. CARRUTHERS,
President.

ADAM REID,
Managing Director

Standard Wgt. Galv. Barb Wire

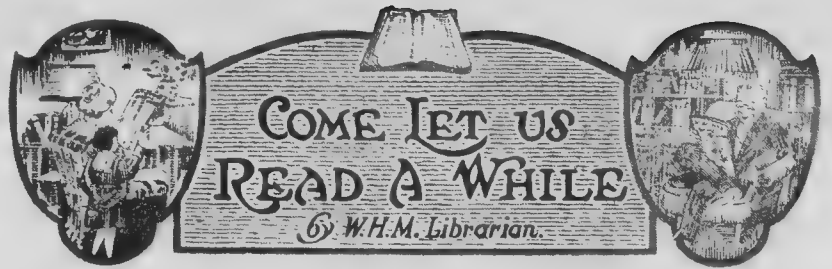


Best 2-Point Heavy Galvanized Barb Wire 80 rods, per spool..... \$4.05
Best 4-Point Heavy Galvanized Barb Wire, 80 rods, per spool..... \$4.20
Terms Cash with the Order or C. O. D. F. O. B. Winnipeg Warehouse

We make and sell Sarnia Woven Wire Fencing, for Farm, Orchard, Garden, Lawn and the Poultry Yard; also Gates, Parts and Supplies. If interested in Woven Fencing, write for prices.

Reference: Bank of Montreal

The Sarnia Fence Co., Limited
502 Keowayden Bldg., Winnipeg, Man.



DURING the past month I have not read so many books as usual because I have been engrossed in several very interesting periodicals dealing with books. However, I have a half a dozen books to tell you about. But before so doing I feel like mentioning a new periodical that is giving me tremendous pleasure. It is called the "International Book Review," and is published in New York by the Funk and Wagnalls Company. A fairly large, well-printed, well-illustrated magazine, devoted entirely to the discussion of books and bookmen, written by those who have already won reputation as critics. Two numbers have appeared up to date and I have enjoyed them very much. If any one who reads this page is anxious to keep abreast with book news the world over, I can heartily recommend this new monthly publication. That is to say, of course, providing the excellent standard set is kept up. Now let us chat about the books I have read since last talking to you.

Our Canadian Literature

DR. WATSON and Lorne Pierce of Toronto, lovers of literature and deeply concerned with the growth of Canadian literature in particular, have gathered together into one volume, those poems and prose paragraphs by Canadian poets and authors that they consider most worthy of preservation and most distinctively Canadian. This interesting little volume is published in Toronto by The Ryerson Press and is entitled "Our Canadian Literature." It should certainly be on the bookshelf in every home that cherishes those possessions whose price is beyond rubies. In every new collection of poems there is bound to be the absence of some we would like to find. Perhaps this sounds a trifle Irish. What I mean is this. We all have our favorite poems, our favorite poets. No anthology could possibly contain the favorites of everyone. Therefore, there is bound to be disappointments for some who dip into "Our Canadian Literature." An editor is much like a chef. He draws up the menu and prepares each dish for his patrons. Some may vote the feast perfect; others may find something lacking. Guess what I thought of as I sat feasting at the board prepared by Dr. Watson and Lorne Pierce? Our modern fad for calories and vitamins came to mind. It seemed to me that this Canadian literary repast lacked vitamins—those essential food elements that (the doctors say) put energy into us. It seems to me that this new anthology lacks virility. What it is I do not know but I felt drowsy after reading a great many pages. Perhaps I read too many at one sitting. After all, the most precious characteristic of an anthology is its pleasant way of accommodating itself to casual reading. I have many anthologies in my own library and the ones I love best are those I pick up every once in awhile, read perhaps one poem only, and then put aside again for another day when the need of reading poetry comes over me. Perhaps I will find that this book, "Our Canadian Literature," will grow into such an anthology for me, as I get to know it better and better.

Bonnie Scotland

BUT not so "bonnie" for the Covenanters who were hiding in the byre from the King's troops! If you think you will enjoy a real romance, a story of Scotland in the sixteen hundreds, when women were drowned like rats because they reserved the right to worship in the manner of the Kirk. When men young and old were subjected to torture to force them to take the Oath. When no one knew from day to day whether or not death was lurking round the corner in the person of a loyal member of the King's troops who killed because it was the "Killing Times." Well, as I was saying, if you think you would

enjoy (as much as I did) such a story, then read "Flower of the Heather," by Robert William Mackenna (Toronto. The Macmillan Co.). Although there is much to chill the blood in this great adventure, there is for compensation a beautiful love story threading its way through the terrors like a gleam of gold. A love story as fragrant as the heather among which the harassed Covenanters used to hide.

Zane Grey Again

WITH a Zane Grey novel in hand, one can be reasonably sure of a few hours relaxation. There is nothing monotonous about Zane Grey. He so manages that his hero hasn't time to sit down for meals. Astonishing incidents happen so thick and fast that the wonder is the hero is not worn out before Zane Grey gets to the end of his story!

In his latest novel, "Wanderer of the Wasteland" (Toronto: The Musson Book Company), the hero is more than ever energetic, powerful, fascinating. The story begins in great style. Guerferd steals Adam's best girl away from him. She is a little Mexican beauty. Adam shoots his brother, and believing that he has killed him, flees to the desert for safety and, we hope, to pay penance for his crime. In the desert there are others who, for various reasons, are also hiding. Adam who is quite a youth at the beginning of the story, develops into a man of giant-like proportions. Many opportunities are afforded him for displaying his skill and courage and women arrive from all over the place begging protection from this young knight. Of course, in the end Adam succumbs to a beautiful maiden who brings him back to civilization.

God's Green Country

"GOD made the country, man built the city," is a proverb we are all acquainted with, whether it be quoted exactly in these words or in a variation implying the same thing. But sometimes man builds in the country also and builds badly. Raises an edifice to brutality, to coarseness, to laziness and grossness. And somehow, being in the country, such a state of affairs seems doubly criminal. In God's green country man should walk humbly and strew seeds of beauty and kindness and industry and justice.

These are a few of the thoughts aroused by reading Ethel M. Chapman's novel, "God's Green Country," published in Toronto by the Ryerson Press. At first I was afraid I would not be able to finish this story. The opening chapters give such a realistic picture of the misery of Billy Withers' home at the Withers' farm. Bill's father is such a brute to his children and to his wife. Conditions on that farm are so horrible that I felt the story to be more than my poor heart could bear. I never can read calmly of injustice to children. It is no use saying, "but it is only a story." I am never quite sure that it is only a story. How do I know that Miss Chapman is not relating actual facts that have come to her notice during the many years she has devoted herself to rural problems? An intolerable thought. Poor little Billy, overworked, denied an education, physically hurt through lack of sufficient sleep, play hours, and the other rights of childhood! What a picture Miss Chapman has given us. Poor mother! Also over worked and denied all that a wife has the right to demand from a husband, loving consideration, companionship, sympathy, aid in her daily tasks and so on. Just when I found the story of Billy intolerable because of its sadness, the story takes a turn into brighter fields and we see young Bill coming under the influence of a splendid representative who imbues Billy with ambition, teaches him how to farm in a scientific manner, and proves to him the necessity of getting to an

COME LET US READ AWHILE

Continued from page 26

agricultural college, if he is ever going to achieve something worth while. Bill goes to college (O, what joy for the brave, noble little mother), and we watch his mental, physical and spiritual development with great interest. Of course, at the end there is a new beginning. Bill harnessed to his mate with whose help he will bring in a rich harvest from the fields of life. This is a very well written story that is sure to appeal to thousands of folks throughout the Dominion who are living or have lived on farms in one or another of the provinces.

Two Women

JULIAN STREET, a decidedly clever writer has given us the portrait of two women in his novel, "Rita Coventry," (Toronto: S.B. Gundy). There is Rita, the prima donna, with her amazing beauty, volatile emotions, and single devotion to music and to the people who love it. There is also Alice a girl of great charm who, with proud honesty, refuses to use her beauty and the usual wiles of feminine conquest to hold the man she loves. About these two women gravitates the story of Richard Parrish a wealthy young business man who has loved Alice for years, so long that it has become a habit, even taken for granted by all who know them. But in his single-minded selfishness, Parrish has determined never to curb his freedom by marriage. I won't tell you how this story ends because that would be giving the game away.

DOLLARS AND CENTS

Continued from page 25

dividends. The Company has now paid to its policyholders or their representatives since organization a total of \$129,770,509. The Statement justifies the claim that the Sun Life of Canada has enjoyed the most profitable and satisfactory year in a history remarkable for its progress. Its figures indicate that the public are deeply sensible of their domestic responsibility, for the large underwritings to which we became accustomed during the artificial prosperity of three or four years ago have been well maintained in a year of comparative financial stringency. The great volume of Life Assurance outstanding on the books of our greater companies, and which in the nature of things must be paid out in the span of comparatively few years, forms a promise to prosperity, the importance of which it would be difficult to exaggerate.

Great West Life Report

THE 1922 report of The Great West Life Assurance Co. is a record of progress in all departments. Thirty years is a comparatively short period in the existence of a life insurance company, but in that space of time the Great West Life has grown from a lusty infant to one of the leading life insurance companies doing business in Canada.

New business issued by the company last year, excluding group insurance, totalled \$56,116,675, an increase of nearly \$2,000,000 over 1921. Business in force, also excluding group insurance has now reached the immense total of \$316,121,936, nearly \$30,000,000 greater than in 1921. Total assets are approximately \$50,000,000.

The three big factors in the success of a life insurance company are:—Low expense, low death ratio and good interest earnings on investments. In all these factors the Great West Life shows up well—hence the continued progress reported by the company from year to year.

Western Life Report

THE eleventh annual report of the Western Life Assurance Co., shows that the company made very satisfactory progress during 1922. Over \$2,000,000 of new and renewal life assurance was placed on the books, almost double the total for 1921. Total assurance in force now amounts to \$6,011,895. The surplus to policyholders stands at \$100,083. Despite the trying financial conditions which prevailed last year, the company made steady progress in all departments

and present indications are that 1923 will prove to be an even better year. J. M. Carruthers is president of the company and Adam Reid is managing director.

North American Life Report

THE 42nd annual meeting of the North American Life Assurance Co. covers another year of progress in the history of this aggressive institution. To quote the words of its president, L. Goldman, "Proof is abundant that the company's affairs are conducted with great care and that from a financial point of view it is in an unexcelled position." A brief study of the company's report provides adequate ground for optimism and faith. Increased business is reported in every department, and judging by the tone of the expressions made at the recent annual meeting the company is already heading for an even better year in 1923. Policies issued and revived during the year amounted to \$17,931,327, and the total assurance now in force amounts to \$108,059,134, the highest mark reached in the company's history.

The management of the company bend every effort towards advancing the interests of the policyholders. During 1922 over \$2,402,009.00 was paid to policyholders. Of this amount \$516,496.82 represented dividends, and at the same time the company announces that the dividends payable in 1923 will be on the same liberal basis. It is to be noted that during the past ten years this company has paid the sum of \$3,329,000, as dividends or surplus to policyholders. A survey of the 42nd annual report must renew the sense of pride and security which every North American Life policyholder enjoys.

LAPSED POLICIES

Continued from page 25

then, and I am carrying a big policy now, but although we haven't stuck to the little brown bank, we lay aside our insurance money, month by month, in a separate account of its own.

"Will you laugh at me if I tell you I wrote a song about it? No! Well here it is:—

"There's the bug in the rug, and the little brown jug,
To which, poets give honor and rank,
But so long as I live, in gladness I'll give,
First prize to the little brown bank."

An Old Science

Mrs. Profiteer was very proud of the stunts they were doing at the smart private school to which she had sent her daughter.

"My dear," she said to her friend, "she's learning civics, if you please."
"What's civics?" asked her friend.
"Civics? My dear, don't you know? Why, it's the science of interfering in public affairs."

One editor became so crazy in the banner-crop movement this year that he wrote: "Plant every acre, no matter how small."—American Boy.

Progress in 1922

THE results achieved by the North American Life Assurance Company during 1922 continue to establish beyond question the strength and security of the Company. The following outstanding figures will be very gratifying to all interested in the welfare of the Company:

Policies Issued and Revived.....	\$ 17,931,327.00
Amount of Insurance in Force.....	108,059,134.00
Assets	23,683,842.94
Payments to Policyholders.....	2,402,039.74
Net Surplus	3,476,230.56
Surplus earned during the year exceeded.	1,000,000.00

These records are the outward evidence of the unexcelled financial position attained by the Company, and of the solid foundation upon which it has been built. In the North American Life, policyholders' interests are paramount, over 99% of the profits earned being allotted to them. When contemplating new insurance, see one of our representatives. If you desire fuller information about the Company's operations during 1922, mail the attached coupon.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

Head Office

Toronto Canada

L. GOLDMAN, President.

W. KERR GEORGE, {
D. McCRAE, COL., { Vice-Presidents.

Agencies in all important cities in Canada

"Solid as the Continent"



Please mail me your complete
1922 Report, also "Solid as the Continent" Booklet.

Name.....

Address.....

Age.....

By
H. J. Russell, F. C. I.

The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

Rising in the World

PENNY postage was a great boon, and it is hard to realize now, just what conditions we might have to face were it not for the cheap and rapid conveyance of letters. His Majesty's Mails, however, are occasionally used to carry letters that are of little value to the people who get them.

Within the past few weeks several such letters have come to my desk. One of them offers me several million German marks for a very small sum and suggests possibilities of getting a fortune without any "sweating of the brow."

Another is as follows:

Dear Sir,

Your opportunity is here.

I have ready to send for your acceptance starting particulars of a remarkable opportunity that may increase your income far beyond any other privilege you have ever had.

Three of the best years of my life and a fortune of several thousand dollars is the price already paid before I offer to you this opportunity for your personal and financial gain.

A revelation from opening to closing is yours for the asking. I regard it—and many experienced business men look upon it—as the most extraordinary exposition of inside facts ever placed before the public!

Provided you send me the enclosed card within three days from the time this offer reaches you, I shall gladly send you my complete story with my compliments.

Yours sincerely,

The card was not returned and it might be as well for the young man to remember that it is not through such schemes as these that one may truly rise in the world. Beware of "startling particulars," "remarkable opportunities," and "extraordinary expositions." As a rule, they are merely avenues for the conveyance of money from those who wish to part with it much more quickly than they earned it.

Quotations that Help

IT is not every calamity that is a curse, and early adversity is often a blessing. Surmounted difficulties not only teach, but hearten us in our future struggles.—Sharpe.

No man is born into this world whose work is not born with him.—Lowell.

Believe me when I tell you that thrift of time will repay you in after life with a usury of profit beyond your most sanguine dreams, and that waste of it will make you dwindle alike in intellectual and moral stature beyond your darkest reckoning.—Gladstone.

The high prize of life, the crowning fortune of a man, is to be born with a bias to some pursuit, which finds him in employment and happiness.—Emerson.

The longer I live, the more deeply am I convinced that that which makes the difference between one man and another—between the weak and powerful, the great and insignificant, is energy—invincible determination—a purpose once formed, and then death or victory.—Buxton.

Politeness has been compared to an air cushion, which, although there is apparently nothing in it, causes our jolts wonderfully.—Carey.

Let us beware of losing our enthusiasm. Let us ever glory in something, and strive to retain our admiration for all that would enoble, and our interest in all that would enrich and beautify our life.—Brooks.

The reverence of man's self is, next to religion, the chiefest bridle of all vices.—Bacon.

Character must stand behind and back up everything—the sermon, the poem, the picture, the play. None of them is worth a straw without it.—Holland.

I hate a thing done by halves. If it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone.—Gilpin.

Using What You Have

IN these days of appliances and machines, some are apt to think that it is useless for them to engage in work of research and discovery without the equipment that might commonly be thought necessary in the field of endeavor. For such, a word of encouragement is uttered by Dr. Marden, author of "Pushing to the Front."

He says: "In Siberia, a traveller found men who could see the satellites of Jupiter with the naked eye. These men have made little advances in civilization, yet they are far superior to us in their accuracy of vision."

It is a curious fact that not a single astronomical discovery of importance has been made through a large telescope, the men who have advanced our

knowledge of that science the most working with ordinary instruments, backed by most accurately trained minds and eyes."

Regular Hours

"MANY persons seeing me—so much engaged in active life," said Edward Bulwer Lytton, "and as much about the world, as if I had never been a student, have said to me, 'When do you get time to write all your books? How on earth do you contrive to do so much work?' I shall surprise you by the answer I made. The answer is this—I contrive to do so much by never doing too much at a time. A man to get through work well must not overwork himself; or, if he do too much to-day, the reaction of fatigue will come, and he will be obliged to do too little to-morrow."

One Hour a Day

ONE hour a day withdrawn from frivolous pursuits and profitably employed, says Dr. O. S. Marden, would enable any man of ordinary capacity to master a complete science. One hour a day would in ten years make an ignorant man a well-informed man.

It would earn enough to pay for two daily and two weekly papers, two magazines and at least a dozen good books. In an hour a day a boy or girl could read twenty pages thoughtfully—over seven thousand pages, or eighteen large volumes in a year.

An hour a day might make all the difference between bare existence and useful, happy living. An hour a day might make, nay, has made—an unknown man a famous one, a useless man a benefactor to his race.

Consider then, the mighty possibilities of two—four—yes, six hours a day that are, on the average, thrown away by young men and women in the restless desire for fun and diversion.

Morality in Merchandising

AT a recent meeting of retail salesmen in Winnipeg, a professional lecturer gave addresses on various phases of salesmanship and, in illustrating one of his points, he spoke of a salesman who, in reply to a customer who wanted to buy an automobile, stated that delivery could be made immediately.

This, the lecturer contended, was a mistake on the part of the salesman, who should have said that because of the rush of orders it was doubtful if delivery could be made for some time. In other words, the salesman was to tell a lie in order to excite the customer's appetite unduly.

This method of merchandising is directly opposed to principles that it is believed many merchants of standing adhere to. The case is well put in the following paragraphs from an old book; "Moral Science," by Dr. Francis Wayland, published in 1876.

"The seller has no right to influence the will of the buyer by any motives aside from those derived from the real value of the article in question. Thus, he has no right to appeal to the fears, or hopes, or avarice of the buyer. This rule is violated when, in dealings on the exchange, false information is circulated for the purpose of raising or depressing the price of stocks. It is violated by speculators who monopolize an article to create an artificial scarcity, and thus raise the price, while the supply is abundant."

The case is the same when a salesman looks upon a stranger who enters his store, and deliberately calculates how he shall best influence and excite and mislead his mind, so as to sell the greatest amount of goods at the most exorbitant profit. And, in general, any attempt to influence the mind of the purchaser by motives aside from those derived from the true character of the article for sale, are always doubtful, and generally vicious."

Readers of this page who are engaged in mercantile pursuits, are invited to discuss the points raised in these paragraphs.

The Enthusiasm of Youth

"PEOPLE smile at the enthusiasm of youth," said Charles Kingsley; "that enthusiasm which they themselves secretly look back to with a sigh, perhaps unconscious that it is partly their own fault that they ever lost it."

"The most beautiful works of all art were done in youth," says Ruskin.

"Almost everything that is great has been done by youth," wrote Disraeli.

"The world's interests are, under God, in the hands of the young," says Dr. Trumbull.

"Every great and commanding moment in the annals of the world is the triumph of some enthusiasm."—Emerson.

Practice and Theory

THE following interesting letter comes from one of our readers:

Dear Sir,

Sometime ago I read an article by a tutor, which stated that the older a person was the more he got from a college course.

I am twenty years of age; hold a Saskatchewan first-class certificate and intend taking a course in electrical engineering, beginning this fall.

Would you consider it advisable for me to spend a year or more with a good electrical company and thus get some knowledge of the practical end of the work before commencing the theory?

Thanking you for your help in this matter, I am
Yours truly,

Reply has been made as follows:

It is true that one is never too old to learn and that an adult because of his wider experience, will probably comprehend more readily the principles that are presented in theoretical instruction. The drawback in such circumstances, however, lies in the fact that the study habit may have been lost and that the student may find difficulty in settling down to the routine and discipline that are necessary in systematic studying.

In your case, however, you have got away to a good start and, as you have a definite aim, I am inclined to think that your plan is a good one and that a preliminary year of practical work would be of considerable value in the interpretation of the theory that you propose to study later.

During your connection with the electrical company, you could do some reading in the theory of electrical engineering and thus continue the habits of study that you have already developed.

There is one possible danger to be guarded against: you may, after a year or more of practical work, accompanied by an income return, feel disinclined to give up the pay and return to the student ranks, but if you keep clearly before you the goal you now have in mind, this danger should be avoided.

The Stamp Collector

A MONTH or so ago, reference was made to the value of stamp collecting as a hobby. Since that time, western collectors have shown an increasing interest in the subject, particularly in the recent issue of British colonies and of some of the European countries whose postage problems have been highly complicated by war conditions.

The reference work of American and Canadian collectors is the Standard Postage Stamp Catalogue, published by the Scott Stamp & Coin Company, 33 West 44th St., New York. The 1923 edition is now to hand. This compact volume, the seventy-ninth edition, comprises thirteen hundred and fifty pages and according to the title page, gives the date of issue, color, shape, and value of every postage stamp that has ever been issued by any government in the world, with illustrations of nearly every type of stamp.

Among the quaint war and reconstruction issues are those of Abyssinia, Arabia, Austria, Central Lithuania, Czecho-Slovakia, Danzig, Dardanelles, Iraq, Livonia, Latvia, Palestine, Poland, Syria, Turkey and White Russia.

Questions

DO you believe:

1. That when the seller knows of any defect in his product he is bound to declare it?

2. That the relation in which men stand to each other is essentially the relation of equality; not equality of condition, but equality of right?

3. That the most important means of happiness which God has placed in the power of the individual are:

First—His own person.

Second—Property.

Third—Character.

Fourth—Reputation?

4. That societies under whatever form of government they may be constituted, have always tended to transcend their legitimate power?

5. That the right of property is the right to use our faculties as we choose provided we so use them as not to interfere with the similar rights of another?

6. That character is by far the most important of all the possessions which a man can call his own?

7. That a single illiberal action does not prove a man to be covetous?

The Leading Life Company of the Dominion

Records in 1922

THE BEST YEAR IN ITS HISTORY

Results for Year Ended 31st December

Assurances in force - - - \$631,404,869.49

Increase for year, \$94,686,738.96

(Including Reassurances)

Assets - - - - - 174,088,858.32

Increase for year \$44,716,730.99

Cash income - - - - - 36,251,322.13

Increase for year, \$5,144,172.97

Payments to policyholders - 15,615,505.85

Surplus over all liabilities and capital - 14,269,420.95

Increase for year, \$3,885,511.85

New assurances issued and paid for

in cash - - - - - 90,798,648.79

AVERAGE RATE OF INTEREST EARNED 6.27%

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICE: MONTREAL

"I went to New York last week to call on my uncle. He let me go to the top of the Flatiron Building while he stood on the sidewalk below."

"And could you see your uncle 'way down on the sidewalk?"

"Yes, but my uncle looked like an ant."

Money Wanted

"I tell you I must have some money," roared the King of Maritania, who was in sore financial straits. "Somebody must cough up some."

"Alas," sighed the guardian of the treasury, who was formerly the court jester, "all our coffers are empty."—Boys' Life.

Enterprising

Indignant Wife. "I wonder what you would have done if you had lived when men were first compelled to earn their bread by the sweat of their brows?"

Indolent Husband. "I should have started a little notion store and sold handkerchiefs."—Chicago Tribune.

"Shoes, please."

"Yes, sir. What number?"

"A couple. Do you think I am a centipede."—Boston Transcript.

"Does your son who is abroad with the troops understand French?"

"Oh, yes, but he says the people he meets there don't seem to."—Baltimore American.

The most economical
family beverage,

Gold
Standard
Tea.

44



The Kodiville Co. Ltd.



WHAT a pleasant feeling it is to clean your teeth with a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. The tufted bristles reach crevices between the teeth that ordinary flat brushes cannot. A Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush leaves your mouth feeling clean. Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes come in three sizes—adults', youths', and children's; and in three degrees of stiffness—hard, medium, and soft. For sale by all dealers in Canada.

EVANS & CO., Limited
247 St. Paul St. West, Montreal
Sole Distributors

Pro-phy-
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Tooth Brush

**Cuticura Soap
Will Help You
Clear Your Skin**

Soap, Ointment, Talcum, 25c. each. Sold everywhere.
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When writing advertisers, please mention
The Western Home Monthly.

Curling Days In Scotland

By Dan McCowan

"Mind ye o' the millers dam
When the frosty weather cam',
We slid across the curlers rink
And made their game a sham,
When they chased us through the snaw
We took 'leg bail' and awa,
But we did it ower again in the morning."

WHEN a team of Scottish curlers comes to Canada they bring with them something that is intangible, yet of far greater value than all the Bur-nocks, Ailsa Craigs, or Red Hones ever quarried. To Scotsmen domiciled in this Dominion they bring visions and memories of the Pentlands and the snow-clad Gram-pians. To many a keen curler is conveyed recollection of bygone days when, with the coming of a hard black frost, the lochans were "bearing" and the howes and knowes echoed the dirl of the channel stane and rang with the exhortations and exultations of a roarin' crew of curlers.

The game is one of great antiquity and is generally supposed to have originated in the Land of the Heather. It was first played with round water-worn cobbles-stones. Later on these were improved by having depressions ground into the upper surface so that a better grip of the stone might be obtained. When handles came into vogue they were crude horseshoe-shaped irons sunk into the stone and held there securely by means of lead. These rough unpolished stones stood higher than our modern granites, but had a smaller circumference and were much lighter than those in use at the present time.

In Canada where the climate is particularly adapted to this age-old winter sport it has become highly developed, and here, perhaps, it has reached its highest degree of excellence. To-day there are more curlers in North-west Canada than in North Britain.

Over in Scotland it is by far the most democratic of outdoor sports. In every-day life the Laird in his Highland garb, the ploughman in home-spun, the mason in his moleskins and the minister in broadcloth move in circles far apart. In the circles around the tee they, as members of one rink, meet on a level and are out to play the game and to strive hard for victory—not that glory or gain may accrue to themselves, but that honor may through them redound to their club and to the community wherein they dwell.

In many of the old established curling clubs a form of initiation is still in vogue. The ceremony is usually performed at the semi-annual meeting of the club held at the beginning of winter. At this gathering candidates for membership are given a "third degree" in curling craft and are admitted to brotherhood in the club. In this fashion are the unwritten rules of the game indelibly etched on the memory of the novice. The value of courtesy, of fairness, of clean sportsmanship. The cultivating of a spirit of humility even in victory, the acquiring of a quiet dignity in defeat. After the oldest curler in the club has in this manner given the youngest his sage advice and counsel comes a word from the Auld Kirk minister, chaplain to the club, anent the dourer, harder game of life and of the team play that is demanded of everyone by the great Captain

who rules the universe.

Over there they take their curling and their porridge seriously.

WHEN played on the icebound surface of loch or pond the game is more often a test of brawn and muscle than of skill. The vagaries of a Scottish climate are such that it is but seldom the ice and atmospheric conditions are ideal for curling. Notice being given of a regular game the curlers wend their way to the rendezvous at daybreak and at once proceed to



The Curler

clear and clean an area of ice sufficient for the needs of the players. When the rough spots have been smoothed and the surface has been swept clean by broom and "cove," distances are carefully measured, circles scratched out, center line, hog lines, sweeping scores are marked. No attempt is made to "pebble" the ice.



The End of a Perfect Day of Curling

The air temperature is usually too high for such a process to be of value. Consequently there is but little attention paid to the "out turn" and the "in turn."

When it is considered that there may be ten feet of clean cold water under the ice it will be readily understood that the cutting of a "hack" is dispensed with. Instead, the players deliver their rocks from a long iron plate called a crampit. This plate is some four feet in length and in width about a foot. Four short sharp spikes on the under side grip the ice and prevent the crampit from moving. In order that a secure foothold may be obtained the upper surface is corrugated. A "cannie bit draw to the front ring" usually means a shoulder high delivery and many of the players being minus rubbers and shod in "ironclads," the need for crampits is at once apparent.

The lead man on a rink is usually a weighty muscular person well able to withstand a long day's curling even on wet slushy ice. Under such conditions and when the rocks have had a few minutes to cup into the ice it takes more than a "hack weight shot" to dislodge them.

When the ice is thin and pliant considerable strategy is displayed in dealing with a rock which is "missing the broom," the two sweepers escorting the stone to its destination behaving in an extraordinary manner. One of them glides stealthily along like a cat after a sparrow whilst the other proceeds by a series of kangaroo-like jumps. In this way and by this method many a poorly laid rock is guided into a much to be desired position.

Great care in delivering a rock is very essential on thin ice. Many a time has the writer been present when the "neb" of a poorly laid rock has punched a hole in the ice and brought in a "gusher." Happening late in the day it invariably brought the game to an end. Sometimes an adjournment would be made to a remote part of the loch where a fresh rink could be marked off and the game concluded.

A worse calamity than that was wont to occur with disgusting frequency. Imagine that towards the close of a hard fought game a real good end has been built up with many rocks in the rings. There is but one stone to play, and with much depending on it, excitement runs high. Suddenly and without warning the ice about the tee sags and "the button" becomes a centre of gravity towards which the granites at once move. At such a time the presence of a clergyman on the team may be either a help or a handicap.

IN SCOTLAND a game consists of so many hours play no matter how many ends are counted. If the loch whereon the game is being played is situated at a distance from town or village, lunch is served in a sheltered corner by the shore. An amusing story is told of a careless or rather thoughtless teamster who, bringing a mid-day meal to the players, set a great pot of hot stew on the ice, covering it over with rugs and overcoats. When the hungry curlers adjourned for their well earned lunch they were dismayed to discover that the pot with its contents had melted a neat round hole in the ice and had gone to the bottom of the loch.

Curling is so uncertain in Scotland that when opportunity is afforded the devo-



The Roarin' Game

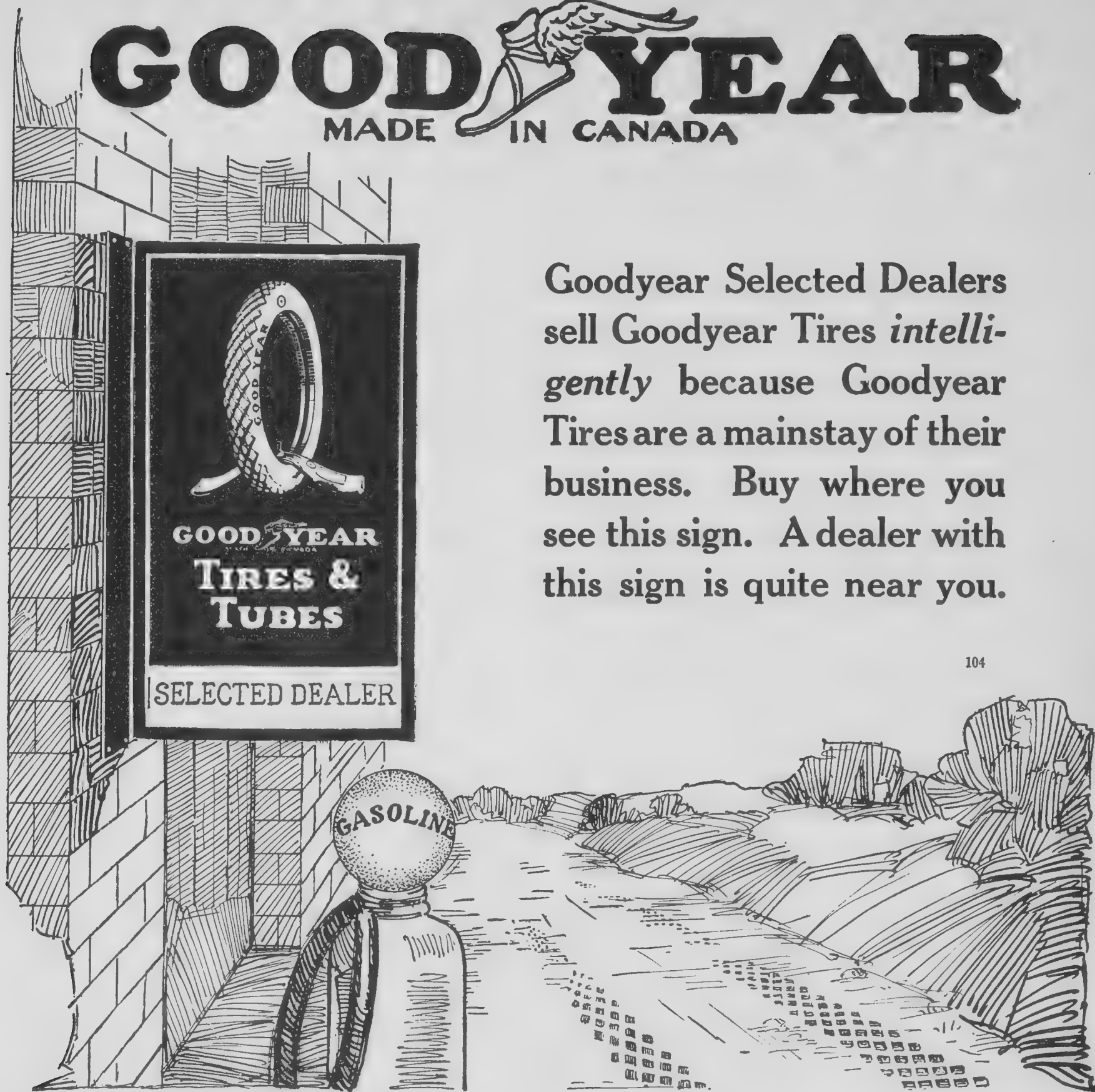
GOODYEAR

MADE IN CANADA



Goodyear Selected Dealers sell Goodyear Tires *intelligently* because Goodyear Tires are a mainstay of their business. Buy where you see this sign. A dealer with this sign is quite near you.

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CURLING DAYS IN SCOTLAND

By Dan McCowan

Continued from page 28b

tees of the roarin' game take fullest advantage of it. So long as the ice holds, business and work is relegated to a secondary place. During a protracted spell of frosty weather farm work is to a great extent halted, and opportunity is given for the shoeing of horses and repairing of implements. This of course, if the blacksmith is to be found. A blacksmith acquaintance of the writer's was a very keen curler. When a bonspiel was under way the "smiddy" fire was seldom lit and the anvil was often silent. One day his wife took him to task about neglecting his business. He told the good lady that in frosty weather iron became so brittle that it could not be worked. She "had her doots" and demanded a practical demonstration. Escorting her to the "smiddy", the artful rascal hunted around until he found a suitable piece of cast metal. This, of course, on being laid on the anvil and struck with a hammer, flew to pieces, vindicating the smith and convincing the lady that for once her guidman was telling the truth.

Situated about half way between Perth and Stirling and not far from the world famous golf course at Gleneagles is a tiny railway station named Carsebreck. On a loch close by is staged the great curling battles between the Highlanders and Lowlanders. This little station is deserted and silent, except at such times as the curling clans gather. Every club in Scotland is entitled to and does send a number of teams to this annual encounter. The number is determined by the pro ratio membership of the club. The draw is made during the summer, and with the coming of winter, all clubs have been informed of it and of their location on the big sheet of ice. When frost comes and the ice on Carsebreck is strong enough to bear the weight of six thousand curling rocks and their owners a code message is flashed from John O'Groats to the Solway Firth. Up come the Souters o' Selkirk and the honest men frae Ayr; down come the Campbells and the MacGregors and soon there is a "bonnie fecht." The firing of a cannon from a neighboring hill is the signal for starting and ending the titanic contest. The disorderly din of the battle can be heard afar off. Almost invariably the Southerners win. Clad in kilts and plaids and marching to the

strains of the bagpipes the Atholl Highlanders and the Breadalbane Clansmen make a brave and gallant show. They, as a rule, curl only on state occasions and the Galashiels weavers slip through their hands like a knotless thread and turn in a score that reads like Culloden.

With the erection of palatial curling rinks in the large cities where on artificial ice games can be played at any time, much of the glory of the great bonspiel at Carsebreck has departed. Nowadays games in the North and South duel are arranged largely by mutual consent and often a year may elapse before the result is known.

CURLING is a clean invigorating healthful sport. It is perhaps the only great pastime which has resisted professionalism. There is little or no betting on a curling game. It is more uncertain than a horse race or an election. Six days a week has always proved enough for the keenest curler and the fourth commandment is observed by the rank and file of curling clubs in Canada as well as in Scotland.

So when these gallant gentlemen from the land of Burns and Scott meet our own knights of the broom in friendly rivalry there is forged a golden link in that chain

which binds our great Dominion to that ancient realm wherein this grand old game of curling had its origin.

"Not hate but glory made these chiefs contend
For in his heart each foeman was a friend."



Is Your Hair Thin and Brittle?

This may be due to the alkali in the soap with which you shampoo your hair. The scalp and hair can be kept healthy and vigorous only by the use of a specially prepared shampoo.

Corson's

COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO
with its abundance of creamy lather, loosens the dandruff and dust, nourishes the tissues, keeps the scalp soft, and makes the hair bright, fluffy and luxurious. Price 50c. Products of this purely Canadian Enterprise sold at all drug stores and toilet goods counters.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN PEACOCK ALLEY

By Edith G. Bayne

YE OLDE FIRME

Established 1850
—72 Years—



**Great Words
OF A
Great Artist**

Over her own signature Tetrassini writes to Heintzman & Co., Ltd., from Rome:

"Your wonderful piano arrived in Rome after its long voyage in such perfect condition that I had no need to even call a tuner. It now adorns my drawing salon, and is the admiration and envy of all my musical friends. I am in love with its beautiful tone and singing qualities."

There are several Heintzman & Co. styles and sizes, but only one Heintzman & Co. quality.

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Mention Western Home Monthly when writing

CANADA, and particularly Western Canada, has no idle class, as such, for which let us be duly thankful. We have idle individuals, who no doubt have brought time-killing down to a fine art, but in the main our country boasts some seven or eight million industrious citizens with very few hours out of the twenty-four to spare for such aimless pursuits as fill the lives of a large portion of our cousins to the south.

Having gotten this bit of moralizing safely out of our system we shall proceed to elucidate. "Thank goodness we are not as they!" Sounds Pharisaical, but we're saying it just the same.

The fashionable hotels of New York are a sort of mecca every afternoon, especially Sunday afternoon, for large

at close range. And they were willing to put in a whole afternoon at this morbid pastime, taking a vicarious pleasure in being under the same roof with and breathing the same air as those aloof beings they admired so and envied. Needless to state the women outnumbered the men by five to one.

America takes sly cracks at dear old England because she "dearly loves a lord," but oh, how the Yanks dearly love a multi-millionaire or a movie hero! One day word had been flashed abroad that the one and only Valentino who was known to be in town, had been traced to a certain hotel on Fifth Avenue. Great and instant was the feminine stampede—shop-girls, garment-workers, stenogs., schoolma'ams, newspaper-wo-

Speaking of this interesting young man, we may as well help to clear up some of the debated questions regarding his origin, disposition, race, color, talents, age, status and present condition of servitude. No other topic under the sun starts such a heated discussion nowadays, so we won't apologize for introducing it.

Well, in the first place, girls—for of course, the boys aren't listening—get this? Valentino is the son of an Italian doctor and not at all the "steerage wop" he has been thought in some quarters. He came to this country a first-cabin passenger and landscape-gardening was his profession. In his own country he attended military college and university and he plays the piano and sings very creditably. He also speaks five languages. They say he can cook spaghetti too, but we don't vouch for this. His skin is very dark and his eyes a bright, quick, brown. His polished hair isn't jet but a dark brown in color, and it looks better shined than the other way, hence his very natural reason for keeping it brilliant. He is only 27 years of age. He isn't "struck on himself." Prior to meeting him we regarded him as the epitome of conceit, but he isn't that sort at all. We have his autograph and this is what he wrote over it: "Modesty and endurance are the greatest means to achieve and keep success. Conceit is the undoing of many great ones." And as someone told us, he "never forgets a face he has once shaken hands with."

We aren't his press agent but we can't help being just a trifle enthusiastic about this boy. His acting is so real and his ambition so high, he is sure to do big things. The average man regards Valentino as a parlor pet while a number of others think him a kind of refined roughneck, with a great flair for lady-killing. He told us very seriously that he hated to be taken for a heart-smasher and that his play "The Sheik"—that is his own work in it—had disappointed him keenly. He has quite a record as an athlete and wrestler, we were told.

Rodolph and his wife played a neat little trick on the New York public not long ago. They desired to escape publicity insofar as they could, so decoyed the reporters and camera-men down to the docks where they staged a farewell—a la' Romeo and Juliet—on the deck of the Olympic, which was scheduled to sail almost immediately. Mrs. V. was off to Paris, she said. But hardly had the reporters gone, Rodolph with them, down the gangplank than his wife, still carrying her pet peke, skipped down the second-cabin deck and tipping a boat-hand generously to throw off her three trunks, debarked and hailed a taxicab. Two hours later it was a very surprised circle of reporters who saw her enter an uptown hotel on her husband's arm. They had written and turned in their papers touching accounts of the farewell on the boat and had represented her as sailing down the harbor with tear-damped handkerchief pressed to her eyes while her husband wrung his hands and moaned on the dock, and now—seven million people had the laugh on them.

The Reason

A clergyman in the pulpit was a fearless expounder of right and wrong, but in the domestic circle maintained, for prudential reasons, considerable reserve of speech and action. On one occasion when this divine visited a neighboring town the editor of the only paper there, which never failed to notice the presence of a stranger in town, offered the following, so ordered as to prove unwittingly keen:

Doctor Carrol is once more among us for a brief stay. He says and does exactly as he thinks right, without regard to the opinions or beliefs of others. His wife is not with him



May McAvoy, Paramount Star whose latest production is "Hick In"

LET'S GET ACQUAINTED

To introduce ourselves we offer this Silky Black Sateen House Dress for

\$2.50

This most beautiful model is suitable for either Porch or House Wear. They are cut generously full and are elegantly made. They are a wonderful value and exceptionally smart style. This dress is one which you will be proud to wear.

They are made of a Black soft finish lustrous Sateen, beautifully embroidered in either Colors—Red, Sand, Purple or Black.

Sizes 34 to 40. Shipped anywhere Post paid. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

Write for advertising matter illustrating other dress, suit and skirt specials.

DUBARRY'S
77-79 King St.
WINNIPEG, MAN.



numbers of both men and women who, while not in the social whirl themselves, can manage by hook or crook to dress presentably enough to pass the grim and ornate flunkies at the door and penetrate to the gay lobbies and salons where the elect are supposed to gather and promenade. The flapper-parade in the foyer of a big hotel is worth going a little way to see and we use the word loosely, flapper designating in this case everyone wearing a skirt.

We spent several months in New York recently and sometimes our business took us to one of these de luxe hostleries at the door when the throngs were densest. At first we thought that these lookers-on were all part of the parade, but presently it became clear that a good many were merely people in the most moderate circumstances, women with carefully-mended gloves and dresses purchased on Sixth Avenue, men wearing rented tuxedos and "turned" collars, who desired both to be thought "in the swim" and to see the scions and scionettes of the first families

men, debutantes, sporty widows, maiden aunts, even a charwoman or two.

"You stay by this door, Virginia, and Hazel and Mae and I'll stand by the other," we heard a girl say. "Maud, you go over to the south entrance. Whichever sees him first, wave!"

But Rodolph had a friend on the job and this friend, after sizing up the situation, 'phoned upstairs as follows:

"Say Rode., there are 457 assorted females parked down here in the lobbies waiting to spring on you, so you'd better cat-foot it down the service-stairs. I'll meet you at the corner of 33rd street. Watch you step."

Rodolph, however, came down via elevator and passed unnoticed through the crowd by reason of a pair of smoked glasses and an adjustable mustache the size of a stage detective's. Such is the power of a clever disguise.

And the girls waited and sighed and raved of his "divine hair" and "heavenly eyes" and none whom he brushed in passing so much as guessed it was he.



Mother—

NOBODY realizes better than Mother the tendency of the present day family to drift apart.

In rural communities the boy irks for a glimpse of town now and then—so does the girl. Sometimes the longing becomes so great they leave permanently. How many tragedies has that meant for Mother?

How much would it have meant for the rural life of Canada—how much to the agricultural production of Canada and its farm wealth if the majority of the farm boys who have gone to town had stayed on the farm? If the FORD Car had been available then as now at its present low price, and town had been brought so close that it could be visited regularly—perhaps they would have stayed.

It is stated that from the Maritime Provinces of Canada alone, as many people have gone to the United States as the present population of those Provinces.

In cities and towns also there are dangers to boys and girls that healthful recreation will guard against. The constant thought of the Mother is to keep a watchful eye on the growing boy or girl—to guard them from questionable amusements and places of amusement. Did you ever think of a FORD Car to keep their minds in healthy channels?

And then for yourself—the FORD Car is a family servant—afterwards a means of recreation—to go more places—see more people—and refresh yourself.

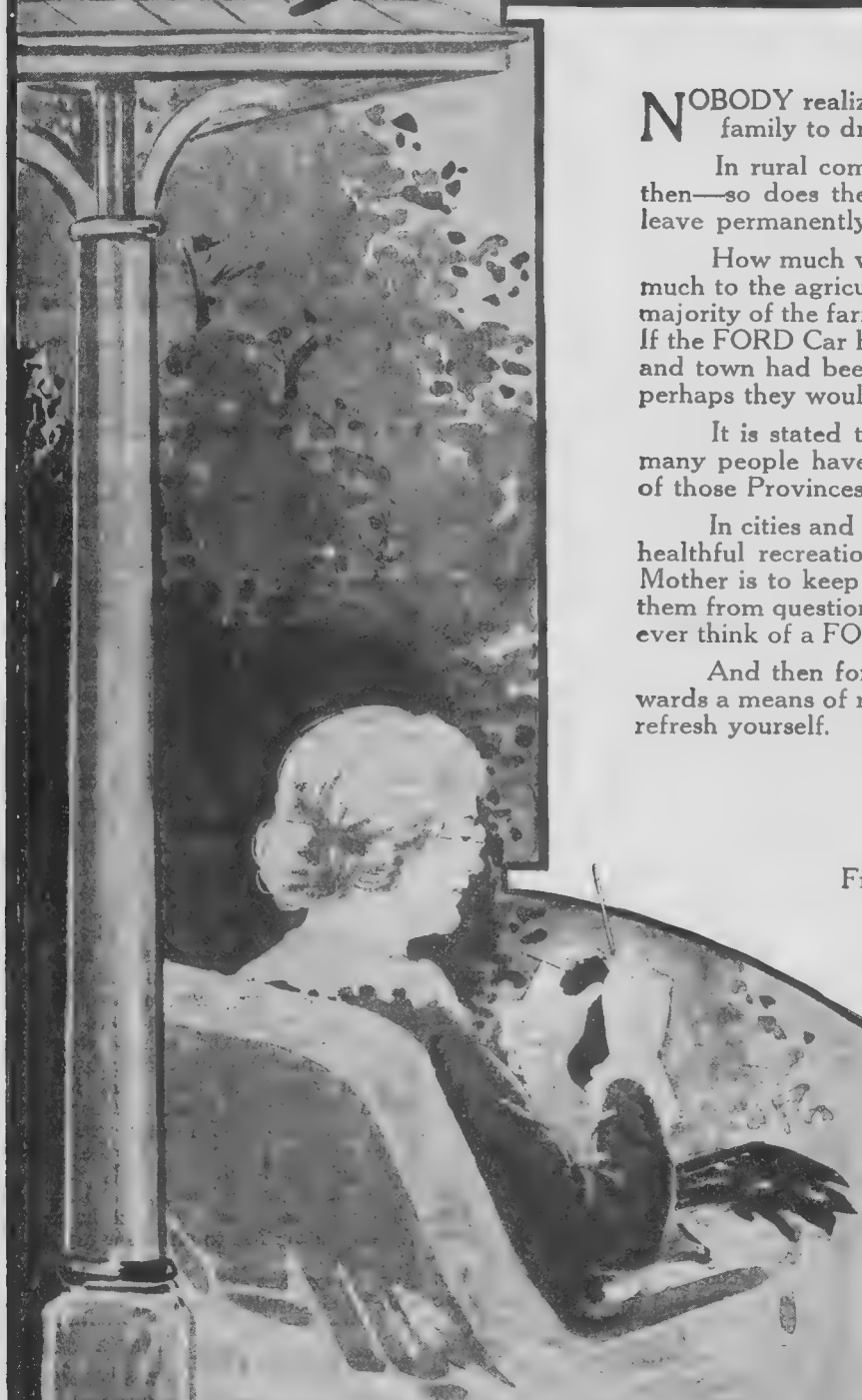
The price of the touring car is

\$445

Freight and Government Taxes extra.

And it can be bought on a monthly payment plan.

2317



Ford

FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, FORD, ONTARIO.

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS, MEN AND WOMEN—We have positively the greatest household necessity on the market. A patented curtain rod. Instantly adjusted, no nails or tacks required. Samples free. George Grattan, manufacturer's agent, New Glasgow, Que. tf

A NEW INVENTION—Pyro Fire Extinguisher weighs only 3 lbs. Excels work of heavy high priced devices. Guaranteed. Puts out fire in ten seconds. A child can use it. Already selling like wildfire in organized territory. PPrice of only \$2 makes easy sales—100% profit. J. S. Perry, P.E.I. sold 750 last 30 days. Alvin McAulay placed 14 in two hours. Investigate today. Pyro Extinguisher Co., 605 Echo Drive, Ottawa, Ont. tf

AGENTS TO SELL Dr. Bovel's Toilet Soap—Toilet Articles—Home Remedies. Men or women can do this work and earn from \$25 to \$75 per week. Whole or spare time. Territories allowed. For further particulars apply: Bovel Manufacturing Co., Dept. 28, Toronto, Ont. tf

AGENTS—\$100, \$200 monthly selling Easy Wash, washes clothes while you rest; no rubbing or boiling required; send 15c for 10 family washings. M. Manufacturing Co., Sault Ste Marie, Ont. 3-23

WE PAY \$15 TO \$50 WEEKLY for steady spare time work at home. No canvassing or experience required. Special terms now. Write Brennan Show Card System, Dept. 21, Toronto. 4-23

AGENTS—Men or women. Sell knitting yarn, the article most in demand. Everybody is knitting. We supply sample card of nineteen shades of the best two ply and four ply knitting yarn on the market. This yarn is specially adapted for use on knitting machines. We allow large profits and supply your customers free with printed instructions for knitting popular, up-to-date garments. This helps make sales. Write for sample card and territory. Donald Manufacturing Company, Dept. 158, Toronto, Ont. t.f.

FRUIT AND FARM LANDS

BRITISH COLUMBIA—Why not write me for my Farm Catalogue? I have some attractive propositions for sale or for exchange. What have you on the Coast for some good Prairie Farms? E. G. Kingwell, Strout Farm Agency Inc., 511, B.C. Perm. Loan Bldg., Victoria, B.C. tf

WANT TO HEAR from owner having farm for sale; give particulars and lowest price. John J. Black, 14th Street, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin. 4-23

I WANT FARMS for cash buyers. Describe and state price. R. A. McNow, 380 Wil-Minson Bldg., Omaha, Neb. 5-23

WANTED—To hear from owner of good Farm for sale. State cash price, full particulars. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn. 3-23

HONEY FOR SALE

CLOVER \$8.00. Amber \$8.00, Buckwheat \$5.00 for 60 lbs. Large orders at lower price. F. W. Krouse, Guelph, Ont. tf

HONEY—Choice mixed, clover and buckwheat, 60 pounds \$6.00. Hector Inch, Port Hope, Ont. 3-23

100 lbs. CLOVER HONEY \$14.00. Wm. A. Hartley, Beamsville, Ont. 3-23

FOR SALE

20 BIG PKTS. Northern Grown Garden Seeds your choice for \$1.00. Catalog free. 2 lbs. cotton remnants \$1.10 postpaid. Allen Novelty, St. Zacharie, Quebec. 4-23

THE CHOICEST PEDIGREED and registered, Silver black breeding foxes. Buy the best. Reid Bros., Bothwell, Ontario, Canada. 3-23

SILVER PATCH and Red Foxes. T. R. Lyons, Waterville, N.S. 4-23

STAMMERING

ST-STU-T-T-T-TERING and Stammering cured at home; instructive booklet free. Walter McDonnell, 109 Potomac Bldg., Washington, D. C. 3-23

HELP WANTED

WOMEN—LEARN Dressmaking—Designing at home. \$35 week. Eastern demand. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. P 529, Rochester, N. Y. 3-23

SEEDS

REGISTERED MARQUIS WHEAT second and third generation, also Victory Oats, Premo Flax and Improved Squaw Corn. These are proven high yielding strains and we have hundreds of testimonials from satisfied customers. We are selling this seed at a price where every farmer can afford to sow his entire acreage. Kjellander Seed Co., Ltd., Wilcox, Sask. 3-23

STAMPS

STAMPS—100 different foreign stamps, catalogue, hinges, album, 15 cents; large packet, album, with war stamps, 25 cents; ask for bargain approvals. We buy stamps; large lots, for spot cash. Marks Stamp Company, Toronto, Canada. tf

POSTAGE STAMPS bought, sold or exchanged. History and check list with fifty illustrations. All Canadian issues from 1851; price 50c. Collectors, 268 Station "B," Montreal. t.f.

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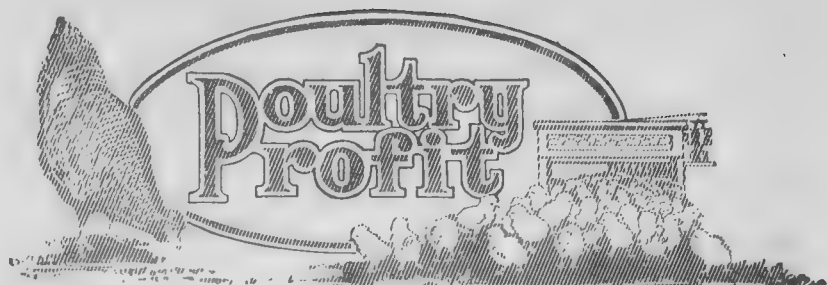
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Helen E. Vialoux

THE Winnipeg Poultry Show held January 25th to 30th, was a signal success, in point of merit. The birds in all classes were magnificent but the entries were not quite as large as formerly. About 2,000 birds were shown, including a fine lot of turkeys, ducks and geese. Geese and turkeys were a much larger exhibit than usual and they were truly grand specimens of Manitoba's best. The Canadian Chantecler was shown in Winnipeg for the first time and no less than thirty-five birds were on exhibition by three breeders. Though the Chantecler has no comb the birds have particularly pretty heads and attracted a good deal of attention.

Another bird with a number of entries was the Russian Orloff. These birds are also minus a comb and seem very hardy. Both of these breeds are prolific egg layers and seem to be becoming very popular. The Chantecler is making great headway in the East as a Canadian hen. It is the same size as the Barred Rock.

The lively little Anconas were quite a large entry, also, at the big show and seem to have many champions, as they are persistent egg layers and great rustlers. It is curious to note how many breeds of "the mere hen" are on exhibition at a large show in these days, from the stately Brahma down to the crowing little Bantam.

The majority of all birds entered this year were in the pink of condition, beautifully washed and fitted for showing. Even the Barred Rocks were put through a hot bath and scrubbed up, which was rather an innovation, but the result was certainly good. Some of the dark birds are "dry cleaned" after the fashion of a chiffon blouse. The display put on by the Manitoba Agricultural College for educational purposes, under the supervision of Prof. Herner, was most interesting and of a real value to the public. The grading-up system of using barnyard fowl and developing a good looking breed with a good capacity for egg production, was ably demonstrated, and the pure bred males shown as well as the progeny in various stages. Heavy layers in White Leghorns and Barred Rocks were exhibited in this educational display and they were shelling out eggs in their coops much as usual. Incubators were hatching out dozens of fluffy chicks and the brooder, heated by electricity, was filled with little chicks cuddled down or pecking at their chickfeed in a chirpy way.

The hatching season is almost upon us and a few hints in regard to the breeding of ducks, geese and turkeys may come in handy. Turkeys that have been wintered in a shed or an enclosure of straw and fed on a mixture of farm grains will not lay too soon and be in fine condition for laying fertile eggs in April. Providing the hens have not been allowed to get too fat, when the days begin to lengthen feed them with buttermilk either fresh or in a powdered form. All the breeding stock on the farm should have milk in some form—sweet or sour—at this season of the year. Turkeys are much better breeders if over one year old and may be kept as breeders for several years. One Tom will mate successfully with eight to ten turkey hens. Do not cross two breeds of turkeys, but endeavor to introduce new blood into the flock, every second season, to guard against any trace of in-breeding. Weak, spindling turks invariably result from in-breeding which must not be permitted in any flock. Do not forget to place some inviting nests ready for dame turkey to wander into and imagine she is stealing her nest away. The ducks will drop their eggs anywhere in the pen when spring comes and sometimes lay in February, but the first eggs are usually infertile. When spring days come and the ducks get out for a swim in the many puddles in the farm yard it is safe to set

duck eggs under a hen or in a machine where they hatch very well. Ducks are slow to sit. Often the month of May comes before they will make a deep nest in the corner of the duck house or under a hedge and get broody. A pen of five ducks to one drake ensures fertile eggs. Both ducks and geese need more or less soft food mashes of some kind. Any refuse vegetables cooked up are good and plenty of water to drink. Throw a hard grain on a deep vessel for the ducks to scoop out with their bills. Pens in which ducks and geese are kept should be well bedded with straw or hay which should be changed often when the weather gets soft. Better results are obtained in duck breeding when twenty to thirty ducks are kept in a flock with four to six males allowing them to run together. They should never be penned up. Like a breeding pen of chickens, geese should be left very much to themselves as they are nervous. One gander should be mated with two geese.

When hens are doing good service as winter layers, take note of them and slip on a leg band. Try and select some of these hens as breeders when April comes around, that is, if the layers have not been forced by hot mashes and artificial light so that their vitality has ebbed away by laying dozens of winter eggs. If well matured pullets or year old hens commence to lay in November or December some of them will go broody and others will cease laying in February to a certain extent. Break up the broody hens and feed more hard grains, giving them buttermilk to drink. By early April these birds will have rested for a few weeks and will begin laying good hatchable eggs of real value in building up a laying strain.

The breeding pen for Barred Rocks, Wyandottes and other utility breeds should consist of a dozen to fifteen hens to one good male bird, and one cockerel to a pen of fifteen to twenty leghorns or any of the light breeds.

Take an afternoon in early March and thoroughly overhaul the incubators making them ready for service. A whisk broom is handy to sweep out dust and cobwebs. Make a soap suds and wash out the interior of the machine. Disinfect the machine then leave open to dry and air. Next see that the various parts are in order. The thermometer often needs adjusting. With a match or small lamp, it can be tested and the screw adjusted. The thermometer is an important point. Sometimes they register a degree too high or too low. It is easy to test a thermometer at a drug store or with a standard instrument at home placing the bulbs in the egg chamber side by side and lighting the lamp. Rather than fuss with washing an old burner, I advise buying a new one for the incubator lamp each season and a new wick should be used for each hatch. The dirty lamp needs a good wash in washing soda and water, emptying out the old oil in the bowl and removing all traces of soot or dirt from the flues and lamp box. Many serious accidents and loss of chicks, as well as the machine, occur through carelessness in regard to lamp and fixtures. When levelling the machine where there is no instrument, fill a saucer with water, place on the top of the incubator and thus get the level. Use only the best oil in an incubator lamp, the best coal oil is none too good. Fill the bowl only three-quarters full to allow for expansion of the oil.

Any questions on poultry problems will be cheerfully answered.

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About the Farm

Conducted by
 Allan Campbell

Sweet Clover Gaining Recognition

IN view of the increasing demand for fodder crops on account of the change that is taking place, a change from straight grain growing to the more balanced system of mixed farming, sweet clover has made great strides in popular favor.

Sweet clover is a legume, that is, it belongs to the class of plants of which alfalfa, all clovers, peas, beans, etc., are members. Being a legume, of course, it is nitrogenous, hence of great benefit to the soil, as the power of transferring nitrogen from the air to the soil makes it of value outside of the fact that it is a good fodder crop. It has recently risen in favor in a rapid manner, but before its recent popularity it was certainly looked upon as a weed and with a good deal of suspicion by some, perhaps. Its "vagrant" nature, now it has been invited on to the farmers' land, serves it in good stead as it will grow on land where other plants would fail, such land as wet, dry, stony, or gumbo.

When just beginning to grow, sweet clover so closely resembles alfalfa that it is easily mistaken for the latter. By taking notice of the leaves, one may distinguish between these two legumes. The edge of the leaves of sweet clover are much like saw teeth while the alfalfa is almost smooth. The sweet clover eventually develops a main stem with many branches, while alfalfa produces many stems from the crown with but few branches.

The large white flowered (Melilotus alba) is a biennial and is much favored because it grows larger and makes a greater yield.

Sweet clover seed is just about the size of alfalfa seed, in fact, they cannot always be distinguished from each other. It should have a firm seed bed. Clean land and the usual methods employed in the sowing of alfalfa will suit in the case of sweet clover. These plants will acquire a bacteria which will inoculate the soil in such a way, that a permanent field of alfalfa may be established after the sweet clover has been taken off.

The hulls of the seeds are difficult to remove and for this reason, both hulled and unhulled seed is on the market. Hulled seed could be used in a grass seeder, but the unhulled might give some trouble. The unhulled seed can be mixed with small grains and seeded satisfactorily. Sweet clover seed can be produced where other clover or alfalfa seed can be, and in a great many places where they cannot. It can be cut with an ordinary binder and threshed with an ordinary threshing machine.

For pasture or hay it might be to advantage to seed somewhat thicker than for seed, say fifteen to twenty pounds of seed per acre.

The cutting of white sweet clover must be high. The new growth does not come from the buds on the crowns like alfalfa or red clover, but branches on the stems. If it is cut below these branches, the plants will be killed. When cut, the hay can be left on the ground to cure, the same as alfalfa. It has been found that stock will refuse to eat the hay and also will leave the sweet clover along the roads, but after they become accustomed to it they eat it with relish both in its green and cured state.

Only a few years ago, sweet clover seed could only be obtained in small quantities, but today it is sold by the car load.

Sweet clover contains practically forty pounds of nitrogen per ton, hence it is a very useful crop to place the land in a thrifty condition. It has, in addition to having this power to enrich the land, the extra advantage of being a fighter of weeds, as there is no weed that can make much headway among sweet clover.

Among some of the points to take note of in connection with this plant are, that it is a good pasture and a good milk producer.

It is a valuable crop in a rotation because its roots decay rapidly, adding much humus to the soil. The ground on which it is sown should not be too loose.

It should not be allowed to stand too long if wanted for hay as it becomes woody and loses its leaves.

It will grow on land too wet for alfalfa.

Choosing the Varieties

The land will soon be under cultivation and the annual question will arise in regard to the best varieties to grow in the various classes of agricultural and horticultural products. In this short article it is the object to give some of the varieties of outstanding merit according to results obtained, at least in the Brandon district, along the line of horticulture.

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Spring Preparations

When spring arrives it is rather provoking to find oneself unready for the many and varied tasks that face us. On the average farm there is certainly a long list of items that will present themselves when the subject is given consideration.

In the stable it is as well to give the harness a thorough overhauling and there will be found the necessity of repairs here and there. A good oiling of the harness is one of the things that should receive attention while the horses' teeth and feet are more likely to need attention.

Collars should be made to fit the team for which they are intended for it is very hard on the horses and the man who has to drive them when the collars are making mischief on the necks, in fact it is a reflection on the management of the farm.

In the implement shed one can usually find work of various kinds. There is likelihood of many missing parts with an additional shortage of oil cans and monkey wrenches. The plough shares will probably need sharpening and all axles of implements and vehicles should be inspected and greased. It takes a very small missing part to hold up the activities of a large machine and so with the general motive power of the farm a small item missing may cause a good deal of inconvenience. A few spare line snaps purchased for cases of emergency are a good investment. While compiling such a purchase list it would be worth while to include a few dozen of the most generally used size of bolts, nuts, and washers.

During the winter there is almost a certainty of a wholesale plundering of the most useful tools from the farm chest (presuming that there is such a thing as a tool chest on the farm) and it is likely that many tools would have found their way to the house. It would be time well spent to have a general round-up of all the missing tools, such as the hammer, saw, screw driver, etc. and see that they are placed in their proper place in the workshop or implement shed so that they will be ready for instant use.



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MUSIC AND THE HOME

The Need for Music
By H. B. Dickin

A FEW days ago chance put into my hands an early copy of a recent American work—a work yet hardly available for the English market—on the trend of American Education. It is not for me to assess its merits, even if I could, for that would be outside my scope; and as a matter of fact, I have forgotten even the name of the author. All I know of him is that he is head of the Teachers' College in a great American University, while his book is a collection of papers read at various times to gatherings of students and embryo teachers.

This latter fact would naturally prepare any unprejudiced reader for a good many omissions. After all, Education is a wide subject and he would be a very wise man who could cover the whole of it in about two hundred small octavo pages. Still, a writer, and especially one who writes with authority, is to a certain extent bound by the title he has himself chosen; and this one seemed to me to carry with it special obligations towards comprehensiveness.

This much the writer had evidently realized to a certain extent. Thus he discussed co-education at considerable length. He ranged wittily and wisely over most of the subjects that comprise modern school courses. He neglected neither hygiene, nor the due preparation of the youthful male for citizenship and of the youthful female for motherhood. He devoted a whole chapter to the training of that British product, the Boy Scout. But to music he gave no more than a passing parenthetical mention. So far from claiming a chapter, it had not so much as a single exclusive paragraph to itself.

Design or Accident?

IN a British publication—at least a few years ago—such an omission would have excited no surprise. With us, music had long lost its place as an essential part of any of our general educational curricula. It had sunk to a mere accomplishment, an extra ornamental luxury which girls might study if they would, but which boys, who had to equip themselves for the stern business of wage-earning would be well advised to pass by.

But from an American writer we nowadays expect better things, because rightly or wrongly we have long believed—ever since "Martin Chuzzlewit" was published, in fact—that those who dwell across the Atlantic hold larger and wiser views of education than those we cherish. Therefore, it gives us pause to find an American educationist overlooking music, as though in his country, as in ours, the taint of Cinderella still attached to the most universal of the arts.

As a matter of actual fact the very reverse is the case. Across the Atlantic the cult of music flourishes both in the United States and Canada. The growth may be young yet but it is vigorous, so much indeed that those of us who would fain foster a similar growth at home are sometimes accused by our critics of prosecuting our endeavors "with an almost American energy" or of adopting in the furtherance of our aims "a truly trans-atlantic spirit."

Therefore we may leave our educationist writer with nothing more than a mild regret that his outlook on his own special subject is limited and proceed to learn what lessons we may from those who are more enlightened than ourselves.

The Wise Mother

IT happens that I have by me a pamphlet which bears no imprint to indicate its origin, but yet certainly has come to me from over the water. It contains an eloquent plea to the wife and mother not to let music be swallowed up in the cares of motherhood, but rather to "keep her music up" for the sake of herself and her children.

Five excellent reasons are adduced for her consideration. First of all, the writer lays stress on music's "soothing and restful power after the weary round of household duties." To this power

even a mere male may speak from his own experience. If music may be a strong stimulant, it may also be—*crede experto*—a potent anodyne and narcotic. This much, any convalescent, painfully picking up the threads of his business after illness, may prove for himself without difficulty. If the music played or listened to be suitable—and surely no invalid would woo rest with military marches or jazz dances—it will inevitably soothe nerves, banish worries, and (best of all) induce sleep.

Next, the mother is warned that all children are born with a love of melody. In other words they are born with minds as well as bodies, and they want food for both. Melodies are the simplest and most digestible form of mental food, and they are available long before the child mind can be fed from the printed page. Yet there are thousands of parents who would not have a dangerous story told to or read by their children, who are yet quite careless of what tunes their little ones hear and assimilate. To such as these my pamphlet says: "if good taste in music is not instilled in the home, the children are sure to pick up the common tunes of the streets without much hope of their becoming a stepping stone to something better." Which is the simplest and the truest wisdom. Tastes are easiest formed in childhood and those tendencies which are earliest acquired are the hardest to eradicate subsequently. Also in music it is very nearly as easy to teach the child to love the good as the bad, for here at least merit depends as much on simplicity as on anything else. Consequently, there rests a plain duty on every mother to cultivate her musical gifts as assiduously as she can.

Argumentum ad Feminam

INDEED, it is a paying game for the woman herself. Of all the resources and solaces which await her when the care of the family is a thing of the past, there is none like music. Health and energy may fail and games perforce be abandoned, while even reading becomes a burden to those whose eyes are dim; but music fails none but the deaf, whose handicap even Sir Arthur Pearson, blind champion of the blind, admitted was greater than his own.

Lastly, and this is a point our pamphleteer has not forgotten, should anything happen to the breadwinner and the wife and mother be thrown on her own resources, the woman "fortified with a musical training need have no fear of poverty." This is an optimistic saying and not one to be accepted too lightly, for much depends on the quality of the training and much, if not more, on the individual's definition of poverty. It is, however, perfectly true that the woman who has been adequately grounded in any branch of music and is prepared to carry on her studies when the need arises, need not dread destitution. There is many a widow teaching, and teaching well, to-day, who has cause to bless her musical instincts and those who fostered them. And her children share her gratitude.

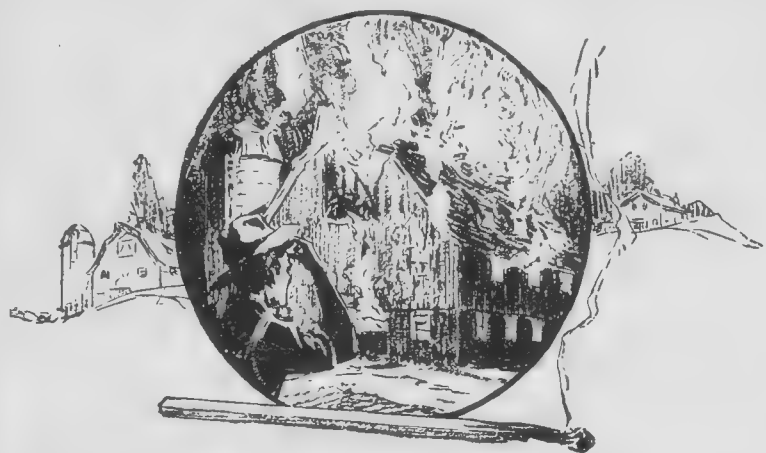
Then let the mothers realize their responsibilities. When they do, music will no longer be neglected in schools or omitted from treatises on Education.

Boiling Eggs to Music

A certain bishop of an English diocese was quartered at a certain home when visiting a small country parish. Upon coming down to breakfast he greeted the lady of the house as follows:

"My dear sister, you have given me a new conception of praise to God in song. As I awoke this beautiful Sunday morning, the sun was streaming in my window, the birds were singing among the fragrant morning glories and all the earth at peace seemed to praise the great Creator. Then to complete Earth's Alleluia I heard your sweet voice singing 'Nearer My God to Thee'."

"Laws, bishop," she replied, "that's the tune I boil eggs by—three verses for hard and two for soft."



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The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

SHE is a daughter of "The Lady of the Snows." So loyal is she that she does not pretend to be anything else. While she can dance and play and sing, she regards out-of-door sports of more importance.

Dressed in her warm woollen outfit of knickers, sweater and cap, she starts out with her friends for a cross-country tramp. Her eyes sparkle with a brilliancy that no lotion can produce; her cheeks are radiant with a color that defies the most expensive beauty preparation; the physical charm of her personality fascinates one. Perhaps she prefers to walk back—moccasins make walking a pleasure.

Miss Canada must have mental poise if she knows how to ski. Tobogganing down hill or a long smooth road with Old Dobbin—well, is there anything that will bring out a finer sparkle in the eye and a rosier cheek and more fun?

Then there is that finest of all sports—skating—the art that calls every muscle into action—and develops grace and beauty in girlhood.

THE real Miss Canada is an out-door girl, and when she is chosen to represent a city at a winter carnival we expect her to be judged according to her accomplishment of out-door sports. We were proud of our Western girls who were sent East to the Winter Carnival. They represented the Western girl in the true sense of the word. If the judges in selecting Miss Canada regarded indoor social success above outdoor achievement in skiing, tobogganing, skating, cross-country snowshoeing—then we would prefer her to come back without the assumed title of "Miss Canada."

Any city in any country can offer facilities for drawing room accomplishments—but only Canada and other Northern countries similar in climatic and topographic conditions can attain the great out-door accomplishments possible in such environment.

It requires more determination, finer physical poise and keener mental power to achieve success in winter sports than in the drawing room.

Other countries may give first place to the indoor girl—but in Canada the title is due to the out-door girl.

MISS Regina, Miss Edmonton and Miss Winnipeg were true representatives of Miss Canada when they excelled in out-door sports, and the decision of a few judges does not in the least alter our opinion.

While visiting girls' clubs this winter I learned with pleasure that out-door sports have taken our girls from dance halls. Never before has the attendance at dance halls been so poor. Any evening one may see snowshoe clubs, skiing, tobogganing and skating clubs out for an evening's frolic under the clear blue sky and sparkling stars of our wonderful Canadian Winter. Congratulations to every girl who is a representative Miss Canada.

Pippa Passes

BROWNING gives us such a beautiful picture of girlhood in little Pippa. She was a tiny girl of the mills who had only one day's vacation in the whole year, and the value of that day to her is intensely interesting. It is a "twelve hours' treasure" to her—it is "Her day that lightens the next twelve months' toil at wearisome silk-winding, coil on coil!" For, she says:

"Tomorrow I must be Pippa who winds silk,
The whole year round, to earn just bread and milk."

And so she crowds every minute with happiness and passes under the window of the owner of the mills, who, heavy with sadness and despondency, is startled by Pippa's song:
"The year's at the spring,

And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world."

Music in a Girl's Life

A YOUNG girl went to hear Rachmaninoff the other evening. She had been impatient with her teacher for keeping her on the same piece of music a long time.

She learned the notes and a bit of shading, and thought that was enough.

But as she listened to Rachmaninoff play—that great world pianist, who understands the soul of the composer—a new understanding overwhelmed her. The great artist alone, in his splendid, dignified poise, with an expression of sadness for his bleeding country, interpreted to her the meaning of music.

The spell of the music impressed her so sincerely that after the evening's programme she exclaimed: "I shall never be impatient again when I am asked to work hard on one classic! Time and effort are necessary to learn the shading or expression. I never before realized that music is the expression of the soul of the artist—the deeper the soul the finer his interpretation."

Music is the soul expression of the musician, as poetry is the soul expression of the poet—or a great painting, of the artist. All training that brings out the expression of an understanding soul requires study, patience, time.

There is value in seemingly unsurmountable obstacles. When Schumann injured his hand so that he could no more play, he became one of the greatest of all composers.

Beethoven—though deaf—"became a master composer of musical structure and a bold innovator of harmony and instrumentation, both the results of inner imaginative musical thinking."

Grieg, compelled to spend most of his time out-of-doors by the dread disease of tuberculosis, became an unsurpassed "musical landscape painter," translating the scenic wonders of his beloved Norway into musical terms. He lived nearly twice as long as Chopin, who suffered from the same disease.

Often an obstacle is a lever to lift one higher.

Young musicians learn a musical truth when they regard a classic as an expression of the soul of the composer.

Seven Daily Helps for Girls

1. Learn a new word every day, and use that word in every possible way until it becomes a part of your vocabulary. Oliver W. Holmes defined language as "The blood of the soul into which thoughts run, and out of which they grow."
2. Look for something beautiful in everyone you meet.
3. As soon as an unpleasant thought comes into your mind, drive it out with a verse from the Bible. Learn a verse while dressing in the morning.
4. Do something kind to somebody every day.
5. Learn a helpful quotation every day. It will only take ten minutes of concentrated effort. You need that discipline in concentration.
6. Look for something new and beautiful in Nature every day. It is there.
7. Write down every night in a diary the happiest moment of the day. Be sure to keep a diary.

A Girl's Mouth

THE mouth is a close rival of the eyes in expression. A girl exhibits her character in the mouth. It is so sensitive that it cannot hide discontent, selfishness and ugliness of disposition.

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Canadian National Railways

INDUSTRIAL AND RESOURCES DEPARTMENT

LAND'S END—Continued from page 13

like it, all right. But, you weren't going down there to hunt for it?"

"Why," gasped the girl, "I was, really. And it's a panther! Oh, Adam, I am so frightened!"

"How can I trust you alone? You mustn't go wandering through the woods. You are safe in the clearing, within reach of your hut, but in the woods panthers ambush themselves in the trees, and drop down on their prey. Hello! there's another yowl up the hill. A pair of them."

"We didn't hear them this summer, did we?"

"No—thought there were none around. These must have come lately. They move about, following the small game. Perhaps they'll go on again, in a few days."

"I suppose that's why Rip didn't want to go down the hill."

"Very likely. He hates a panther like sin. He got into a mix-up with them in Mexico, one time. Cougars, they are down there, but the same treacherous claws and teeth. Well, let's go down and get supper. I found a spring a short way down the hill. Make a fire, will you, Anita, while I go and get a bucket of water."

He ran whistling through the trees. Anita built her fire, and then deftly skinned the grouse. Legs, wings and breasts she put in the pan to fry, the backs and entrails went to the dog. The smell of the sizzling flesh greeted Adam as he emerged with his dripping pail.

"Wow, that smells good, girl," he exclaimed. "You're some cook. Tell you what, you'd make a good wife for some backwoodsman."

"I am complimented. But really, I long for the fleshpots of civilization. Right now, I'd give anything for a huge slice of chocolate cake with whipped cream. Our darky cook, Aunt Viny, makes such delicious cakes."

"What I'd like is new-baked bread and fresh butter, and strawberries and cream. My old dad has a strawberry patch that lies next to my mother's dairy. When we were boys at home—"

A shriek interrupted him.

"For heaven's sake! Don't you realize that we have had nothing to eat but game for four months? If you mention anything to eat to me again, I'll throw this water over you!"

Adam grinned.

"Well, you began it, Anita, with your chocolate cake. But it won't be long now, before you have decent food. You're a different girl already, since you came up here to the snow."

"I feel so much better. Why is it that we don't mind the cold?"

"Because of the higher altitude, and the sunshine. And, by the way, I am planning on making a start, tomorrow."

"Don't you think I could go with you?"

"You're real plucky, but you haven't the strength. Besides, I am going light. If you came, I must carry blankets and the waterproof sheets, and cooking dishes. I am going to take my gun and ammunition, and nothing else."

"What will you cook with?"

"A pointed stick. That's good enough for me. I can use my hand for a drinking cup. Speaking of water, I am going to clear out that spring. I hope it won't freeze over. The cedars keep it warm now, but later the cold will be more intense."

"I wish you didn't have to go."

"I'm sorry, too, but there's no other way. You don't want to stay here until spring, do you?"

"No, we can't do that."

"You'll remember to keep busy, won't you, and not sit worrying? Shovel the snow from one side of the hut to the other, if you can't think of anything else to do. Don't go wandering about the woods. Your friends, the panthers, come back. Why, Anita," as the girl suddenly shivered, "you're not afraid, are you?"

To his surprise, she began to cry.

"Oh, Anita, do you care so much about my going?"

But he had misunderstood her. She drew back from his outstretched hands. She felt suddenly alone. She could not

bear him to touch her. But his commonsense told him that she must not be allowed to remain in this state. He put his own hurt by.

"Come, come, little girl, you mustn't go on in this way." He could not think of anything to say that was not trite and stupid, besides his overpowering impulse to take her into his arms. "Where's your pluck? Just a little while, now, and we'll have you safe at home again. Then you can forget about the wreck, and the loneliness, and about me."

Anita smiled mistily.

"I shan't be able, to forget about the wreck—and you. They are part of my life now, and I don't want to forget. It has been worth while knowing these things."

"What things, Anita?"

"Don't think harshly of me," the girl went on, not heeding his question, "if I acted wrongly, back there—on the beach. Can't you think how terrible these things would appear to a girl who had never heard of their existence? When I think of what I used to be! Twenty years old, Adam, and I would scream and stamp and scratch if I didn't have my will about the most inconsequential things. A little animal, secure in its silken cage, fed and clothed and amused, and all about me, life, with its elemental struggles, its wrenching despairs, its unfathomable happiness, was surging, and I never knew! Oh, what I have missed!"

"What happiness have you found here?" asked Adam, still vainly hoping to find place for himself in the change which was shaping her soul.

"None, but I have felt it about me, I know that it exists. And I am going to find it."

"Where, and how?" said Adam, feeling that he was attending the birth throes of a planet.

"I don't know, but it will be life to search for it."

"What need have you to seek," scoffed the man, bitterly, "You, who have nothing to ask for, nothing to struggle for. Everything is yours for the asking."

"Everything material, perhaps, but real happiness—never. Do you think I could be content with my old routine, after this. Tell me, Adam, you have been happy, how have you found happiness?"

"In little things—work that must be done—in common life with its sweetness, its sordidity, its occasional rise to sublimity. This has been my life, Anita. But if you seek happiness, couldn't you find it with me? Don't you know that those whom God chooses to favor, he drives through the world, in the secret places, in wide spaces, where they are free from the feverish life of our hurried civilization? It is that life which came near wrecking you, Anita. Come with me, and we will go seek life and happiness up and down the world."

"But you have been happy without me?"

"Before I knew you. But when I first saw you lying in the hut, white and sick and helpless, I loved you. I know that all my life I had been seeking you."

"Yes, radium, the source of light, the giver of life, that heals our diseased bodies. Love casts out fear and sin. Can't you love me, Anita?"

"No," I'm sorry, but I shall never love any man. I used to have small love affairs with men, it was the fashion, and I followed it, as I chose short skirts, or high-heeled shoes. But the men would never play at love with me, Adam. They were beasts."

"Am I a beast, then?"

"No, you have never been. But if you learned to love me, you will be. Love is beastly, it disgusts me. I want to go free. I have seen so many unhappy marriages. The women lose their bloom, their health, their personality. They wither, and die. Look at father and mother. Mother struggled so hard to help dad that when he had achieved success, she was a failure. A failure as the wife of a successful man, who could never have reached his goal without her self-sacrifice."

"I am not so very poor, Anita, and I have hope and ambition."

SCIENTISTS WAR WITH PINE RUST

Continued from page 15

Island and the Giff Islands, which prohibits the movement of any species of currant or gooseberry, or five leaved pine from these areas. It is also having destroyed all white pines that have been exposed to infection.

A. T. Davidson, Pine Blister Rust Expert in charge of the Field Force for the Dominion Government at the conclusion of the survey of the province by seaplane, motor boat and afoot, as already related, was good enough to place in the hands of your correspondent his findings to date resulting from the work done in 1922.

The following distances will give an idea of the distribution of the white pine blister rust on the coast: From Vancouver, the disease spreads fanwise in three directions, Vancouver to Hope, 90 miles; Vancouver to Mile 76.5 on the Pacific Great Eastern Railway, 100 miles; Vancouver up the coast including its many inlets to Grasse Bay and Bute Inlet, 140 miles.

It is evident that as far as the coast region in British Columbia is concerned nothing can now be done to control the disease. The problem with which the experts are now faced is protecting the great pine stands of the Kootenays, and from any possibility of infection travelling to the nearby State of Washington.

No evidence so far has been brought to light to show how the disease originated, and the infection was found over areas widely separated. It seems that the disease has been present in the province for from ten to twelve years. In certain districts in the interior and on Sonora Island, 80% to 100% of the trees were infected. In one area, 41% of the trees were already dead from the disease. Trees from 12 to 30 years of age had innumerable twig infections, producing tremendous quantities of the deadly spores.

However, as has been said earlier in this article, the white pine on the coast is of almost no commercial value. Extensive surveys in the valuable pine territory of the Kootenay and adjoining territory this summer by Mr. Davidson showed that infection had already arrived in various parts of the region where stands British Columbia's white pine wealth, with a potential value of \$50,000,000. At all the places where the white pine rust was found, it was learned to be of 1917 infection, a year corresponding to that of heavy infection on the coast. If the interior infection was carried by wind from the coast, across the dry belt, scientists are faced with one of the most extraordinary proofs of the possibility of long distance spread. There is, however, the possibility that the disease may have been introduced in these regions by other than natural agencies. This remains to be further investigated by the work in 1923. While Chief Davidson had not as yet been able to lay out any definite plans for next year's carrying on of the war, he stated that there will probably be a headquarters made at Revelstoke, in the white pine region, from which a vigorous campaign of eradication will be carried on.

Great as is the menace, and its defeat only possible by continual activity and the closest co-operation between Government workers and citizens, the reports from the western states where stand between \$225,000,000 and \$300,000,000 worth of pines are very cheering. Percy Spaulding of the Forest Pathology Service of the United States Government, gives his opinion as follows, in Bulletin 957, Department of Agriculture: "The western forests can be protected from pine blister rust for an indefinite period by rigid enforcement of the Mississippi Valley quarantine."

But it must be remembered by all citizens that a single shipment of diseased gooseberries, currants or pine, might undo all the attempts to restrict the disease from spreading from the east. The vigorous action of the State of Washington, and the close co-operation, speak well for the success of a fight upon which so much hangs in the way of the rich natural resources of the two nations.

It is a national situation of great importance, and it may be here noted in closing that the residents of the

eastern states are not behind in devoting time and money to still fight the disease in the badly infected regions. Space will not here permit a full citing of all cases, but the following will show the splendid spirit prevailing among the citizens: In New York State in 1919, the sum of \$10,000 was raised by personal subscriptions. In Massachusetts, \$1,057. In New Hampshire, 53 towns voted \$8,514 and 34 individuals and firms the splendid sum of \$2,053. No better example of the feeling of the people can be stated than giving the example of the State of New Hampshire. This state destroyed 21,171 bushes of cultivated currants and gooseberries belonging to 1,023 owners, yet out of all these people only three insisted on being compensated. With such a fighting spirit it seems impossible that the pine blister rust can prevail.

The accompanying photographs will give some little idea of this deadly menace which has swept from the Old World to the New with far reaching and destructive effect.

A real delight
to the appetite.



Satisfy
the Hunger.

56

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"ASK YOUR STATIONER FOR IT"

LAND'S END

Continued from page 34

"I know that, and I could bear the lean years. And I could keep pace with you as you advanced, not fall behind, as my poor mother did. It is all so unfair. The woman loses, the man gains. But don't talk about it any more, please. It is so distasteful to me. Tell me a story of your experiences, I love to hear them. It is all clean and wonderful, just like this big outdoors."

"Couldn't our love be clean and wonderful, too, Anita?"

She shook her head.

"I want never to hear of it again, I shall never be the same girl having known you, but it won't be love that has made the change."

"Perhaps not, Anita. But I don't think you have got down to bedrock, yet. Your depth of soul has never been plumbed. When that happens, when some shock greater than you have yet experienced, shall shake you, then you

can love. You will learn that love, too, is good and great. Without it, you will remain incomplete, adolescent, immature."

"Must I fall in love to be completed?"

"I think so. It seems to be our destiny, both for soul and body. But I won't talk about it any more, if you'll promise not to cry. I could never go away, if I wasn't satisfied that you were all right. Let me tell you why Rip hates panthers."

She listened to his tale of the panther hunt, in which Rip had been clawed, and he showed her the scars on the dog's belly. But she was restless and longed for him to be gone. She could not understand what had made her suddenly hysterical, nor why she wanted to be rid of Adam. Some new experience was hovering about her, and troubled her. She connected him with it, as in her former madness she had confused him with her hatred of discomfort and hardship.

Continued in April issue

Do We Want to Forget?

By Nellie L. McClung

HE looked very shabby and miserable in his faded overcoat, which was thin and threadbare, and the gleam in his eye indicated that his heart was hot with rebellion. I knew his story, and it was a hard luck one. The evil days of short crops and the scarcity of feed had depleted his finances, until he had to give up his farm, and come to the city to find employment.

He was fortunate enough in finding a job and, with the assistance of his wife, was beginning to save a little money, and already had begun to hope that they would be able to go back on the farm in the spring.

But he had a little grievance against society. His liberty was being curtailed in the matter of what he was allowed to drink, and being an old country man, he took it as a personal insult that the laws of this province should dare to dictate to him as to his personal actions. "If a fellow could even get a drink of beer," he mourned, "times would soon get better."

I tried to reason with him. What good would it do him, I urged, to spend part of his money on beer? He would have just so much less, I argued, and, besides, so much less able to grapple with his problems.

Then he explained.

"I know," he said, "I know all that, a drink of beer won't clothe, or feed, or warm me, but it would make me feel better, it would not make me less shabby, but it would make me forget I was shabby, it would make me feel that I did not care whether I was shabby or not."

Here we have the whole question spread before us. Drinking liquor does make men forget their troubles, and their responsibilities. It makes them forget they are shabby, and that their wives and children are shabby. It makes them forget their debts, and their obligations; it makes them forget everything that distinguishes man from the brute creation.

And if we want to produce men and women, devoid of conscience and sensibility, the surest way is to accede to the request of the liquor people to make liquor accessible. It may quiet labor disputes, and stop the agitation for better housing, and better laws. The people who are pleasantly warmed with liquor, dulled in brain and soul, with all critical sense gone, may dwell in a false and maudlin happiness while the spell lasts, but surely, surely we, who are in our sober senses will never try to build a nation on such a foundation of shifting sand.

We want men and women in these hard days, with keen insight, clear vision, and resolute will. We need them, as never before, for this is a crisis in the history of the world, when, perhaps, with all our care, we cannot prevent disaster.

The Manchester Guardian sadly says; "It may be that the evening of our civilization is upon us!" But even so, Let us be sober, diligent, watching. Let us not invite disaster!

The River in the Night

Oh you call this land a heaven and you say its joys are bliss

And you dare me to reveal a lovelier sight;
But thro' all is wondrous beauty there's a thing I sorely miss,

It's the music of the river in the night.

Oh, your rugs are oriental and your silver's richly carved

And the pillars of your home are marble white,

But the thing for which I'm longing and for which my soul is starved

Is the music of the river in the night.

Oh, the fare to you that's common would befit a kingly host

And your waking hours are filled with rare delight;

But there's something that I worship more than all the gold you boast,

It's the music of the river in the night.

Mable Lockhart.



Mount Robson, B.C. in Winter Garb—Courtesy Canadian National Rys.

The Meadow Lark

By Evangeline Hicks

You're the first brave bird when the snow is gone,
In the early Spring to sing your song,
You're the very last in the Autumn days
To leave us here when the nights are long.

Oh brave little heart you sing in the storm,
And your sweet love-song calls across the way,
When the days are bright with Summer cheer,
Or the lone sad hours at close of day.

In the Spring your song is full of the hope,
Of growing things and coming joys,
Of a love-nest built in the grasses tall
Far from harm and all that annoys

In the storm you sing of the sunlight bright,
That will be sure to shine again,
You always find joy in the darkest night,
And love shining out in the rain.

In glad summer days you sing to the young,
The message that life is dear,
You fill the dreariest path with hope,
Fill the darkest day with cheer.

When the torch of Autumn flames in the land,
You sing of the days gone by,
And the beautiful land you're flying through,
You leave us without a sigh.

"Keep To The Right."

"Keep to the Right" is the law of the road—
Make it a law of your moral code;
In whatso'er you determine to do,
Follow the road of the good and the true,
Follow and fear not. By day and by night,
Uphill and downhill; "keep to the right."

Doubt will assail you, temptation will woo—
"Keep to the right," for the right is the true;
Doubt is a traitor, temptation a shame,
A heart that is earnest, a life without blame,
Will rank far, far higher, in worth and renown,
Than the grandest of kings with his sceptre and crown.

"Keep to the right," in the journey of life,
There are crowding and jostling, trouble and strife;

The weak will succumb to the bold and the strong,
And many go under and many go wrong;
He will acquaint himself best for the fight
Who shirks not his duty and "keeps to the right."

"Keep to the right" and the right will keep you,
In touch and accord with the good and the true;
These are the best things in life after all—
They make it worth living, whatever befall,
And Death has no terrors when he comes in sight,
For the one who determines to "keep to the right."

A Wish

May life in gentle seasons flow
To woo thy wedded years,
And for thine eyes a pathway strow
Of joy undewed with tears.

Save those, like showers in summer given
To pearl the sun's bright eye,
So Love may arch her bow to Heaven
That else on earth might lie.

Dudley H. Anderson.

Makes Delicious Candy

FOR home-made candies, as for cooking and drinking, Carnation Milk is unsurpassed. Used in your own recipes or in the recipes given in the Carnation Cook Book, its results are sure. Carnation is pure cows' milk with about 60% of the water removed by evaporation, then sterilized in air-tight containers. Order it from your grocer—several tall (16 oz.) cans or a case of 48 cans. Write for Recipe Book.

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Carnation Milk

"From Contented Cows"



The label is red and white

Divinity Fudge—2½ cups sugar, ½ cup Carnation Milk, 1/3 cup water, ½ cup corn syrup, whites of 2 eggs. Put sugar, corn syrup, milk and water in a saucepan. Stir thoroughly. Place over fire; continue stirring until it begins to boil. Boil until it registers 255 degrees or until it forms a hard ball when tested in cold water. Remove from fire; let stand while beating the whites of eggs. Beat the eggs very stiff. Pour the syrup slowly over the beaten whites, beating constantly. Add nuts if desired.

Fudge—2 cups sugar, ½ cup Carnation Milk, 1/16 teaspoon cream of tartar, ½ cup water, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 squares unsweetened chocolate. Put sugar, Carnation Milk, water and cream of tartar in a saucepan. Stir thoroughly. Place on stove and boil slowly. When nearly done add chocolate and continue cooking until the candy forms a soft ball when dipped in cold water. Remove from fire. Let it partially cool, then stir vigorously. Turn into a greased pan.

You'll enjoy the other tested recipes given in the Carnation Cook Book just as much as the ten for candies. Write the Carnation Milk Products Co. Limited, Aylmer, Ont., for a free copy.

Spring Cleaning By Air Alone!



*The Royal method of
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*The Royal gets the
embedded dirt
from carpets*



*The Royal gets the dust
from mattresses*



*Clean ledges and corners
with Royal Attachments*



*The Royal
is the
only Cleaner
that will sweep
Hardwood
Floors
thoroughly*



*and even the
furnace room*

Let the ROYAL do your Spring Cleaning for you this year

There is no doubt about it—the modern housewife has a much easier time housecleaning than her grandmother used to have. There is now no need for a twice-a-year period of back-breaking drudgery for the wife and a house of turbulence and disorder for the husband and the rest of the family. For now thousands of homes are cleaned the "Royal" way by air. Air brought most of the dirt into the house—Air will take it out.

From Attic to Cellar

With the Royal Electric Cleaner you can clean from attic to cellar—easily—quickly—thoroughly. The dust—dirt—lint—fluff—all carried away by its powerful "by-air-alone" suction. You can clean everything with a Royal—rugs, carpets, upholstered furniture, draperies, mattresses, mouldings, hardwood floors. (Even the man of the house may take the dust from the furnace room floor with it.)

And then, afterwards, a daily run over carpets and floor surfaces with the Royal will keep your home spick and span. Keeping a house clean is less trouble than getting it clean by the old-fashioned house-keeping upheaval.

The Royal attachments are a wonderful convenience in Spring Cleaning

For reaching high places there is an extension tube. For cleaning over doors and windows or plate rail there is an "angle" piece and a brush by which to disturb the dust, which is then drawn into the tube by the Royal Powerful Suction. Then there is a Blower attachment,

which blows instead of draws; this is principally used for blowing under radiators, behind pianos, book cases; renovating furs, pillows, etc. Many women like to use this blower to dry out their hair after a shampoo. Royal attachments are simple and easily operated—they are very efficient and durable.

The Royal has many points of superiority

Of all electric cleaners it is easily supreme. It cleans by air alone and has no revolving brushes, belts or gears to get out of order. It is easiest to operate—is the most sanitary—it gets all the dirt—it saves your carpets—and gives most service per dollar of cost. It shouldn't be hard to decide why the Royal is best, for here are 10 only of its many points of superiority:

*Its light weight—only 11 pounds
Its extra wide nozzle—14 inches
Adjusts to any surface
Its dust tight bag
Has handiest switch
Large rubberoid wheels
Requires oil only 4 times a year
Has adequate attachments
Cleans by air alone—saves carpets
It is fully guaranteed.*



The Royal Man

In practically every community there is a Royal Man connected with a reliable retail store handling electrical appliances, who will be glad to explain the superiority of this new cleaning method. Without obligation on your part, he will be glad to clean a rug for you and let you judge for yourself the worth of the Royal. Write us and we will see that you are put in touch with the nearest Royal Man in your district. Fill in the coupon below.

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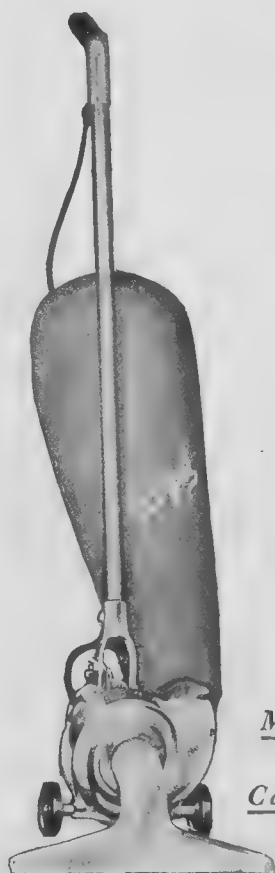
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Canada*

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RETAIL REPRESENTATIVES: There are numerous desirable opportunities for men of ability in capacity of Royal Men. Inquire of your local Royal dealer.
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Better Cookery

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FEEDING THE YOUNG CHILD

At the end of the first year baby should be having each day, about a quart of plain warm cow's milk, two or three tablespoons of strained mild fruit juice, the yolk of an egg, two or three tablespoonfuls of thoroughly cooked, strained cereal, and a piece of stale bread, crisp toast or biscuit to chew at least once a day. The fruit juice is to keep his bowels in order, and partly to supply iron, as the milk does not now afford sufficient. The cereal jelly is a good introduction to other foods requiring to be eaten with a spoon and tends to keep a good proportion between the protein and other fuel foods. Toast gives exercise for the jaws, helps later to develop good teeth, and teaches the important habit of mastication. No young child should be given any other food. Because he may be made violently ill by meat, etc., does not prove that he has not been injured. Even the perversion of his appetite is a serious matter. This is the proper time to teach him good habits. It is absolutely criminal to deprive a child of his right to a good digestive tract. No words can condemn too strongly the crime of giving children "tastes" of improper food at the table. No one expects a two-year old to use the intelligence or perform the duties of a twenty-five year old. Isn't it just as unreasonable to expect his poor little stomach to do the same work as that of an adult?

If a child is properly fed, the second year of his life should be less perilous than the first. Milk provides the nitrogen for cell and muscle building, the fat is essential to growth. The calcium and phosphorus and other ash supply is sufficient. Its ease of digestion insures utilization of all its valuable elements.

Cereals may now be given in the form of a jelly, which is made by cooking rolled oats, wheat, etc., slowly four or five hours as for ordinary breakfast food, then putting through a strainer. After two or three months, fine cereals may be given unstrained, then later, any well-cooked cereal. Thus the digestive tract is gradually trained to take care of solid food, and some indigestible material. Preference should be given to whole grains, in order to utilize their richer supply of ash. Oatmeal is particularly valuable, and may be used four or five times a week, unless it proves too laxative. All cereals should be carefully seasoned with salt, and served with milk or thin cream, but never with sugar.

The use of one egg yolk a day should

be continued, for the sake of its iron and phosphorus, but the white gives too much protein with the daily quart of milk.

Of the daily fruit juice, orange remains the staple, but gradually others mild in flavor, may be added to the diet, such as prune juice, baked or stewed apples strained, or ripe fresh peach. In trying new fruit juice, it is well to dilute it with water.

By the middle of the second year, the habit of thoroughly chewing dry hard breads should be well established. Children should not be permitted to discard crusts. At this time one green vegetable may be added to the daily diet. At first, two or three teaspoonfuls of some mild flavored vegetable, strained after cooking may be given, gradually increasing the amount, as it is found to agree with the child. Green vegetables are used for their ash constituents. Spinach, for the large amount of iron it contains, should be given first. Green pears, asparagus tips, young beets and carrots may all be used, if properly cooked and sifted. The pulp may be just salted, or a little cream may be added, or made into a soup with milk, thickened with a little flour. To recapitulate, the dietary of a two-year old child, should be built from—

Milk—the chief article. Well-cooked

years is 29 or 30 lbs.

A day's food plan for a child 1½ to 2 years.

6 a.m.—warm milk, 1 cup.

8 a.m.—Orange juice, or prune pulp, or baked apple pulp.

10 a.m.—Cereal jelly 2—3 tbs. Top milk for cereal, warm milk to drink ¾—1 cup, stale bread or dry toast 1—2 slices.

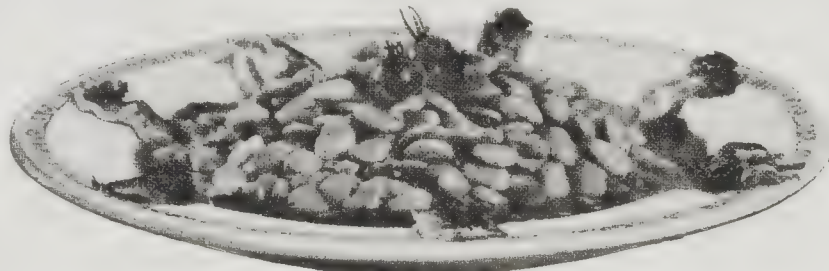
2 p.m.—Yolk of egg, stale bread or toast 1—2 slices, sifted spinach or peas 2—3 t., warm milk to drink, 1 cup.

5.30 p.m.—Cereal jelly, 2—3 tbs., top milk, stale bread 1—2 slices, milk to drink 1 cup.

Children three and four years old.

There should be no striking changes in the character of the foods yet. The child's interest in the flavor and appearance of his food increases considerably. First thought must now be given to varying the form of serving his meals. Variety of dishes will help somewhat.

The quart of milk a day is still the basis of the diet. The top may be used for cereals, part of it made into a simple pudding for dinner, or a soup, part of it used for supper as bread and milk, or milk toast. The remainder may be drunk from a glass or eaten with a spoon as rice pudding or a pretty pink junket. Thus we may have considerable variety



Lima Beans and Bacon

cereal—at first strained. Fruit juice or pulps—small amounts of a few kinds. Yolk of one egg a day. Vegetable pulp or juice—a few kinds. Stale bread or toast.

Greater variety than this is not at all wise, partly because it tempts the child to discard milk, partly because of endangering the digestion. Milk is absolutely necessary for the building of firm, thick bones, and real muscle, not a padding of fat and water. A big variety of food, particularly if sweet, or highly seasoned, is certain to result in a refusal of milk.

Very gradually must the alimentary canal be trained to a variety of foods. A child should learn very early that his food is as different from that of his elders, as are his clothes. No foolish whim should be allowed to control a child's food. Food needs of the body are governed by scientific laws. The adult responsible for the baby's welfare is the authority as to what he shall eat, and not the baby himself. Any person who offers food without permission to a small child—there is no word quite strong enough to describe him. An attack of indigestion may have very serious effects.

There should be four meals a day, water should often be offered between meals.

Frequent weighings will test a child's progress. The average weight at two

without changing the character of the food. One whole egg a day may now be used—perhaps as a dish for dinner, as omelet, or cooked with milk, or it may form the dessert as a custard or an egg-nog.

A well-cooked cereal should appear at least once a day. The proper cooking is exceedingly essential. Rice, corn meal, cornflakes, may often be given for supper. Use as much milk and cream as the child desires, but no sugar, as it blunts the appetite, and makes children tire of cereals sooner. Save the sugar for desserts.

Rather hard bread is still to be used.

Fruit should be given once a day. Mild fruits, thoroughly cooked, apple, stewed pears, baked banana, may be introduced, very little sugar is needed. A delicate green vegetable should be given once a day, mashed or chopped, instead of sifted. String beans, squash, stewed celery may be added to the former list. Raw or very strong vegetables are not desirable. Dried peas and beans may be used in soups. A liking for vegetables should be established at this time, by carefully preparing and serving them.

Baked potato and butter for the bread may now be introduced.

If at all possible, children under five should be fed by themselves, for several reasons. They are not tempted to cry for things they should not have, undivid-

ed attention can be given to the children. If necessary to serve them at the family table, they must be taught to pay no attention to the food eaten by older people.

The amounts required by the children will now vary considerably. If they are hungry offer plain bread or cereals and milk, never foods which will tempt the palate, between meals.

A day's food plan.

7 a.m.—Orange juice or other cereal topmilk, milk to drink, 1 cup, toast or dry bread 1—3 slices.

10.30 a.m.—Milk, 1 cup, bread and butter, 1 slice.

2 p.m.—Milk or milk soup with vegetable juice or pulp egg, soft cooked, green vegetable, spinach etc., 1—2 tbs., buttered stale bread or 1—2 slices plain custard, junket or cereal pudding ¼—2/3 cup.

5.30 p.m.—Bread and milk, or milk toast, or cereal and milk, mild cooked fruit as baked apple.

Children five and six years old.

Frequent weighing and measuring should be done all through childhood, for the purpose of comparison with tables of weight of normal children. If a child is up to standard in this respect, sleeps well, has firm flesh, is happy, has a reasonable appetite, we may be pretty sure that he is being properly nourished. Still there is little change in his diet, as the food materials essential to his growth have been introduced. Quantities, of course, are increased. Butter and potatoes and sugar are more freely used. Milk may be heated and flavored with malted milk, cocoa or cereal coffee, occasionally. For variety, small quantities may be added to the list of desserts. It is really another way of serving milk.

Cereals should still be served very freely, and without sugar. A handful of corn flakes, etc., may be given instead of bread if a child is hungry in the middle of the afternoon.



Junket with Whipped Cream

Raw fruits may now be cautiously introduced if perfectly ripe and free from skin and seeds. Dried fruits for supper are quite valuable.

A cream sauce served with the vegetable is a welcome variation. Bacon fat may be added to potatoes.

Continued on page 42

CLARK'S

TOMATO KETCHUP



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DOROTHY DALTON in "Dark Secrets" by Edmund Goulding Directed by Victor Fleming	ALICE BRADY in "The Leopardess" By Katharine Newlin Burt Directed by Henry Kolker Scenario by J. Clarkson Miller	WALTER HIERS in "Mr. Billings Spends His Dime" With Jacqueline Logan By Dana Burnett Directed by Wesley Ruggles Screen play by Albert Shelby LeVino
GLORIA SWANSON in "My American Wife" A Sam Wood Production by Monte M. Katterjohn, based on the story by Hector Turnbull	POLA NEGRI in A George Fitzmaurice Production "BELLA DONNA" Supported by Conway Tearle, Conrad Nagel and Lois Wilson By Robert Hichens Scenario by Ouida Bergere Presented by Hamilton Theatrical Corporation	A Herbert Brenon Production "THE RUSTLE OF SILK" With Betty Compson and Conway Tearle By Cosmo Hamilton Scenario by Ouida Bergere
CECIL B. DEMILLE'S Production "Adam's Rib" by Jeanie Macpherson With Milton Sills, Elliott Dexter, Theo- dore Kosloff, Anna Q. Nilsson and Pauline Garon	A William DeMille Production "GRUMPY" With Theodore Roberts, May McAvoy and Conrad Nagel By Horace Hodges and T. Wigney Percyval Screen play by Clara Beranger	"HOLLYWOOD" A James Cruze Production By Frank Condon Twenty-five stars in support
"Drums of Fate" With MARY MILES MINTER Supported by George Fawcett Adapted by Will M. Ritchey from "Sacrifice" by Stephen French Whitman Directed by Charles Maigne	"THE GO-GETTER" By Peter B. Kyne With Seena Owen, T. Roy Barnes Directed by E. H. Griffith Scenario by John Lynch A Cosmopolitan Production	THOMAS MEIGHAN in "White Heat" By R. J. Kirk, Directed by Victor Fleming Scenario by Percy Heath
JACK HOLT in "Nobody's Money" by William LeBaron Directed by Wallace Worsley Scenario by Beulah Marie Dix	GLORIA SWANSON in "Prodigal Daughters" Adapted by Monte M. Katterjohn From the story by Joseph Hocking A Sam Wood Production	AGNES AYRES in "Contraband" By Clarence Buddington Kelland Directed by Wesley Ruggles
A George Melford Production "JAVA HEAD" With Leatrice Joy, Jacqueline Logan, Raymond Hatton By Joseph Hergesheimer Scenario by Waldemar Young	A George Melford Production "YOU CAN'T FOOL YOUR WIFE" With Leatrice Joy, Nita Naldi, Lewi- Stone and Pauline Garon By Waldemar Young Suggested by Hector Turnbull	BETTY COMPSON in "The Woman With Four Faces" By Bayard Veiller A Herbert Brenon Production
BETTY COMPSON in "The White Flower" Story and direction by Julia Crawford Ivers	An Allan Dwan Production "The Glimpses of the Moon" With BEBE DANIELS and Nita Naldi By Edith Wharton Scenario by Edfrid Bingham and E. Lloyd Sheldon	GLORIA SWANSON in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" A Sam Wood Production From Charlton Andrews' adaptation of Alfred Savoir's play Scenario by Monte M. Katterjohn
MARION DAVIES in "Adam and Eva" Directed by Robert Vignola From the play by Guy Bolton and George Middleton Scenario by Luther Reed A Cosmopolitan Production	MARY MILES MINTER in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" With Antonio Moreno From the novel by John Fox, Jr. and the play by Eugene Walter Directed by Charles Maigne	A William deMille Production "ONLY 38" With Lois Wilson, May McAvoy, George Fawcett By A. E. Thomas Screen play by Clara Beranger
AGNES AYRES in "Racing Hearts" With Theodore Roberts and Richard Dix By Byron Morgan Directed by Paul Powell Scenario by Will M. Ritchey	ALICE BRADY in "The Snow Bride" By Sonya Levien and Julie Herne Directed by Henry Kolker	Bebe Daniels and Antonio Moreno in "The Exciters" By Martin Brown
A James Cruze Production "THE COVERED WAGON" By Emerson Hough Scenario by Jack Cunningham Paramount's great epic drama	JACK HOLT in "A Gentleman of Leisure" Directed by Joseph Henabery	WALTER HIERS in "Seventy-Five Cents an Hour" By Frank Condon Directed by Joseph Henabery
"THE Nth COMMANDMENT" By Fannie Hurst Directed by Frank Borzage Scenario by Frances Marion A Cosmopolitan Production		"CHILDREN OF JAZZ" With Nita Naldi, Jacqueline Logan Conrad Nagel and Robert Cain By Harold Brighouse An Al. Green Production
		DOROTHY DALTON in "Fog Bound" By Jack Bechdolt An Irvin Willat Production Scenario by E. Lloyd Sheldon
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FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
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NEW YORK CITY



The Unseen and the Human Mind

THE old notion that the savage was the freest of mankind is the reverse of the truth. Primitive man was, and is (for there are still vast numbers of human beings in the world who are so to be described) a slave, not indeed to a visible master, but to the past, to the spirits of his dead forefathers, believing himself to be surrounded by innumerable invisible presences to be appeased and innumerable mysterious dangers, to be warded off by rites and observances. In a word, primitive man was, and is, dominated by his superstitions, and it was not so much muscle and brawn, arrow and spear, which he feared, as the unseen. And there are survivals of this even among highly civilized people. That superstition is the most serious obstacle encountered in the work of bringing aid to, and endeavoring to better the conditions of life among, the people of Labrador is the statement made by Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, in his autobiography, "A Labrador Doctor." Dr. Grenfell makes that assertion of the white inhabitants of that bleak land, whose lives are so strenuous and full of hardship, as well as of the aboriginal natives. Those white inhabitants of Labrador are fisher folk of simple mind. Remote as they are from the main currents of the world's knowledge and thought, the belief in witches and hobgoblins, charms and amulets, is as common among them as it was common in every land under the sun only a few generations ago. One Labrador fisherman told Dr. Grenfell that he always cut his nails on a Monday, and believed that was why he never had "sea boils," an affliction not uncommon in that region. On stripping another for examination, Dr. Grenfell found that he was wearing a haddock's fin-bone hung round his neck, as a charm against rheumatism. The tying of a green worsted string around the waist is common in Labrador, as a safeguard against hemorrhage. And even here in the enlightened West, are there not many people who like to see the new moon over the right shoulder? And who of us does not know somebody who would not be any too well pleased to be one of a party of thirteen at table? Rare is the person who does not cherish some pet superstition, even while smiling at the superstitions of other people. They are an inheritance from the distant past of the human race. Survivals from a dim antiquity, they still find lodgment in the dark corners of the mind. That there is much that yet remains to be learned about the mind and its workings, especially in its subconscious regions, has become a commonplace nowadays.

The Search For Gold

THE distinguished Canadian scientist and explorer, J. B. Tyrrell, in his recent address before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, told of how Captain Martin Frobisher, one of the great English navigators of the time of Queen Elizabeth, sailed from London in 1576 in search of a Northwest Passage to Asia by way of Hudson Bay, and was driven by stress of weather into a bay on the east side of Baffin Island, known since as Frobisher Bay. From the shores of that bay he took back to England some specimens of a black rock, which an Italian alchemist in London named Agnello, found to contain gold. In 1577 several ships were fitted out and sent under command of Frobisher to secure more of that black rock. Frobisher recorded in his journal that "we found good stores of gold, to our thinking plainly to be seen, whereupon it was thought best to load here (in Frobisher Bay) than to seek further for better." He took back two hundred tons of the black rock to London. Most of it was stored in Bristol Castle, and the rest in the Tower of London. Queen Elizabeth commanded that four locks be placed upon that treasure, the keys of the locks to be handed over to Captain Frobisher, the Warden of the Tower and the Master of the Royal Mint. But the black rock was found to contain no gold. In the following year, Queen Elizabeth, besides other gifts and promises, bestowed on Frobisher a chain of gold, and sent him back to Frobisher Bay with fifteen ships. Much "ore" was brought back; but none of it was found to contain gold. For three centuries the scene of Frobisher's mining operations was unvisited. An American explorer, Captain C. F. Hall, found traces of them in 1862. Mr. Tyrrell thinks that the original black rock found by Frobisher may have belonged to the Keewatin or pre-Cambrian series, which is yielding such large quantities of gold in the Porcupine region in Ontario. It is this formation which geologists and mining engineers believe will make Canada the richest mining country in the world.

Unrewarded Public Benefactors

IN line with the suggestion which has been put forward more than once on this page of The Western Home Monthly, that Dr. Charles E. Saunders, of the Central Experimental Farm at Ottawa, to whom is due the development of Marquis wheat, should have the incalculable value of that service to Canada and to the world recognized fittingly by the Government of Canada, is the suggestion which Judge Locke, of Morden, has made publicly that the memory of A. P. Stevenson, of that town, who died recently, should be honored by a public memorial in recognition of the great and valuable work he did in promoting apple-growing in the West. The Toronto Globe, commending both suggestions earn-

The Philosopher

estly, says that there should be public recognition of the services of such men while they are living. Mr. Stevenson has passed away without such public recognition. True, he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had achieved results, which will be enduring; and he had the satisfaction, too, of knowing that his work was appreciated by all who are interested in the development of fruit trees suitable for the West. Dr. Saunders' work in developing Marquis wheat has meant many hundreds of millions of dollars to this country. He is a member of the civic service of the Dominion, with a salary small indeed in comparison with the value he has added to the wheat production of the West. Canada should deal liberally with such a man, who instead of accumulating a fortune for himself, has worked for the public advantage. Our country would be honoring itself in honoring him and making a liberal provision for him. What man is more justly entitled to be called a great man than one who does such a service as Dr. Saunders has done? Is he not one of our greatest Canadians? And what better title can a country have to greatness than it has in its great men? Truly it is not to Canada's credit that such a man has not been fittingly honored and rewarded by his fellow-countrymen as a public benefactor.

A Changing Order

THE old landed class in England is, as the Manchester Guardian expressed it, largely going out of business. War taxation has made it impossible, or exceedingly difficult, to carry on the business of being a rural landowner, without greatly increasing the rents of the tenants on the estate. The landowners are selling out, and putting into stocks and bonds the money they are receiving for their hereditary holdings. The purchasers are of the class described as "the newly-rich," British or American. These will be the new lords of the manors. They feel that nothing can give them dignity and social status as the holding of large, historic estates can. Costly clothes, jewels, big automobiles, living at the most expensive hotels, cruising on palatial steam yachts and other such ways of living luxuriously and displaying their wealth are imperfect means of arriving at social distinction, in comparison with owning historic country houses, with broad lands surrounding them, and becoming local magnates, in a position to dispense hospitality on a lavish scale. Though the new owner and his family are not to the manor, or the manner, born, many graces supposed to belong to long and lofty lineage may be acquired under the tuition of valets and butlers and ladies' maids and paid companions and social secretaries. A similar process has long been going on in regard to titles of honor. Ever since the beginning of the great developments of trade and commerce in the eighteenth century there began to be richer men outside the ranks of the old nobility than within them, the old hereditary caste, which had held its lands for twenty generations, found that the men who amassed millions in trade and commerce could not be prevented from becoming knights and baronets and lords. "Birth made terms with wealth," says the Manchester Guardian, "as was recognized by Pitt, when he declared the possession of a certain fortune to be an adequate ground for a title." The probability is that the rich will come into possession of many of the big estates and of titles as well, unless the progress of democratic development in Great Britain takes the course suggested by Arthur Henderson, and puts an end to the granting of titles. If this happens, it will not mean the downfall of the old nobility caste, but a barrier erected between that caste and newly acquired wealth—which that caste will probably show more and more readiness, as times goes on, to disregard by making alliances with wealth, after its newness has worn off.

"Isolation" No Longer Possible

AMONG all thinking people in the United States there is recognition of the basic, fundamental fact that the United States cannot any more than any other great country divorce itself from being concerned in the welfare of the world. No country can live unto itself alone, and wash its hands of its duties and responsibilities as one of the nations into which humanity is divided. Some plain facts about "isolation" from Europe for the United States were stated recently in a speech made in New York by Hon. Frank O. Lowden, formerly Governor of Illinois, who is a leading candidate for the Republican nomination for President in 1920. He made that speech immediately on returning from a visit to Europe. He began it by saying that the United States has not done its full duty since the armistice. He said that though the word "isolation" might be sweet

to many Americans, the United States, as a matter of fact, had not had isolation for a generation. He added: "If we are willing to pay the price, maybe we can get back our isolation. But let me tell you the price. It would be the reversion of 30 per cent. of our wheat fields and 20 per cent. of our corn field back to the native prairie land; 50 per cent. of the cotton fields of the South would go back to the original forest; we would close up a lot of copper mines; and we would have to revolutionize completely our commerce, if we would regain that isolation which we lost long ago." Ex-Governor Lowden cited many cases during the past twenty years of the United States participating in world affairs, and said it was no longer possible for the United States to hold aloof from its duties and responsibilities as a world power.

An Incident on Lake Winnipeg

THERE is a fine poem of Browning's which describes an actual incident in the Highlands of Scotland. A hunter who was making his way along a narrow ledge across the steep side of a mountain met a stag. There was not room for the stag to turn and go back. Forgetting its fear of humankind, the stag flattened itself as much as possible against the mountain side to make way for the man to pass; but room enough could not be made. Finally the man crept on his face and hands, and the stag carefully stepped over him. And then came the shameful ending of the incident. The man, having gone a certain distance, shot the stag, which tumbled in its death agony from the ledge to the valley below; it was only fear for his own safety that had kept him from shooting the noble animal when they were at close quarters. In words of burning indignation the poet denounces the man's disgraceful deed in so murdering a fellow-creature with whom he had shared peril of death. An incident on Lake Winnipeg last fall furnishes a case paralleling that stag's forgetting his fear of man; happily the parallel ends with that. The story is vouched for by Rev. E. R. C. Pritchard, a Winnipeg clergyman, in addition to the two other Winnipeggers, Alexander Brown and John Leggett, who were actors in it. The two were crossing the lake in a gasoline tug, when they saw two jumping deer, a buck and a doe, swimming and well nigh exhausted, especially the buck, which was only able to keep itself from drowning by resting its head on the doe's back. The two graceful, timid creatures came towards the men, instead of trying to escape, and allowed themselves to be taken aboard, where they lay on the deck exhausted, allowing their legs to be tied, which the men did for the sake of safety. The men decided to put the two animals ashore, and did so. The buck was still the more exhausted of the two. Possibly they had been hunted, possibly by wolves, and the buck had had the harder run for his life; whatever the reason, he was still unsteady on his legs when put ashore, but soon both animals made off. Truly, it was a happy incident, said Rev. Mr. Pritchard, and one which points definitely towards the philosophy of life. The two men who showed so fine and sympathetic a spirit in acting as they did towards those two timid and appealing wild creatures surely have a more beautiful and satisfying memory of what they did than the man had whose dastardly killing of the stag is related in Browning's poem.

What an Affliction Led To

THE recent death of the widow of Alexander Graham Bell has served as a fresh reminder of the heavy personal affliction which affected her whole life and the giving to the world of an inestimably great beneficent invention. Before her marriage Mrs. Bell was Miss Mabel Hubbard. An attack of scarlet fever which she suffered when a child of three left her stone deaf, and as the result of her deafness she became also mute. Alexander Graham Bell fell in love with her while he was teaching her the art of using her voice, by the method which he had devised. After they were married it became his ambition to have her hear through artificial diaphragms in her mouth and ears. His experiments in his efforts to realize that hope led to his invention of the telephone. A more or less similar story is true of many another contribution to scientific and industrial achievement. Necessity is always an affliction; and yet it has become an axiom that necessity is the mother of invention. Toil and earnest endeavor are essential for human happiness and human progress. The idler rusts out more rapidly than the worker wears out; and the idler, moreover, is denied the supreme joy of accomplishment. The impulse to work, to achieve, to search out truth, to find the way to a beneficent end, is inherent in all normal human beings. A compelling personal need has often proved immensely stimulating to endeavor, and has brought it rewards beyond measure. The life story of the widow of the great inventor who gave the world the telephone is not only a story of the devotion of Alexander Bell and his wife to each other by which they made their lives beautiful, but it also is the story of how the determined effort of the husband to remedy the affliction of muteness which had befallen his wife when she was a child, led him to the invention of one of the most marvellous devices in the whole history of human achievement.

In an Age of Science

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The Delicious Flavor is preserved.

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SEAL BRAND COFFEE

IS FIRST FAVORITE

Sold only in ½, 1 and 2 lb. airtight tins. Whole, ground or fine ground for Tricolor or Percolator use.

CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL.



BETTER COOKERY—Continued from page 38

Plain cookies or sponge cake may be served occasionally for dessert.

With milk and eggs, meat is unnecessary until after a child is seven. It is more liable to putrefaction in the intestines than any other protein food. It tends to replace milk in the diet. The stimulating extractives are not advisable for the delicate organism of a child's stomach.

Meals must be very regular. A day's dietary for a child of five and six.

7.30—Baked apple 1, oatmeal, etc., ½ cup, milk to drink, ¾ cup, toast, 2 slices, butter, ½ tb.

10.30 a. m.—Milk, ⅝ cup, soda crackers, 2.

12.30—Split pea soup, 3/5 cup, crou-tons, 2, spinach, ½ cup, bread, 2 slices, butter, ½ tb., stewed prunes, 6 small.

5.30 p. m.—Baked potatoes, 1, bread 2 slices, milk ¾ cup, creamy rice pud-ding, ½ cup.

Deficiency Diseases

Derangements of nutrition form a distinct and very large class of ailments in children.

Small children should be weighed very regularly, twice a week if there is difficulty of nutrition—in all cases, once a week during the first year. The first signs of failing nutrition will then become apparent. There are three groups of these derangements of nutrition—1. acute inanition. 2. malnutrition. 3. marasmus.

Inanition is a condition of starvation, which presupposes very feeble powers of digestion, and assimilation, and requires very careful treatment by a physician.

Cases of malnutrition are exceedingly common during the first year. It may be due to one of several causes—inherited weakness, improper feeding, lack

A little ingenuity will convert them into most delectable dishes.

Whenever possible, the can or jar should be opened at least an hour before serving, in order that the contents may aerate. The flavor will be better.

Save all juice from vegetables for soups or gravies, and avoid mashing the fruits or vegetables in removing them from the container.

Commercial canning has now reached such a state of perfection, that the finished product is almost equal to the fresh food.

The possibilities of canned foods, salads or desserts, are almost unlimited.

Croustardes

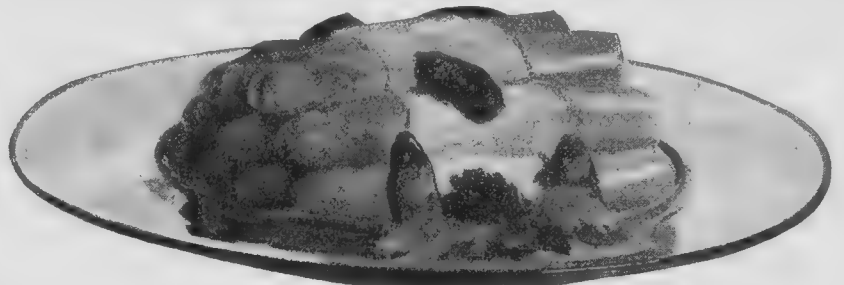
Cut bread in slices 1½ inches thick, and cut the slice in two, making oblongs. Trim off the crusts, and remove the centres, leaving walls and bottom 3/16 of an inch thick. Spread all over, inside and out, with softened butter, and brown in a very hot oven, or toast over the fire. Serve hot filled with creamed peas, asparagus, or carrots. If preferred, creamed fish, meat, or chicken may be used instead of vegetable. The children will enjoy these very attractive "bread baskets."

The bread removed from the centres may be used for buttered crumbs or dressing.

String Beans, Italian

1 medium onion	1 tb. butter or
½ t. salt	dripping
1 c. strained to-	½ t. pepper
mato.	aspk. of cayenne
1 t. sugar	1 pt. jar of string
1 t. butter	beans

Slice the onions very thin and cook till yellow in 1 tb. fat. Add the tomato and the seasonings. When the sauce begins to boil, add the string beans, and



Asparagus Salad

of fresh air, some previous disease. In older children if the weight and development are below normal, the muscles soft and flabby, nervous symptoms present, he needs attention. Digestion is very poor. The simplest, plainest foods should be given. Milk, meat, eggs, bread, fruit, cereals, should form the diet. Sweets, pastry, candy, nuts, tea, coffee, should be strictly forbidden. If the child will not eat plain, easily digested foods, he must not be allowed to have rich foods merely for the sake of getting him to eat something. Great care should be taken of all his habits—sleeping, playing, studying, etc.

Marasmus is the extreme form of malnutrition, seldom found outside of large cities.

Scurvy and rickets are due to a diet in which some essential element is lacking. In many cases children have been fed on prepared baby food or condensed milk or sterilized milk. A diet of modified cow's milk will result in a cure. Fresh fruit juice will make improvement more rapid. Even a potato puree will help with an eight or ten month's old child.

Rickets is due to a lack of fat in the diet, with an excess of some kind. A cure may be effected by changing the food, and adding fruit juices, beef juice, olive oil, cream or bacon fat.

THE POSSIBILITIES OF YOUR CANNED FOODS

Abbreviations

t. means tea-spoons; spk., means speck; tb., means table-spoons; pt., means pint; c., means cups; qt., means quart. All measurements are level.

When the winter fruits and vegetables are nearly gone, and the new ones are not yet on the market, or if they are, are too high in price, the homemaker resorts to her canned foods.

simmer for 15 minutes. Add another teaspoon of butter just before serving

Eggs in Spinach Cases

2 c. canned spin-	¼ t. pepper
ach	1 tb. butter
½ t. salt	eggs
paprika	

Heat the spinach, chop it very fine, and season with the salt, pepper and butter. Line the bottom and sides of buttered custard cups with it, leaving a deep indentation in the centre. Break an egg into each hollow, sprinkle with salt and paprika, and ½ t. butter. Set in a pan of hot water in a medium oven, till the eggs are set. Serve at once.

Asparagus With Cheese Sauce

Heat a can of asparagus. Place neatly on hot buttered toast, and over it pour hot cheese sauce, which is made to 1½ cups white sauce.

Stuffed Peppers With Creamed Dried Beef

Green peppers	Pepper
Corn	Butter
Salt	Dried beef
White sauce	

Allow ½ pepper to a serving. Remove the seeds and inner portion. Parboil for 10 minutes. Fill with canned corn, seasoned with salt and pepper, and ½ t. butter to each half pepper. Cover with buttered crumbs, bake in a moderate oven for 30 minutes.

Heat the required amount of dried beef, torn in small pieces, in white sauce. Pile on the middle of a hot platter, and arrange the peppers around it.

Peas in Potato Nests

Make round cakes about ½ inch thick, of seasoned mashed potatoes. Make a hollow in the centre of each by pressing into it a round bottomed cup. Fill

Table talks

By Mrs. Knox

Is Your Family Like Jack Sprat's?

PERHAPS May doesn't like fish, and Bobby is too fond of pies, and father won't eat certain vegetables. Most families are like that, and mother has certainly a hard time to please them all. But here are two of my dishes—a Dessert and a Salad—that have been unanimously voted delicious in thousands of American families. Perhaps your family will like them too.

Chocolate Sponge

Making Enough for Six People

1/2 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1/2 cup cold water 1/2 cupful of sugar
1/2 cupful boiling water 3 eggs
1 teaspoonful vanilla Few grains of salt
2 squares of chocolate or 6 tablespoons of cocoa

Soak gelatine in cold water until soft, then dissolve in boiling water. Add cocoa or melted chocolate. Beat egg-whites until stiff and add well-beaten egg yolks, one at a time, to the whites. Add sugar, then the dissolved gelatine, which has been beaten well. Beat and add flavoring. Pour into wet mold, chill and serve with whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk.

Fruit Salad Supreme

(Ten Servings)

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine.
1/2 cup of cold water 1/2 cup sugar
2 cups boiling water 3 cups fresh fruit
1/2 cup mild vinegar cut in small pieces.

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, and add boiling water, vinegar and sugar. Strain, and when mixture begins to stiffen, add fruit, using cherries, oranges, bananas, or cooked pineapple, alone or in combination. Turn into mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Remove from mold to nest of crisp lettuce leaves; accompany with mayonnaise or boiled salad dressing—Substitute vegetables for the fruit and you will have a delicious vegetable salad.

NOTE—By omitting the lettuce and salad dressing, this may be served as a dessert, and raspberry or other fruit juices may be used in place of the cold water to give a different flavor.

Free—150 Recipes

There are over 150 economical, easy-to-make, carefully explained recipes in Mrs. Knox's books. "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy." Free, if you will send your grocer's name and four cents in stamps to cover postage.

KNOX

SPARKLING GELATINE

Dept. K, 180 St. Paul Street W., Montreal

"ALWAYS the HIGHEST QUALITY"



BETTER COOKERY

Continued from page 42

the cavity with creamed peas and put in a hot oven till the potato is browned.

Corn Pudding

1 pt. corn 1 1/2 tb. butter
2 eggs 1 pt. milk
A spk. pepper

Mix all the ingredients together, turn into a buttered baking dish, and bake in a shallow oven till firm.

This makes a good supper dish.

Lima Beans With Bacon

Heat a can of lima beans, seasoned with salt, pepper and butter, pile on a platter and garnish with very thin slices of bacon, cooked till they curl.

Croquettes

Garnish salmon or tuna Croquettes with drained and seasoned heated peas.

Macedoine Salad

On a flat lettuce leaf arrange little heaps of any canned vegetable on hand. Asparagus, lima beans, green beans, diced beets, sliced carrots, corn, etc., being careful that the colors do not clash. Serve with a good cooked dressing. If the family will eat salad oil, the appearance is improved by marinating each kind of vegetable with French dressing.

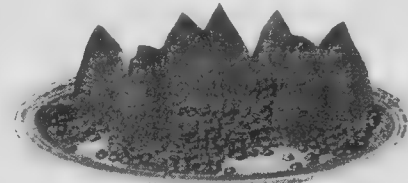
Asparagus Salad No. 1.

Pile pieces of asparagus on a lettuce leaf. Across each bundle lay a strip of pimento on a lettuce leaf. Across each bundle lay a strip of asparagus. Put a spoonful of dressing at one end of the bundle.

Dupont Salad

Lay a half canned pear in a head lettuce nest, cut side up. In the cavity place a ball of cream cheese rolled in chopped nuts.

Serve with cooked dressings.



Salmon Croquettes with green peas

Peach Baskets

Arrange half canned peaches, cut side up, on a bed of shredded lettuce or tender celery tops. Fill the centres with a salad made by mixing equal quantities of chopped apple and celery, with 1/4 as much chopped nuts, and moistened with salad dressing. Put a little dressing on top of each. Handles may be made by cutting thin strips of celery, and inserting both ends in the peaches.

Asparagus Salad No. 2

Arrange asparagus sticks on a lettuce leaf, put a spoonful of salad dressing over them and garnish with slices of sweet cucumber pickle.

Pineapple Salad.

Mix cubes of pineapple with grated cheese, pile on lettuce leaves, put a spoonful of dressing on each serving, and garnish with strips of pimiento.

Cherry Salad

Remove the pits from cherries. In each one place a nut meat. Arrange on beds of lettuce and serve with a spoonful of salad dressing.

Peach Cup

Place half a large canned peach in a sherbet-cup. Fill the cavity in the centre with a mixture of chopped raisins and nuts, and top with whipped cream or marshmallow cream.

Apricot Rice

Boil or steam the rice till soft but not broken. Pile in a dish lightly, arranging halves of canned apricots on top, with the cut side up. Serve apricot juice with it. Sliced peaches may be used in place of apricots.

Berries

Instead of cream and sugar, serve canned strawberries with blanc-mange.

Heat canned raspberries, and serve with cottage pudding instead of pudding sauce.



The Perfect Chocolate Cake and how to make it

DO YOU KNOW of anything more delicious than a good home-made chocolate layer cake? Here is one that is rich, delicate in flavor and not "sickishly sweet."

The secret in securing the rich, yet delicate flavor and fine, even texture of this perfect cake lies in the selection of the best materials, and above all a high-grade cream of tartar baking powder like Royal. This last item makes a big difference, because Royal contains none but wholesome ingredients. It raises the cake perfectly—contains no alum—leaves no bitter taste.

To make this perfect chocolate cake use this recipe—cut it out and paste it in your cook book.

CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE

1/2 cup butter or other shortening
1 cup sugar
1 egg
1 teaspoon vanilla extract

1 cup milk
1 3/4 cups flour
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1/4 teaspoon salt

Cream shortening well; add sugar gradually, beating well between each addition; add beaten egg, flavoring, one half the milk and mix well; add one half the flour which has been sifted with salt and baking powder; add remainder of milk, then remainder of flour, stirring well after each addition. Bake in three greased layer cake tins in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes.

FILLING

2 1/2 squares (2 1/2 oz.) unsweetened chocolate
3 tablespoons cream
1 egg yolk
3/4 cup powdered or confectioner's sugar
1 tablespoon cornstarch
1/8 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla extract

Save egg white for icing. Melt chocolate in top of double boiler; add cream and egg yolk; mix in sugar gradually; add cornstarch which has been mixed with a little cold water and cook, stirring constantly until smooth and thick; add salt and vanilla. Spread thickly between layers of cake.

ICING

1 unbeaten egg white
1 1/4 cups confectioner's sugar
1 teaspoon butter
1 tablespoon thin cream
1 1/2 squares (1 1/2 oz.) unsweetened chocolate

Melt chocolate; put egg white into shallow dish; add sugar gradually, beating with wire whip; add butter, melted chocolate and cream and beat well until of right consistency to spread.



Helpful Hints

Use level measurements for all materials. Save on the amount rather than the quality of the ingredients.

Use the very best vanilla and Royal Baking Powder, otherwise the delicate flavor and fine texture will be lost.

Cream the butter well before adding any sugar, and do all the hard beating at the beginning of the process.

Beat the egg yolks and whites together; this keeps the cake fresh longer.

Bread flour is intended; if pastry flour is used add about 1/4 cup more flour.

A few grains of salt added to the icing brings out the flavor of the chocolate.

Send for New Royal Cook Book -- It's Free

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.
12 St. Lawrence Blvd., Montreal, Que.

Continued on page 45



The Book of Ingersoll Recipes Free

Cream Cheese can be used in combination with so many other foods! Canadian people should take advantage of the fact that the *finest* cream cheese is produced right in the heart of their own country.

Oxford, Ontario, is famous as the home of good cheese. It is our richest dairy County, and the home of Ingersoll Cream Cheese.

Send for our Ingersoll Recipe Book. Try some of these prize recipes and prove for yourself what an appetizing and a wholesome basis Ingersoll Cream Cheese makes for delicious dishes any woman can prepare. The Ingersoll Packing Company, Limited, Ingersoll, Canada.

Ingersoll Cream Cheese

"Spreads Like Butter"

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HOME DOCTOR

The Transmission of Disease

THE study of epidemic diseases during the past quarter of a century has taught us much about how infectious diseases spread and how to keep them from spreading. People used to believe that epidemics spread through the air by miasma, as it was called. Night air especially was regarded as deadly, and contact by means of books or articles of clothing or the cargoes of ships was also thought to transmit disease.

Contact is certainly a means of spreading contagious diseases, but many diseases that were once regarded as contagious are no longer so considered, and the air carries infection only to a limited extent. Malaria, the very name of which means bad air, we now know is carried by mosquitoes, and the same is true of yellow fever. The infection of an ordinary cold or of influenza, pneumonia, tuberculosis and other affections of the respiratory passages can spread a short distance through the air when the person talks loudly, or splutters, coughs or sneezes but the infectious particles of moisture so sent out quickly settle to the ground or to the furniture, the walls or the clothing of persons near at hand.

Plague, another epidemic disease at one time believed to be spread by air, is now known to be transmitted by rats and the fleas of rats. Other diseases, like cholera and dysentery, are spread abroad chiefly through the agency of water. Typhoid fever is spread by food and drink, and the food may be contaminated in a variety of ways, chiefly by handling and by flies and other insects.

An important carrier of infection is the human hand. Think of the many things the fingers touch in the course of a day, and the number of times they are carried to the nose and mouth! Physicians always caution painters to wash their hands carefully before eating, and it is equally important for others to do so. The person who washes his hands thoroughly with soap and water before sitting down to a meal avoids contaminating the food with the microbes they have collected, and so avoids exposing both himself and his table companions to the danger of infection.

The Lungs and Manner of Breathing

GOOD air is one of the first essentials in physical and vocal exertion. No one can keep the body and mind vigorous for any great length of time in impure air. And the most impure air is that which is filled with the emanations from the human system. The lungs should be trained to free, full, and vigorous action. They are, so to speak, the very springs of vitality. The more immediate importance of the lungs in the animal economy will be brought to mind when we recollect that a person may live for days without food, but to deprive him of air, even for a few moments, is to deprive him of life itself. If our breathing is imperfect, all the functions of body and mind are impeded; in fact, the manner of breathing at any particular time is almost as good a test as the pulse itself of the general state of the system, physical and mental. One of the commonest faults in the use of the lungs is the habit of breathing, as it were, from their surface—not bringing sufficiently into play the costal and abdominal muscles. By watching the domestic animals—a horse or cow, for instance—we may learn a lesson in breathing. We perceive that there is very little motion near the more fore extremities, but the breath is impelled from the flanks. So should we have the main action at the waist. Any form of dress or belt, therefore, which constrains the base of the lungs, and presses upon the stomach and intestines, must do serious harm.

A Generation on the March

A GENERATION on the march from the cradle to the grave is an instructive spectacle, and we have it carefully presented to us in the report by Dr. Farr. Let us trace the physical fortune which any million of us may reasonably expect. The number, to begin with, is made up of 511,745 boys, and 488,255 girls—a disproportion which by-and-by will be redressed by the undue mortality of the boys, and will be reversed before the close of the strange, eventful history.

More than a quarter of these children will die before they are five years old—in exact numbers, 141,387 boys, and 121,795 girls. The two sexes are now nearly on a level. The next five years will be much less fatal. In the succeeding five years—from ten to fifteen—the mortality will be still further reduced. Indeed for both sexes this is the most healthful period of life; the death rate, however, is lower for boys than for girls. There will be some advance in deaths in the next five years, and still more in the five which follow, but 634,045 will certainly enter on their twenty-sixth year. Before the next ten years are at an end two-thirds of the women will have married. The deaths during that period will be 62,052, and of those no fewer than 27,134 will be by consumption. Between thirty-five and forty-five a still larger "death-toll" will be paid, and little more than half the original band—in exact numbers, 502,915—will enter on their forty-sixth year. Each succeeding decade, up to seventy-five, will now become more fatal, and the numbers will shrink terribly. At seventy-five only 161,124 will remain to be struck down, and of these 122,559 will have perished by the eighty-fifth year of the march. The 38,565 that remain will soon lay down their burdens; but 2,153 of them will struggle on to be ninety-five, and 223 to be 100 years old. Finally, in the 108th year of the course, the last solitary life will flicker out. Such, then, is the average lot of a million men and women.

A Household Danger

THE slight manner in which the arsenical colour is laid on wall-paper, shows how easily it may be detached and go its way to mingle with the general dust of the room. Indeed, the arsenic has actually been detected by chemical means, in the dust from the furniture of rooms hung with such paper. The possibilities of small quantities of arsenic entering the system accidentally must be apparent when we observe the extended use made of the arsenical colours. The green paper meets as everywhere—on the walls, on paper-boxes, labels, cards, tickets, stationery, paper lamp-shades, from which the arsenic is often volatilized by the heat of the lamp. I have perceived the characteristic odour of volatilized arsenic in lighting the gas with a wisp of arsenical letter paper. Such articles are constantly in the reach of children, and of adults, ignorant as children of the dangerous character of the articles they are handling. Who, knowing that a cake of emerald green—the favourite among all the colours—contains more than one-third of its weight of pure arsenic, would allow his children to use it unwarned? The use of green tarlatan in protecting chandeliers, picture frames, and mirror-frames, brings a dangerous article in the house. Not long since I saw, in a summer hotel, the dinner table protected, in the interval between meals, by a voluminous net of green tarlatan, from which the arsenical powder was sifting upon the cloth and into the dishes at every touch. Has the time not come when this broadcast sowing of a dangerous and often unknown poison should be in some manner arrested?

Seeing the Children Off

By Mrs. Greta Metcalfe

The highway gleams in a wash of gold,
The distance is rosy red,
And they kiss good-bye, but they keep
their eye
On the beckoning road ahead!
And they sing as the roadster picks up
speed,
Of the fortunes they're off to hunt,
For the heart is young, and the song
unsung,
And the glistening road in front.
They think it leads to a Fairy Land,
But they're likelier far to find
Dismay and doubt, as their hearts cry
out
For the mother they left behind!
They are bairnies small in a big, big
world.
Adventuring, side by side!
And so they roam—but they all come
home
To my arms that are open wide.

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Apron-Dress

Mail us to-day a money order for \$2.29 and you will receive post-paid by return mail this pretty and durable slip-over apron-dress, a bargain you're sure to appreciate.

The dress is made of good quality linen in dark blue, tan or lavender shades, with pockets and neck tabs trimmed in contrasting colors. Workmanship of best, dress is durable. Sizes 34-36 (Small), 38-40 (Medium), 42-44 (Large)

Write for "Bargain Bulletins" and see other dress bargains, for every member of the family.

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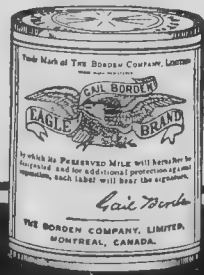
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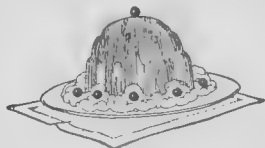
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Pineapple Mold



WHEN you're having company to dinner and want an especially good dessert, try this recipe. Pineapple Mold, made with Cox's Gelatine, is inexpensive—yet gives you a dessert that is distinctive and unusually delicious.



(Six to eight persons)

- 1 envelope Cox's Gelatine
- 1 can sliced pineapple
- Water
- 1 lemon
- 1 cup (½ pint) cream, whipped
- ½ cup (¼ lb.) sugar
- Preserved cherries

Chop fine about one-third of the pineapple. Into a saucepan pour the pineapple juice made up with water to 1½ cups, sprinkle in Gelatine, add sugar and lemon juice and dissolve gently over fire. Strain into a bowl and when cool, fold in cream. Pour into a wet mold. When firm, turn out onto the remaining slices of pineapple and serve decorated with cherries.

Cox's Gelatine is absolutely pure. It is unflavored and unsweetened. Use it in making jellies of all kinds—in preparing delightful desserts and salads, in soups and savories. Our little booklet of "Cox's Gelatine Recipes" will give you many helpful suggestions. Write for it to-day. It is free. Cut out and save this recipe.

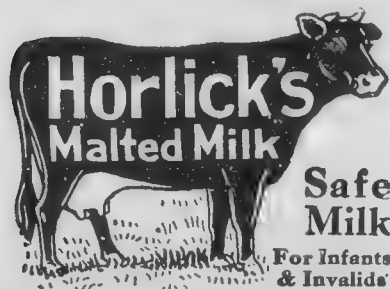
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BETTER COOKERY

Continued from page 43

REAL ART IN CORRECT FRYING

WHEN Soyer, the famous French chef, was in Canada about fifty years ago, he is said to have exclaimed: "What an extraordinary country! One hundred religions and only two ways of cooking an egg!" Times have changed since then. We have not fewer religions, we may have more, but our cooking of eggs is no longer limited to boiled and fried. In yet another respect we have changed; we can no longer afford to use eggs as freely as we did. In those days with eggs at fifteen cents a dozen, they were regarded in the light of a convenient extra that might be added to a meal, but not as being a meal itself. Now we think of eggs as a luxury, and when we have them, try to make them go as far as possible. An omelette is an excellent way of serving eggs, but many even good cooks fear to try it. One bugbear is the risk of omelette's sticking to the pan. This can be entirely obviated by using an enameled ware frying pan, the smooth porcelain surface of which makes the turning of the omelette easy. An easy and very good way to serve eggs is to scramble them with tomatoes. Put stewed or canned tomato in an enameled ware frying pan with a little butter. (Enameled ware is not affected by the fruit acids). If the family like onions add a spoonful of onion chopped fine. Beat the eggs together and add as soon as the tomato and onion are cooked through. Stir until done and add a dash of red pepper just before serving.

These enameled ware frying pans are very useful also where the articles to be cooked need slow, steady heat. A good substitute for meat is that delicious fall vegetable the egg plant. Cut it crosswise into thick slices. Put a large cup of water in the enameled ware frying pan and let the slices of egg plant cook slowly until entirely soft. Then pour off the water, put butter on the pan, sprinkle the egg plant with salt and pepper and cook until the slices are a rich brown. This will be found a great improvement on the more common way of dipping in egg and bread crumbs and frying in thin slices.

A New Dish From Panama

A RETURNED traveler from Central America brings this suggestion as a substitute for meat: Take good-sized onions and cut in thick slices, fry until they are a rich brown. Then add bananas cut in half, lengthwise, and cook together slowly. Use an enameled ware frying pan. The Guatemelans claim that this dish is every bit as nourishing as the beefsteak and onions beloved by the "Gringo."

The Orchard

I love the Orchard in Spring,
Summertime and Fall;
Yet in drear winter time
I love it best of all.

Springtime's more beautiful,
Then bird and blossom blending,
Music and sweet perfume,
All about are spending.

In Summer the apricots,
Among the leaves hang yellow,
Cherries red and ripe,
Luscious black and mellow.

In declining Autumn time,
The shadows closer creep,
Away between the rows,
Where golden pippins peep.

So, Winter the Autumn finds,
Stripped of wealth and splendour,
Then I love best of all,
The beauties that but slumber.

Patrick Devlin.

Mistress: "Mary, how is it that the eggs for breakfast are sometimes boiled soft and sometimes quite hard?" Mary: "Well, Mum, I'm sure I don't know. I puts them in regular as the clock strikes eight, and I takes them out without fail when I hears the down train go by."

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WORK FOR BUSY FINGERS

Marie Jacques

SOCKING is almost the most old-fashioned of all kinds of decorative needle-work. It came into being at a very early date, when women wore only one undergarment, called a smock....an ample, straight piece of linen, gathered round the neck by means of fancy stitches. Later on, smocking was much developed, and taken into use as a decoration for upper garments, and it has remained in favor ever since, especially for use on children's things.

It is, I suppose the prettiest and strongest manner of drawing up fullness into nice folds. The amount of fullness used may vary, according to the design of the smocking. For instance, No. 1 is a stitch for which very little fullness



Fig. 1

is needed, while No. 4 takes a good deal. Also, a thin material, such as silk, needs to be more pleated than a stout and stiff one, such as Holland. I should most strongly advise each worker to do just a tiny bit on a scrap of stuff, before beginning the main body of the work, in order to be quite sure what she is about.

The thread used should not be too fine. A good mercerised twist, or stout flourishing thread, is the right thing for ordinary wash goods, such as those of children's frocks or overalls. A nice smooth linen thread is good for fine

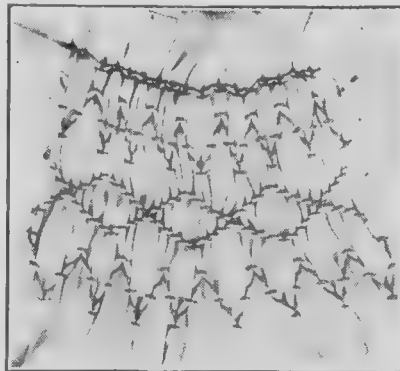


Fig. 2

underwear, while silk must always be worked in silk....a twist rather than a floss.

If the stuff that you use has lines or squares on it, you will not need to stamp a pattern, just gather according to the design in the stuff, and your gathering threads will be quite nice and straight. But if the stuff is plain, buy a plain smocking transfer, and iron it off at the wrong side of the material. If you were to put it at the right side, the dots would show under the stitches, and spoil the effect of the complete work. The gathering is done with ordinary sewing cotton.

Gather from dot to dot. Pull up the gathers, and fasten by tying the threads. Work at the right side. Don't make your stitches too tight, or the work will have no elasticity. When all is done, take out the tackings, and let the work fly open.

If it is necessary to make a seam, which will enter into the smocking, let it be a French seam, that is to say, one which is run first at the right side of the stuff, and then turned over and

run again at the wrong side. A run or felled seam does not fit neatly into gathers, however carefully it may be made.

Now, let us take the illustrations. No. 1 is the simplest, and, many people think, the prettiest, of all smocking stitches. It is very elastic, and very good for stiff and bulky stuffs, such as crash or velveteen.

Work from left to right. Start at the top. Catch the first and second

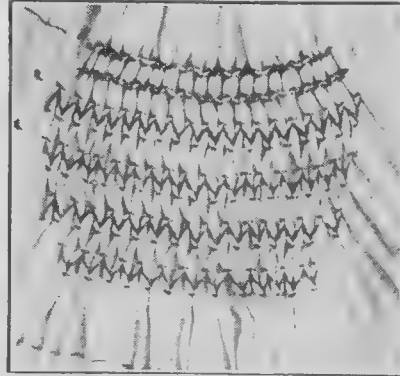


Fig. 3

pleats together on the line of the first gathering thread. Pass your needle down to the wrong side of the stuff, bring it up in the middle of the second pleat on the second gathering thread, and catch the second and third pleats together. Return to the first row, catch the third and fourth pleats together. Continue in this way till all your surface is covered, remembering that the connection stitches must always lie on the wrong side of the garment.

Allow $2\frac{1}{2}$ times the amount of material required, that is to say, if the

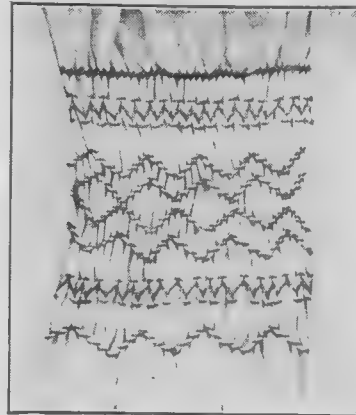


Fig. 4

smocked space, when finished, is to be $\frac{1}{4}$ yard wide, you must allow five-eighths of a yard of material at the start.

In No. 2, the thread is kept all the while on the surface, and the passage of it up and down, or straight along from one dot to another, makes the design. Allow the same amount of material as for No. 1.

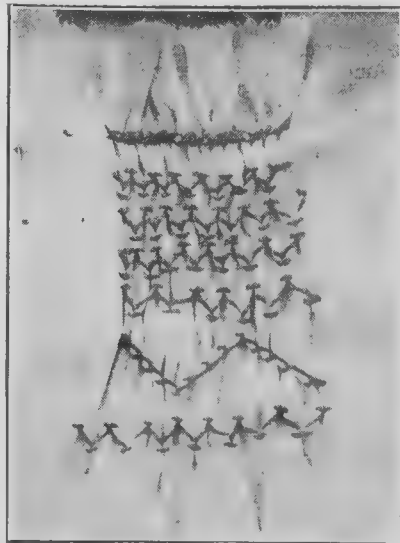
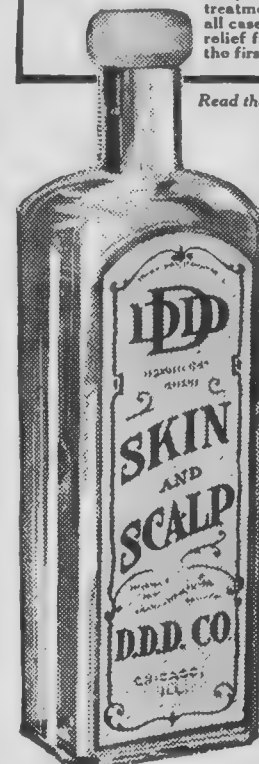


Fig. 5

Wash Away Skin Sores

Are you a sufferer from skin disease, ulcers, pimples, scales, crusts or eczema in any form? Do you long for that calm, cool sensation that comes when the itch is taken away? Then try D. D. D. Prescription, the soothing wash that gives instant relief the moment it is applied. Twenty-five years of success—thousands of letters from grateful patients recommend this doctors' prescription to you. Today its sale is enormous.

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Read these letters and judge for yourself.

Supervising nurse of one of our prominent institutions (name given on application) writes regarding one of her patients—"The disease had eaten her eyebrows away, her nose and face had become disfigured. Since the use of D. D. D. her eyebrows are growing, her nose and face have assumed their natural expression."

And Dr. E. B. Holmes, the well-known skin specialist, writes—"I am convinced that D. D. D. is as much a specific for eczema as is quinine for malaria."

And Dr. W. L. Randolph corroborates—"The treatment of skin diseases is known to be difficult. However, there is one remedy that is entirely dependable in these distressing and troublesome diseases. I refer to D. D. D."

Perhaps there is someone in your home—perhaps yourself—who has suffered for months or years with some form of Skin Disease. Perhaps you know of someone in your neighbor-

hood—an old friend, a growing child, or a tiny baby—and they have tried and tried to get rid of some skin trouble but without success.

Why not try D. D. D.? Thousands and thousands of people in every walk of life have done so, with the most gratifying results. Your druggist can supply D. D. D. Prescription; but if you do not wish to buy it before you try it, write us to send you a generous sample bottle of D. D. D., free of charge.

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Gentlemen: Please send me trial bottle of D. D. D. Prescription. I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing.

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No. 3 is a development of No. 2, with what is known as the Wave Stitch added to it. The wave stitch is very easy to do, for it remains always on the surface, passing over the pleats, up and down, in a slanting direction. Don't draw the pleats too closely. Work from left to right. Allow a little extra stuff, three times the amount, say, instead of 2½, because this stitch is less elastic than the former two.

No. 4 is yet another arrangement of the two stitches that you already know. But, as there is a good deal of wave in it, and as it is a pattern that gains from being set close, you should allow 4 times the required amount of material. I should recommend this design for silk or muslin, but not for anything heavy.

Nos. 5 and 6 both include feather-stitch, worked lengthwise, so that it holds the pleats. They are both excellent for soft wollen goods, nun's veilings, cashmere, etc.

When you are making a garment, it is a good plan to calculate for, and do the smocking first, and then to leave the tacking threads in place afterwards, while you finish off the making-up. If you take them out too soon, the pleats will get tumbled and the whole thing will lose its freshness.

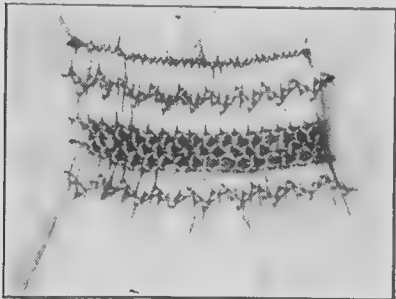


Fig. 6

Never press smocking, hold it stretched between the hands, and pass the iron over it at the wrong side, just as you do with velvet.

MAKING CLEANING AN ART

THE phrase "Making Cleaning an Art," may sound like placing household drudgery on the idealistic plan; nevertheless application of scientific knowledge and methods to cleaning tasks is creating the "Art of Cleaning." Successful art requires a fundamental understanding of materials, composition, and applied results.

In the rapid progress of scientific knowledge during the last score of years, development of easier methods of cleaning and the spread of knowledge about cleaning have kept pace with the many other applications of scientific information. Contributions to household efficiency and economy are always in the forefront when science's new discoveries are given practical application. Witness the electric appliances, the development of scientific food preparation, and all spread a thin slippery film through the the specialized knowledge and equipment which make for labor and money saving in home management. More and more, the job of housekeeping calls not for drudgery, but for executive ability.

Important chemical and physical reactions take place in many cleaning processes. The modern theory of soap action in laundering clothes is based on fabric and around the dirt which, by agitation, is then easily shaken out. To secure this action pure soap is necessary.

The character of water is another important factor. Hard water is hard because it contains mineral salts, such as lime and magnesia. These salts have an affinity for soap and will gather the property of soap and water to just so much soap necessary to neutralize them. Then they become inert, making insoluble soap which has no cleaning value.

In hard water, therefore, more soap is necessary in order to leave free soap for the cleaning work. Such products as sal soda have a greater affinity for these salts in hard water than has soap. Therefore, hard water that is softened first with sal soda will act practically as well as natural soft water in allowing the full soap value to be employed.

The chemical process in which lye is used is another well-known cleaning method. Lye has the action of saponifying grease. It is extremely powerful

and will attack fabric and destroy it. Its action is consuming of all surfaces like varnish and grease, and through that method eliminates the dirt. For a long time a combination of mild lye and soap was considered a good scrubbing preparation, because of the combined chemical action and soap action.

More recent years have seen the development of cleaning preparations for special uses, and important among them are cleansers for use in cleaning kitchen ware, sanitary ware, floors, and so on. They are strictly mechanical in their cleaning properties, and depend on abrasive action, rather than on the principle of washing with soap. As so much household cleaning is of the scouring kind, it is of real interest to note how science has again stepped in with an important contribution making for a saving of time and energy. Geologists have told us of a natural mineral found in very fine, white, flaky form, and of volcanic origin, which has been found to have natural and highly efficient cleansing properties. In prehistoric times, we are told, this mineral was erupted in volcanic regions as boiling hot foam-like masses of whitish rock. When it cooled, it remained as a fine, white, powdery substance.

SOME of the powder was blown about and drifted into low depressions; in such deposits it is generally found in thin ledges, usually mixed with sand or clay. Much of it fell or was blown on numerous small lakes, and settled on the bottom. The lakes dried up leaving deep deposits of the pure volcanic mineral.

It has been discovered that these mineral flakes possess cleansing gifts which are unusual and unique. They have a decided antipathy for dirt in any form—they chase dirt. They do it without scratching or marring. The flaky, ribbed particles lie flat and touch every portion of the surface to be cleaned, and in the process of cleaning, they break up into smaller flat flakes. This multiplies their effectiveness which simply means that they accomplish more with less effort than would cleansers of harder and more scratchy material.

All cleansers must have some abrasive material; and unfortunately some contain hard, jagged particles of ground-up rock or pumice. Such particles do a lot of scratching, and consequently are not so effective as cleansers. Much dirt is ground in to the surface by the action of those harsh abrasives, which spells more rapid deterioration of the surface itself, and new marks and scratches into which more dirt quickly works. So it becomes an increasingly difficult task to keep the surface spotlessly clean.

These facts just mentioned are convincingly shown by microscopic examination. The difference between the volcanic mineral and ordinary grit is very apparent; it is easy to see why the softer flat flakes are better adapted to making and keeping things clean with the least expenditure of time and effort. The particles are irregularly shaped and flat. Harder, more gritty particles are in the shape, roughly speaking, of cubes and diamonds, with sharp points which scratch the surface. These do not break up, and have, therefore, far less actual cleansing area. It is easy to see, too, how scratched surfaces would quickly result.

Comparative tests, made under magnifying glass, have shown how remarkably the mineral flakes clean without scratching. A few flakes were placed on a piece of glass, a little water added, and another piece of glass placed over it. The two pieces of glass were then rubbed lightly together. Careful examination now showed the two pieces of glass crystal clean without scratches. The same experiment made with ordinary gritty substance showed both glass surfaces badly scarred and gouged.

A further test made with rocky abrasive on a glass plate and rubbed with a towel, caused deep scratches across the glass. This would indicate what happens to aluminum ware, enamel, porcelain, and painted surfaces when harsh, inefficient cleansers are used. Not only is the cleaning process not effective and easy, but actual damage has been done to the surface.

Thus the volcano has made a really valuable contribution to household eco-

Continued on page 51



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While my Restorer is a perfect preparation which millions of users have found satisfactory, my laboratories recently made another important discovery. This discovery is in the form of a special preparatory powder, which acts as a tonic and antiseptic, putting your hair in perfect condition for the use of the Restorer. Henceforth a package of this powder will be packed in every carton of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer and a trial package is included in my special patented free trial outfit.

The action of this powder on the hair is so beneficial that I can hardly say enough about it. I consider it next in importance to the discovery and perfection of my Restorer itself.

Mail Coupon Today

Send today for the special patented Free Trial package, which contains a trial bottle of my Restorer and full instructions for making the convincing test on a single lock of hair. Indicate color of hair with X. Print name and address plainly. If possible, enclose a lock of your hair in your letter.

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OUR HOME MONTHLY FASHIONS-PATTERNS

Our thoughts turn lightly to the bright array of Spring Fashions.

There are smart jacket suits, some with brilliant vest effects, street dresses with new and pleasing features, lovely gowns for evening wear, elaborately trimmed and gracefully draped.

The styles still favor the uneven hem line, and front and side draperies.

Brilliant colors, new and endless variety of trimmings, smart godets, and pressed plaits. There is a wide choice of sleeves, some in graceful cape like effect reaching almost to the ankles.

The fabrics for sport are attractive and distinctive. The entire range of Spring dress material shows much that is new, lovely and becoming.

Soft colors and subdued shades mark many of the new fabrics.

The three piece suit is with us in new versions. The straight line unbelted coat is to be in vogue.

Contrast is the keynote of several pretty frocks and wraps. For instance a brocaded or figured material may be used for the skirt of a plain waist portion.

Some very recent models are shown with the back slender and close fitting. The effect is especially smart with a circular skirt.

The smartly dressed woman will chose straight line dresses for day wear reserving the flare and circular effects for "dressy" and evening wear.

In contrast to the straight-line coats is the three-quarter length coat, made with raglan shoulders and flaring lines. A convertible collar is the usual finish for this style of garment.

Among the tailored frocks, are some with narrow upright collars, on V shaped neck lines.

Unbelted "slip-on" over blouses are still popular, as well as blouses in jacket effect that are buttoned from the neck to the smart hip band that finishes them.

The new blouses are fitting models for the new figured silks, and for the new embroidered materials. Tie on blouses in materials of big patterns are much in vogue. These blouses are worn outside of the skirt, which is usually joined to an underbody.

One piece dresses show the blouse portions in printed silks or wash fabrics, and the lower portion of plain material.

For organdy and sheer cottons, a very pretty model is open from neck to hem over an underdress of the same material.

A pleasing combination for a spring suit would be dark blue and beige.

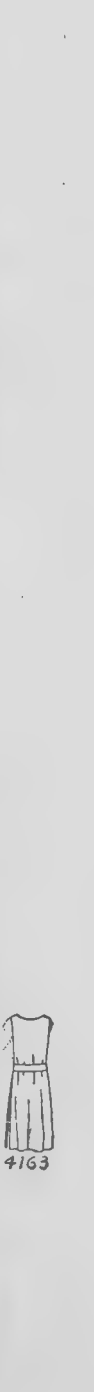
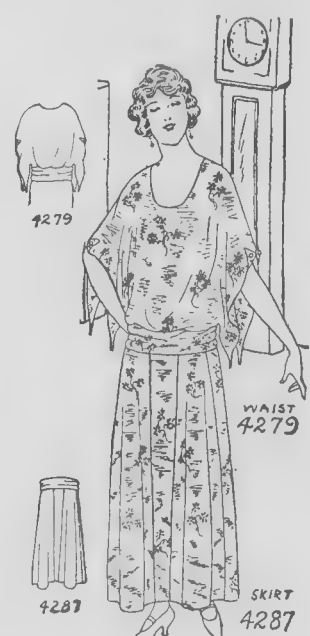
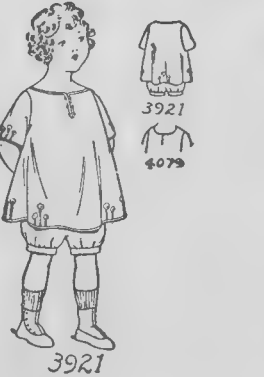
It will be a season of short jackets with some interesting bolero effects and short tie on cape models.

Godets and separate apron sections appear on the new skirts. New plait arrangements suggest a sort of sun-burst arrangement, with the front of the skirt flat, and the shape of the skirt in bell style.

Dark blue serge dresses brightly trimmed or finished with a girdle made of a knotted printed handkerchief are smart for day wear.

Taffeta will be used to some extent for unceremonious dresses for Spring, and later for plaited skirts, with short coats and organdy vests or blouses.

The circular skirt appears to have gained in popularity. Very effective is this style when the edge is stiffened with a corded casing or fold, or by a group of narrow frills, set over each other.



One of Fashions Favorites, 4272—Blue broadcloth, braided with black soutache would be good for this model. The style is also attractive for velvet, Canton crepe and taffeta.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54 inch material. The width at the foot is 3 yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Stylish Gown for Slender Figures, 4271—Black velvet and lace is here portrayed. This will be pretty in Canton crepe in the new "blistered" patterns, combined with satin or georgette. Figured silk too could be used in combination with chiffon or net.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18 year size requires $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40 inch material. To make the bertha of lace will require $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard, 10 inch wide. The width of the skirt at the foot is $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Pretty "Play" Garment, 4285—Linen, chambray, flannel or chintz could be used for this model. A simple finish of stitching or stitchery, or a binding in contrasting colors, would be very pleasing.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. A 4 year size requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Simple Frock for the Growing Girl, 4288—Blue wool jersey embroidered in colors, on green taffeta with pipings and vest in pongee in a natural shade will be pretty for this model.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. A 14 year size requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Practical Apron Model, 4268—Gingham was selected for this design, with white bias banding for a finish. Sateen, cretonne, chintz or crepe could be used with stitching or braid for trimming.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A New Version of a Popular Style, 4052—This attractive one piece frock of dotted voile is trimmed with organdy and finished with a "short and long" button hole stitch. Plait sections lend fullness, and simulate length to the lines of this model.

The width at the foot with plaits extended is a little more than two yards.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 5 yards of 40 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Comfortable Suit for the growing Boy, 4253—Wool jersey, serge, khaki, linen, drill and gingham are suitable for this style. One could have the blouse of linen or Madras and the knickerbockers of cloth or khaki. Corduroy too is an excellent material for the trousers.

The Pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10 year size requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard for the blouse and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard for the knickerbockers, of 36 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Youthful Style, 4079—Here is a new and very unique version of the one piece dress. Belt portions over which the tab extensions on front and back are fastened, hold the fullness gracefully at the sides. Added width is given to the skirt portion by plaits that form a panel over back and front. This is a good model for gingham, and also for the new tub silks in check and stripe patterns. Organdy or linen may be selected for trimming. The sleeve is cool and pretty in the short length, and in wrist length it is the latest style feature.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18 year size requires 5 yards of 32 inch material. The width of the dress at the foot with plaits extended is $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Dainty Party Frock, 3918—Very girlish and pleasing is this charming frock. It will lend itself nicely to a development in crepe de chine with a finish of picot, or of taffeta, net batiste or organdy. If desired the skirt may be made with a single tier and the sleeves finished without the ruffles.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10 year size requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Popular Model, 3921—Every "small" person likes comfort, and never more than at playtime. In this neat and simple play suit "fashion" has contrived to develop a practical garment. The smock and knickers are cut in one, so the garment stays "together," and is easy to adjust.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. A 2 year size will require $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36 inch material. Pongee, crash, linen, gingham, chintz and cretonne are nice for this style.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Popular Style, 4055—Charming in its simplicity is this one piece model. As here developed gingham and linen are combined with bands of a contrasting color. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. A 14 year size requires 4 yards of 32 inch material.

The width of the skirt at the foot is $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Gown with Stylish Features, 4279-4287—Figured silk is here portrayed. The model is also attractive for satin, taffeta, crepe weaves, and jersey. It is comprised of blouse 4279, and skirt 4287. The blouse is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt in 6 Sizes: 25, 27, 29, 31, 33 and 35 inches waist measure. To make the costume for a medium size will require $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40 inch material. The width of the skirt at the foot is $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

TWO separate patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 15c FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

A Model for Service and Protection, 4163—This "easy to make" apron model is nice in unbleached muslin with facings of contrasting material, or, in gingham, chintz or percale. The side seams are free below the hips, but if preferred may be closed their entire length.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 27 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Pleasing Version of a One Piece Dress, 4296—Novelty woollen, and serge are combined in this model. The style is also good for serge, jersey or wash materials.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10 year size requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 44 inch material. For collar, cuffs and vest of contrasting material, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 32 inches wide is required.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Negligee and Boudoir Cap, 4281—One could chose plain or figured crepe for the sack and the same material for the cap, or the cap could be of net, silk or lace, with any preferred decoration. Batiste, satin or silk as well as flannel or lawn, could also be used for the sack.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 32 inch material. The cap requires $\frac{1}{2}$ yard.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Pretty House or Porch Frock, 4270—Checked gingham in brown and white is here illustrated. It is trimmed with white pique. Figured voile or percale will also be good for this model. Taffeta, or tub silk would be very pleasing, with stitching or embroidery for trimming.

The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 32 inch material. The width of the skirt at the foot is $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards. To trim as illustrated requires $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

Continued on page 51



THE change in the way we think about corsets and their proper fitting is largely due to two influences.

The first is the invention of the Gossard Front Lacing Corset—the only corset scientifically designed to preserve a beautiful, natural figure line and the grace and elasticity of carriage that can come only from health, the heritage of youth.

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MOTHER'S SECTION

LET US LIVE WITH OUR CHILDREN

By Mrs. Nestor Noel

"LET us live with our children." These words were used as a motto by a good little magazine published more than a year ago. The magazine, I am sorry to say, is now extinct. While it lasted, it taught many salutary lessons and amongst others, it emphasized the fact that we should really live with our children.

Living does not simply mean to be under the same roof as they are. This may be the case, and yet our lives and those of our children can hardly be said to be lived together.

Look at the attitude of most parents. Their one desire seems to be that their children should attain the ages of six or seven, in order to be sent to school, and thus got out of the way! I have known several cases like this, and I remember one in particular. There were three children in that family, one boy and two girls. The mother remarked to me many times: "I will be glad when all the children are old enough to go to school; then I'll begin to enjoy myself!" A few years later she sent them to boarding schools and, as they only came home for the holidays, she considered herself free. Even during the holidays, she engaged a holiday governess for them, because "she did not want the trouble of looking after them." The children were certainly a small item in her life and she could not be said to "live with them" even though, three times a year, at regular intervals, she and they shared the same roof.

Some parents send their children to a day school and they only look forward to their return in order that they may bring in the wood or do the chores.

People who have to earn their own livings just look on their children as an asset to swell the family income. From the early age of seven, they give them impossible tasks about the house, never for the moment considering that they are robbing the children of their play. Were it not for the law, they would send them to work away from home. Fortunately for the children, this is impossible.

A GREAT deal is said against the prevalent habit of young girls going to dances and staying out until the small hours of the morning. I do not think they would be inclined to rush out to every ball game and dance, if they had had their share of play when younger.

If we lived with our children, sharing their interests and their thoughts, then when they returned from school, instead of loading them down with work, we should say: "I got through as much work as I could while you were away, so that we could have a good hour's play together, before supper." Another remark might be: "Now children, let us see if we can get over our work quickly so as to have time for a good game afterwards." Children whose mothers greet them this way do not loiter on their way back from school. Mother is not a hard taskmaster, but a real chum, and home is "HOME"—the best place in the world.

Play! Some mothers are so tired with work that they cannot think of such a thing. They imagine it makes them tired. Let me tell them here: "Play with your children is one of your greatest relaxations. It keeps you young. It helps you, for ever, to see the child's point of view. As long as you can do that, you need not fear that your children will have interests apart from you. As for love, how can you expect it when, the minute your children return from school, you just rush them off to work, give them their supper and then bundle them off to bed? Children so treated are impressed with the idea that all the grown-ups want of them is to load them down with work and then get them out of the way. If you do not show your children that you like their company, how can they believe that you love them?"

It seems to me that parents must find the afternoon lonely when their children are away: they must long for their return. I am sure I should! Luckily

for me, I do not have to send my child to school. We study, work and play together.

One day, a six-year-old came over to see my little girl, and when the game was arranged and she discovered that I was to play too, she opened her big, blue eyes in curiosity. It took her quite a time to realize that I wanted to join in the game. Evidently her mother never played with her! After the game started, she got reconciled to my playing, especially as I did so as heartily as she did herself.

In listening to the talk of children, we forget the petty worries of every day life. Children's talk is really interesting to those who love them; and mothers are supposed to love their children!

I CANNOT imagine how any woman can be bored by children. Children are never a bore to me. Of course, if you will not really live with them, play with them and read to them, you cannot find out what children are really like.

A normal woman generally has a craving for children. When she gets them, she thinks that she has the most wonderful gifts on earth. While they are tiny babies, she fusses about them, then, strange to say, when they emerge from babyhood to childhood, she seems to cease caring for them. I wonder why? A child is interesting at any age. Each year, as she develops and we watch her mind and her body grow, there is something to learn about her and from her too. If we will but observe we shall see that children, teach adults many lessons. They teach them unconsciously, of course, but the lessons are none the less real for all that.

Have you ever compared two women—the one who lives with children and the one who does not? The one who does not is often selfish and uninteresting. The one who does is generally unselfish—she has grown, gradually, to live for her children in such a way that there is no room for self. Even with other women, she is more sympathetic. When we have a stray ache or pain we naturally turn to the woman who has mothered several children. In the huge school of experience, she will have learnt something to suit our own particular case. This is more so than ever if she be the kind mother who lived with and for her children.

I knew a woman like this. When I saw her first, I almost took her for a grown-up sister—she had kept her youth so well by living her children's lives. She was most sympathetic. She was a real chum to her girls, anyone could see this as they walked off arm in arm, laughing and chatting exactly like friends.

The mother who wants her children to be really companionable as they grow older, and to have no secrets from her need not think she can get to this degree of intimacy with them if she is only interested in them as babies, then skips their childhood and wants to be one of them afterwards. She has lost valuable opportunities. She has lost the golden years of their childhood. She can never recover these, unless in exceptional cases.

It will be a sad thing for the mother later on if she discovers that her children have grown away from her. She may lament the fact then; but it will be too late. Those women who send their children away to boarding schools must often feel this way. A woman who did this, once remarked to me: "I do not understand my own children: they are almost like strangers to me. They have grown so different since they went away." I could have told her that it was her own fault: she did not try to hold them when young. I did not tell her this, of course. Instead, I tried to give her suggestions that might help bring her and her children together again. I cannot tell how far my plans worked as I lost sight of the woman; but to me she seemed much to be pitied.

People study the animals, the birds, the flowers, and the stars. I consider that the best and most interesting study

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MOTHER'S SECTION

Continued from page 50

in the world is the study of children. It matters not whether you live in the town or the country, you always have a chance (if you choose to take it) to study your children, and in doing so, to really live with them.

If you have no children of your own, there are always nieces and nephews or neighbor's children. You should live with children some time in every day. Think of the hundreds of children you could make happy, if you would only try.

Parents are the luckiest beings in the world, if they only knew it. They do not have to go into the highways and hedges to look for a little child. They have one or more of their very own. If only they realized how some childless women envy them!

"I can never go anywhere," said one woman to me. "I am so tied down by the children." She seemed to think she was to be pitied. She got no pity from me, I assure you. Lucky woman that she was.

Some people never know when they are well off. "I feel so dull," said another mother to me one day.

"Why do you not play with the children?" I asked. "No mother can be dull."

She raised her eyebrows in surprise. "I am too old for that sort of nonsense," she replied, stiffly.

"I am older than you," I expostulated, "and my little girl and I have glorious games together."

"I do not understand how you can enjoy yourself," she went on.

"There is no doubt that I do enjoy myself," I assured her. She looked bored. No one could interest her in children—and she had four of her own.

Children are much more intelligent than the average woman knows. She simply will not try to find out what they are like. There are some women who, on the approach of a child, hush their voices and say in whispers: "I'll tell you later on." I think these women must talk a great deal of scandal, otherwise, why need the conversation halt because a child comes near? As for business, we can talk this openly, in front of children. What they do not understand will not interest them, and business should be open and above board. We should never be ashamed of what we want to say—then we should not resent the presence of a child.

If we really live with our children, we shall find them very sympathetic, even when we are worried. I would not cloud their minds with worries, but to tell them gently that "mother is anxious today," helps to chase the "Blues" away. As my own little girl once said, a good game cheers us up. "Come, mother," she said. "Let us play together. The time will pass quickly and you'll forget your worries." This is true. Even if they are not quite forgotten, they are easier to bear when there is a child, like a ray of sunshine in the house.

When you feel depressed, you lucky women who have children, just think how much worse it is for those child-loving women who have them not. Live with your children in reality. Go back to your own childhood and think the thoughts and dream the glorious dreams of childhood. There is no medicine as good as a game of ball with your children. There is no cloud so dark but that a child's presence will not lighten it, and there is no joy which is not heightened by sharing it with your children.

The Haunt of the Deer

I have seen Beauty walking in the green woodlands,
In the early Spring when the trees are all aflame,
And o'er the hills and the lonely purple moorlands,
Birds are calling in the dusk, and delight is felt half-pain.

I have seen the shy wild-deer threading through the forest,
Flitting through dim glen and through fairy woodland glade,
Seen through latticed branches in the purple gleaming west,
Sunset in its crimson splendour, joy that cannot fade.

S. J. Looker.

MAKING CLEANING AN ART

Continued from page 47

mony and cleanliness. The mineral flakes are effective removers of dirt; they multiply as they work, and by so doing, increase their own effectiveness. They help preserve utensils, painted surfaces, and all equipment which they keep clean, by removing dirt without scratching and marring. Scratches and gouges thus paving the way for more damage—rapid deterioration.

The flakes are quite as effective, too, for human skin; they clean the dirt off without roughening. In cleaning marble which soap discolors, the flakes are especially valuable.

Any housewife knows the many advantages of an efficient, economical soft cleanser; and the uses to which a cleanser can be put are numerous, indeed. In the kitchen, bathroom, or windows, walls, floors, woodwork, for all metal ware and fixtures and cutlery—uses are almost unlimited. Even the baby's bottle would find the flakes a stout ally of cleanliness.

So look to the character of your cleanser. You may insist on having these mineral flakes working for you.

Anemones

There's a little wood at home,

Where no old things ever grew,
And when the leaves are very small
The sunlight dances through.

Anemones awaken

Then, like snowflakes on the grass,
And blush the very softest pink
When little breezes pass.

There, winding through the flowers,
Is a pathway, scarcely traced,
By grasses and the slender stems
Less closely interlaced.

There's a silver, singing stream
That goes laughing down one side;
The wavelets leap to gaze upon
The fairest spot they've spied.

S. J. Looker.

FASHIONS

Continued from page 49



A Popular Model, 3882—The work dress that is "easy" to adjust, and simple in construction is a ready time and labor saver. The model has pleasing lines and is good for slim or stout figures.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 5 yards of 36 inch material. The width at the foot is about 2 yards. Percale or gingham would be attractive for this style.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Popular Style, 3930—Here is ease and convenience for the "little" person and quite the latest fashion whim—to "wrap" your dress about you and go about it without "mussing up your hair." The basket pockets will be attractive, and are useful too. This style is good for repp, linen or gingham. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6 year size requires 3½ yards of 32 inch material.

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—no matter how many times you have said that you could never learn to sew at home.

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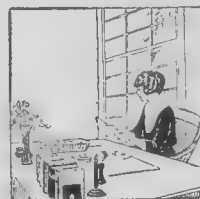
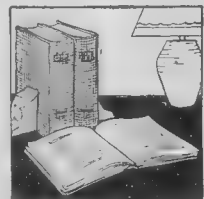
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"I Had Bilious Attacks and Stomach Weakness"



Mrs. Wm. Robinson, Yonker, Sask., writes:

"I suffered from stomach and liver trouble, and used to have bilious attacks so bad that I could do nothing for weeks at a time. My stomach would be so weak that not even a drink of water would stay on it. On my sister's advice, I began to use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and must say that they have made me feel like a new woman."

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS

One pill a dose, 25 Cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

The West's - - Favorite Offer

THE FREE PRESS PRAIRIE FARMER For One Year

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY For One Year

and

A STAMPED SIX-PIECE LUNCHEON SET - - - for \$1.25

The Western Home Monthly and Free Press Prairie Farmer clubbing offer is easily the most popular in the West, and we anticipate that the number of readers who take advantage of the big bargain this year will exceed all former figures.

USE THIS COUPON

Date.....

WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Winnipeg.

I enclose \$1.25, for which please send me The Free Press Prairie Farmer for one year, The Western Home Monthly for one year, and Stamped Luncheon Set.

Name.....

Address.....

Don't Throw Away Your Combing!

Send them to us and we will make them up in a switch for you for \$3.00.

We carry a full line of hair goods.

Write for Prices.

Parisian Hairdressing & Beauty Parlors
Clarendon Building, Winnipeg (Opposite Eaton's)

CORRESPONDENCE

A Radio Fan

Dear Editor and Readers:

It is a long time since I wrote to the W. H. M. correspondence page, but really I have been so taken up in listening to the Radio that I have completely forgotten correspondence. I still read all letters through, but I see no mention of this great, new, wonderful invention. It is almost impossible to believe unless you really "listen in." We hear the grandest music and it is great for dancing to. Have any of you tried it yet? My brother has a De Forest and we are in the bush country, nothing else, but when listening in, we have heard the following stations:—Winnipeg Free Press; Regina; Calgary Herald, and W. W. Grant, Calgary; Havana, Cuba; Detroit; Kansas City; Fort Worth; Honolulu; New York; Chicago; Vancouver; Seattle; Davenport; Mexico; Dallas, Texas. We are members of the wonderful Night Hawk Club of Kansas City. Shall be glad to hear from any Radio fans.

Do any of the lady members of the Correspondence Page wish to exchange crochet or tatting patterns? I will be glad to hear from any who care to write. I will use my old pen name.

Kentish Hop.

Wants Words of The Life Boat

Dear Editor and Readers:

I have been reading The Western Home Monthly for years, and like it very much. What tempted me to write was Mabel's letter as I do dressmaking for myself and sisters too, and I hope to make it my profession some day. If any of the readers are professional dressmakers I would like to hear from them. I am very fond of fancy work, music and reading and skating.

I liked Pollyana's letter, but I don't agree with "X" and "Jazz Baby," that country life is too monotonous and every day the same. I live in the country and enjoy myself very much as I live close to the lake and do skating in winter and go boating in summer. I pity "A Flapper," and hope she will like country life when she is more used to it or in spring when everything is green and the birds come back. Could any of the readers send me the words of "The Life Boat?" I would be pleased to have them.

I believe I have written enough for a first attempt and wishing everybody the best of luck, I am,

Annette.

The Tractor for Field Work

Dear Editor and Readers:

The Correspondence Page is a source of enjoyment to the bachelor. I am not a subscriber, but my brother is, and he passes the W. H. M. on to me. I would like to say that I don't quite agree with Holster Pete in all his argument on horses vs. tractors. I will say that cars and trucks are fast replacing the horse. In the cities the horse is almost gone and motor trucks have taken their place. Cars have taken the place of the driving horse and tractors the place of horse power. Of course, I agree, the horse will never vanish completely. Careful years of breeding have made the horse what it is. In the early days the horse was a treacherous beast, could not be depended on as much as a tractor in its infancy, but inventors can improve the tractor to be a dependable machine. As you say the horse is often a companion to the farmer, but I say the farmer is lost without a good tractor on his farm. There is nothing better than a tractor when those hot July days come and you have a big field to summerfallow. I have both tractor and horses on my farm, but I prefer the tractor for field work.

I was very much interested in the way Mabel suggested a way for the girls to pass their idle hours. Idle hands are always in mischief. The bachelor if on the farm could mend his harness and on

nice days repair implements. This is the way I spend my idle winter hours and I find no time to get lonesome.

I would like to hear from some of the readers, especially some of the young girls.

Jack.

Words for Perfect Day Wanted

Dear Editor and Readers:

We have taken the paper for a good many years now and can well remember the time when the correspondence page was quite a bit larger than it is now.

Come on now, members, it is up to us to build up the page. For my part I would like to see one or two songs, and would like to obtain the words of "A Perfect Day." I wonder if the editor or some kind member will oblige. If it appeared on the page, others would be benefited as well as myself.

Mabel's letter on dressmaking prompted me to write and I think every girl should be able to make her own clothes whether necessary or not.

Hoping to see more letters on the page in future and wishing all the the best of luck,

Ivy

Medico is Lonely

Dear Editor and Readers:

I have long been a reader of your valuable paper. I must say that I find the correspondence page very interesting.

I was born and brought up on a farm, but am at present attending college, taking up the study of medicine. I find the work very interesting and take an active part in the student's organizations here. I have had the position of president of two organizations for the past three years. However, the school work gets tiresome at times and I would like very much if some college girl or other young lady would write to me. I am rather bashful but have a strong feeling for the supersex.

Hoping for some replies to this letter, I am,

Magnus Puer.

A Teacher Soon

Dear Editor and Readers:

I am going to try and enter your interesting page. I am only a flapper still going to school, and not quite sixteen, but I think I am a little too old for the Children's Cosy Corner. I like reading the letters and would like to get a few letters from any boys and girls who write to the page.

I see that Steve wants to know why the teachers don't write. I think it would be nice if they wrote more often. I'll be a school teacher in two more years.

I can sympathise with the bachelors for I have often had to be chief cook and bottle washer for two or three months at a time and go to school too. Still there is great fun sometimes trying new recipes, especially where there are two.

Like most readers, I like dancing, skating, and reading, but I also like horse riding. I ride to school 3½ miles, quite often. I live in the country and pass the time away by having parties, dances, etc. Of course, in the country, we all like square dances, and I would be very glad if any of the readers who know the words to some good square dances, would send them to me.

I have never lived in the city so I can't say which I think better, but have always lived on the farm in Southern Saskatchewan.

My letter is now getting long and therefore I will close. My address is with the editor.

Bashful Fifteen.

Mabel on Dressmaking is Popular

Dear Editor and Readers:

Just a line from a lonely bachelor hoping it will have the desired effect of gaining a correspondent or perhaps two.

I have just read the letter on the correspondence page from "Mabel" on

Continued on page 55



Children's Cosy Corner

Conducted by Bobby Burke
"In Reading There Is Knowledge"

SOMETHING TO LEARN

Poor Henry

Thick in its glass
The physic stands,
Poor Henry lifts
Distracted hands;
His rounded cheek wans
In the candlelight,
To smell that smell!
To see that sight!

Finger and thumb
Cling his small nose,
A gurgle, a gasp,
And down it goes;
Scowls Henry now;
But mark that cheek,
Sleek with the bloom
Of health next week!

Walter De La Mare.

March

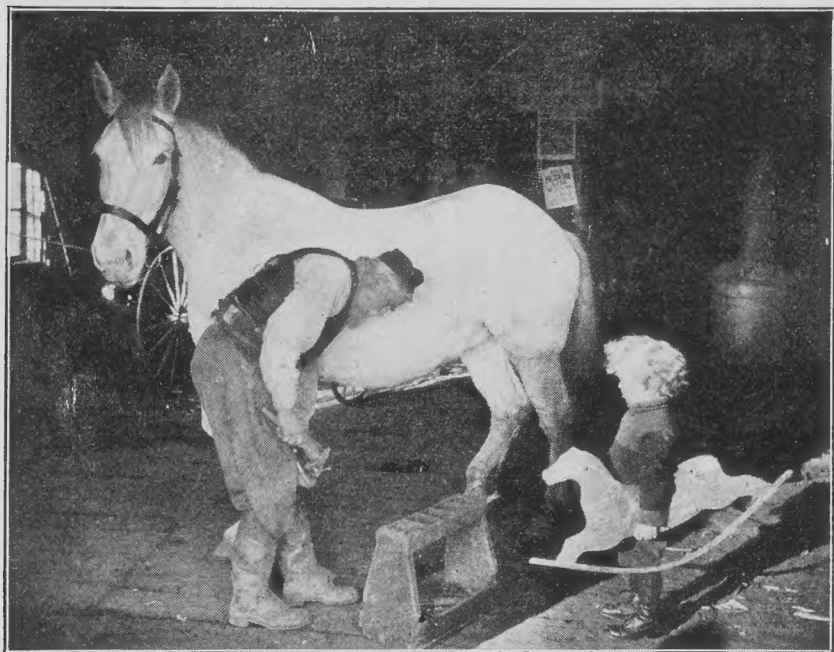
March! March! March! they will hurry
Forth at the wild bugle sound.
Blossoms and birds in a flurry!
Fluttering all over the ground.

must be wide awake to prevent goals being made.

If the football is blown off the side it is put in play again opposite the place where it left the field.

If the football is forced by either side past the goal line of the other a touchdown is scored. This counts six. After the touchdown a free blow from the middle of the table is allowed the side making the touchdown. One puff is allowed to the player attempting the goal. If the football is blown between the goals an additional count of one is scored. The game may require much skill and alertness, and if you think you have good strong lungs here is a way to prove.

A good outdoor egg game may be played this way. Choose sides. Each side has the same number of eggs differently colored. They may be candy eggs or hard boiled hens' eggs. Get two grown up people to hide these eggs. At a signal the two sides set about hunting the eggs. The side finding the larger number within a certain set time wins. The game is made even more exciting if those who hide the eggs provide each



Studying operations

Hang out your flags birch and willow!
Shake out your red tassels, larch!
Up blades of grass from your pillow!
Hear who is calling you—March!

Lucy Larcom.

SOMETHING YOU WANT TO DO

Play Egg Shell Football

YOUR parents won't be afraid of your getting hurt in the game nor object to your playing it in the house. And you will not be tempted to fall on the ball, nor kick it, nor to tackle the player. But it is a good hot game just the same.

The "football" is an egg shell from which the contents have been blown. To blow an egg you make a small hole in each end with a needle, and then putting your lips firmly at the large end of the egg blow as hard as you can and force the white and yolk out at the other end. The empty shell may be made more durable by pasting pieces of paper over the holes.

The field is a dining room table from which everything has been cleared. The larger the table the better. Goals may be made by setting up books or by fastening long hat pins in the cracks of the table. The 'goal posts' should be pretty wide apart.

Sides are chosen. As many may play as can get comfortably about the table.

The egg shell is placed in the middle of the field as in football. At a signal the players try to blow the football towards their opponent's goal. The egg shell is so light it is easily forced back and forth over the field, and each side

side with a map suggesting the whereabouts of the hidden treasure.

SOMETHING RECEIVED

6666 Butler St., Joyce Rd. P.O.,
S. Vancouver, B.C.

Jan. 3, 1923.

Dear Bobby Burke:

Have you enough room for another member in your "Cosy Corner?" I would like to join it as it is very interesting. If I can belong to your club I will try to write a little story sometime.

I am nine years old and I go to Carleton School here. The children would like to get a gymnasium up. So we held a bazaar in the school and made \$5.00 on it although it was a very wet day.

Well, I must close now, with best wishes for your club.

Yours truly, James Green.

Dear Bobby Burke:

This the first time I have written to your corner. I am in the habit of reading the letters, so I thought I would write. I enclose some riddles: Q—Niddy, noddly two heads and one body?—A. wheelbarrow. What is as round as the sun and has a tail?—A frying pan. What is the smallest bridge in the world?—The bridge of your nose. I think the Western Home Monthly very interesting. Well, I will close for this time. Wishing Bobby Burke and his corner every success, I remain

Emelia Cormack, Hazelbank Farm, Rossburn, Man., (age 12)

Continued on page 54

When Baby comes



BABY HINCE
whose mother took Virol regularly during the waiting period. She was thus able to breast-feed him for eleven months without feeling any exhaustion.

IN that wonderful moment when his little hand first clutches his mother, will baby be full of splendid life?

So much depends upon Mother's health in the waiting days. That is why Doctors all over the world advise expectant mothers to take Virol—the food that builds up, the food that delicate mothers can digest and profit by, and hand on that profit to the coming child. Virol supplies just those vital elements of Food which both she and Baby especially need.

VIROL

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Accept only an "unbroken package" of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin," which contains directions and dose worked out by physicians during 22 years and proved safe by millions for

Colds	Headache	Rheumatism
Toothache	Neuralgia	Neuritis
Earache	Lumbago	Pain, Pain

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists. Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Mono-aceticacidester of Salicylicacid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

CHILDREN'S COSY CORNER—Continued from page 53

Our Prize Winners

For the January story, "A Christmas Fairy Story," we received nicely written, interesting stories, but they were not fairy stories, so I am afraid we cannot award a button to any of them.

For the February competition there were two calendars worthy of gold buttons, and these were drawn by Hazel Wadell, of Midnapore, Alta., and Evelyn Moore of Carnduff.

Now before we give the new competitions I must scold you, just a little short scolding. Boys and girls, do try and be neater about your work. We want your best and neatest work, and for that there will always be a reward—but for the other—the office waste paper basket opens its mouth wide, and I fill it!

For April. Now all of you pick up your pens and write a nice letter to Bobby Burke, and answer these questions. There will be a dozen new pencils for the best letter, and a gold membership button. If there are two very good letters, each writer will receive

every one thought there was no life after death, but after He rose from the tomb that first Easter morning, there was no more fear of death in the world, for people knew that we would all rise again. Did you ever think about the Easter of Nature every year? In the fall the grasses and flowers die; the leaves fall from the trees; the ground becomes hard and cold. All the summer beauty is dead. You look at the cold bare trunks of the trees and wonder if it is possible that they will ever flow with sap again. You tramp over the high snow banks and think how brown and dead the grass is underneath. And yet—Spring comes. The sun becomes warmer, the days longer, there is a magic feeling in the air, and soon moisture drips from the trees, gray soft pussy willows appear, then tiny leaves; the grass becomes green when the first rain falls; the flowers come shyly out of their winter beds, and by the end of April Nature has risen from the death of winter. And so the resurrection of Spring reminds us that nothing in Nature dies,

They Thrive Better

When cod-liver oil is added to the diet, most grown people and children thrive better in growth and strength.

Scott's Emulsion

of pure vitamine-bearing cod-liveroil is a true, easily-assimilated food-tonic that helps nourish and vitalize the whole body.

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22-54



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are saved much
painful chafing by
Baby's Own Soap
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out irritation.

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and
Irish Fingers**

are the combination that have made Robinson & Cleaver's Irish Linen world famous. Bleached and softened by Irish suns and dews, untouched by modern chemicals, they will withstand the wear and tear of years of service. They will grace the beds and tables of your grandchildren.

The maker's price for the genuine Irish article is actually lower than the retail prices of many imitations sold in Canada.

When you buy from us you get the pure Irish linen that has made Ireland famous. Our free samples will tell you the story. Write us for them.

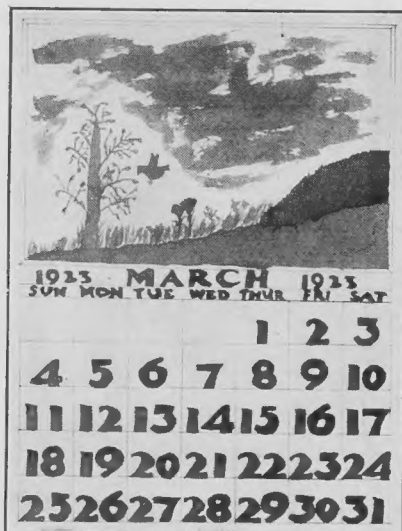
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Cotton Remnants for making children's Dresses, Aprons, Quilts, Cushions, etc. 2 lbs \$1, 5 lbs \$2, 10 lbs \$3.75. 1 lb Silk or Velvet pieces for fancy Quilts \$1.50. All postpaid.

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Calendars winning gold buttons



a button and half a dozen pencils. These are the questions to be answered fully in a letter:

1. Do you like the verses in the Cosy Corner? Do you learn them to recite at school or at home?
2. Do you play the games we tell you about in the corner? Would you like a new game every month?
3. Do you like the kind of stories in the Corner? If not, what kind would you like?
4. When we have "Something to Make" do you make it? Tell about something you made from directions in the Corner, and tell how it turned out.
5. Is there something you would like to see in the Corner every month that is not there? If so, what is it?

My dear Boys and Girls of the Cosy Corner:

April 1st, this year is Easter, the day of the great Christian festival. So I thought that as it was such a great day we might perhaps have a little talk about it. You all know, your mothers have told you, and you have heard in church and Sunday school the beautiful story of Easter. You know that before Christ came to this earth

it only sleeps, as Christ did, to rise again. This is a thought which should make the Spring a still more wonderful time to us all.

It is a good thing for boys and girls and for every one, old and young, to think of beautiful things like this often, for every time we think of beauty we make a picture on our brains, and it is a wonderful thing to be old and have a picture gallery of beautiful thoughts in your mind, so that you will never grow tired of them. Dear old ladies and kind old men like our own dear grandfathers and grandmothers are so kind and good because they have thought very often in their long lives of the beautiful things, have read good books, and have thought fine thoughts, and their brains



Orlin R. Hagaman's three year old sister
feeding the Geese, at Mervin, Sask.

Goddard's
Plate Powder

For polishing Silver



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Sold in boxes—25 cents.
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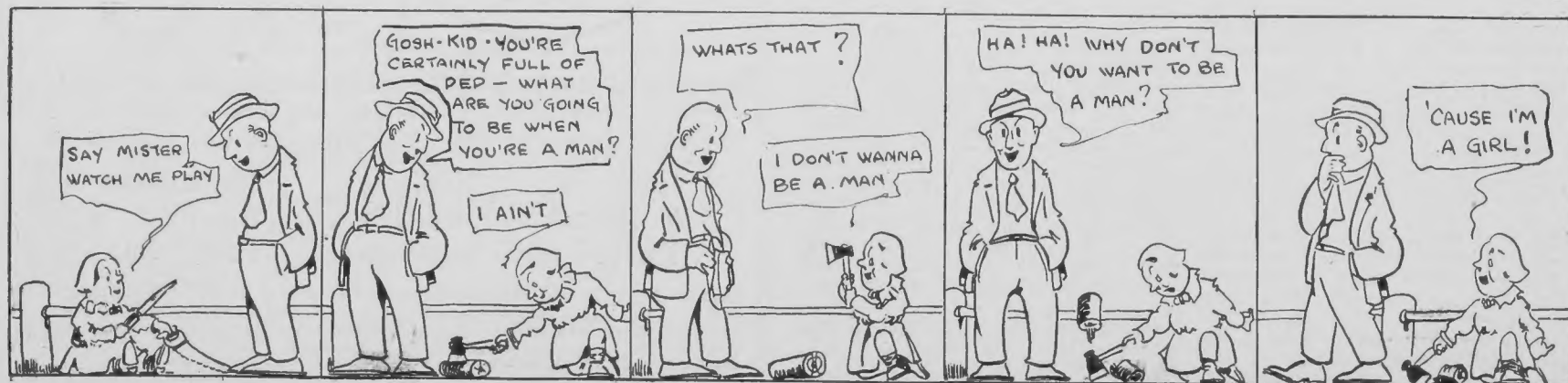
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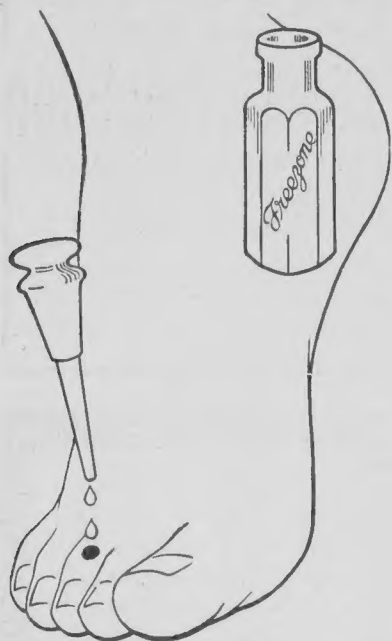
THE DOIN'S OF PUG

By J. A. Cormack. Winnipeg



Corns

Lift Off with the Fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between toes, and calluses, without pain, soreness.

Brew a cup of Celery King

a "tea" of Nature's own herbs and roots,—the finest laxative and blood purifier you can get. It gently cleanses the system of all impurities, banishes headaches, etc. 30c and 60c packages, at druggists.

A Croupy Cough

brings dread to the mother's heart. For safety's sake, keep a bottle of Shiloh, the old time remedy, at hand. A very few drops makes the cough easier at once, and taken regularly gives complete relief. 30c, 60c and \$1.20. All druggists.

SHILOH FOR COUGHS

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YOU CAN earn \$1 to \$2 an hour writing show cards at home in your spare time. Quickly and easily learned by our new simple method. No canvassing or soliciting. We show you how, guarantee you steady work at home, no matter where you live, and pay you cash each week. Full particulars and booklet free. Write to-day. AMERICAN SHOW CARD SYSTEM LIMITED
Authorized and Fully Paid Capital, One Million Dollars.

49 Adams Bldg. Toronto, Canada

CHILDREN'S COSY CORNER—Continued from page 54

are picture galleries of beauty. People who do unkind things, cruel things, and wicked things, really do them because their brain pictures are not beautiful, they have not tried to think of the beauty of Spring, but only of the mud; the growing grass and budding trees have not meant anything to them; the resurrection of Christ is only a story that has no meaning for such people. They have no imaginations. As Wordsworth said, speaking of a man without imagination:

A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him
And it was nothing more.

And so as Spring comes in over the hills this year of 1923, I want all the Cosy Corner readers to have eyes that see, ears that hear, hearts that feel and brains that picture the beauty of life in the everyday world.

The First Letter

"Did you ever get a letter?
I did the other day.
It was in a real envelope
And it came a long, long way.

A stamp was in the corner,
And some printing when it came,
And the one that wrote the letter
Had put 'Miss' before my name.

Then there came a lot more written,
I forget now what it read,
But it told the office people
Where I lived, my mamma said.

Don't you s'pose those letter-persons,
If they hadn't just been told,
Would have thought 'twas for a lady
Who was awful, awful old?

For it looked real big and heavy
The outside was stuck with glue,
So they couldn't know I'm little
I don't think they could. Do you?
Rosie Marshall.

CORRESPONDENCE

Continued from page 52

dressmaking, and was just about going to sleep over it, when I got to where it said, "now you bachelors," and I was interested all at once. Then it went on to say that given a chance Mabel felt sure she could tell the bachelors something that would tend to make a bachelor's life worth living.

The other letter that interested me is pen-named "A Flapper." Now I have no doubt that anyone reading this will say that I don't know very much, because I did not know until yesterday what a flapper really was. It was then I saw an article in an American paper on Flappers, and I came to the conclusion that they must be very interesting young women for all their powder and puffing, paint and what not. However, if a "Flapper" will kindly write me all about the things a Flapper knows, I shall be more than pleased although I am thirty-three years of age. I hope I am not too late in life to get acquainted with such things. Anyhow, there is no age limit, so I shall look forward to getting a reply from Mabel and A Flapper.
Pro Flapper.

The Wheels of Time

O! the wheels of Time go swiftly round;
There's many a missing face,
And the circle narrows, one by one,
In the old familiar place;
We miss the grip of the friendly hand,
And we miss the cheery tone;
Where, a trail once ran by the side of ours,
We are walking now, alone.

The road turns rough, as the eye grows dim,
And the step falls dull and slow;
Our thoughts hark back to the good "old times"
In the days of "long ago."
But the sunset has a rosy shine,
Though our heads are turning grey,
And our hearts are like the ever-green tree,
Though our youth has passed away.

Then, here's to those who are with us yet,
To the comrades staunch and true;
And all absent friends on sea or land,
Here's a toast, to-night, for you!
We grieve for the many called away
To cross o'er that Stream so wide:
May the broken circle unite again,
Beyond life's feverish tide.

(Frances)

The Tree

I think that I shall never see
A Poem as lovely as a tree,
A tree, whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the world's sweet flowing breast.
A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;
A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;
Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain,
Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

By Sergeant Joyce Kilmer.

There's never a rose in all the world
But makes some green spray sweeter;
There's never a wind in all the sky
But makes some bird wing fleet.

There's never a star but brings to Heaven
Some silver radiance tender;
And never a rosy cloud but helps
To crown the sunset splendor.

No robin but may thrill some heart
His dawnlight gladness voicing;
God gives us all some small, sweet way
To set the world rejoicing.

Chisel in hand stood a sculptor boy,
With his marble block before him,
And his face lit up with a smile of joy
As an angel dream passed o'er him.

He carved that dream on that shapeless stone
With many a sharp incision;
With Heaven's own light the sculpture shone—
He had caught that angel vision.

Sculptors of life are we, as we stand
With our souls uncarved before us,
Waiting the hour when at God's command
Our life dream shall pass o'er us;

If we carve it then on the yielding stone
With many a sharp incision,
Its Heavenly beauty shall be our own,
Our lives that angel vision.

—Bishop Doane

She Found A Pleasant Way To Reduce Her Fat

She did not have to go to the trouble of diet or exercise. She found a better way, which aids the digestive organs to turn food into muscle, bone and sinew instead of fat.

She used **Marmola Prescription Tablets**, which are made from the famous Marmola prescription. They aid the digestive system to obtain the full nutriment of food. They will allow you to eat many kinds of food without the necessity of dieting or exercising.

Thousands have found that **Marmola Prescription Tablets** give complete relief from obesity. And when the accumulation of fat is checked, reduction to normal, healthy weight soon follows.

All good drug stores the world over sell **Marmola Prescription Tablets** at one dollar a box. Ask your druggist for them, or order direct and they will be sent in plain wrapper, postpaid.

MARMOLA COMPANY
261 Garfield Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

A cold preventative and a remedy, taken before the cough or cold develops, will prevent it becoming serious. For 80 years, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has been the favorite home remedy. It carries comfort and healing into the chest, soothes the inflamed bronchial tubes, frees the breathing and loosens the phlegm.

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THE DOIN'S OF PUG

By J. A. Cormack, Winnipeg





WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING



Every Day, In Every Way

Emile Coue has been getting better for thirty years, so he ought to be a pretty good and better boy now.—Saskatoon Star.

An Annoying Habit

The president of Poland was shot while looking at the pictures. Maybe he was reading the titles aloud.—Halifax Herald.

The Vanished Saloons

Once upon a time the filling stations on the corner handled alcohol instead of gasoline.—Hamilton Herald.

One Explanation

It's hard to keep hold of the key to peace in Europe because the oil makes it so slippery.—Ottawa Citizen.

Some Doolittles Are Very Busy

Smith and Jones are the most common names, but sometimes we have difficulty in understanding why Doolittle isn't.—St. John Globe.

A Hen-house Maxim

An Ottawa hen laid an egg daily for 107 days. There's a saying in every hen-house that an egg a day keeps the hatchet away.—Stratford Beacon.

The Great Need

The great need of the non-Christian nations is Christianity. Still, you can say that much about the Christian nations.—Duluth Herald.

The Easiest Way

The new President of Poland, Stanislaus Wojciechowski, will generally be called the "New President of Poland," in this country.—St. Thomas Times Journal.

Mentioned in Despatches

Girls whom the Prince of Wales denies he is to marry at least have the honor of being among those mentioned.—Ottawa Journal.

Work They Might Be Set To

What we'd like to see in Europe is three or four of the Hohenzollern family rebuilding houses in the devastated French villages.—New York Tribune.

An Object Lesson

The police in Des Moines photograph every drunk as he enters the police station. Next morning he is compelled to look at the developed print. This is a refinement of cruelty.—Minneapolis Journal.

Financial Item

That broker's wife who was robbed of the half million dollar's worth of jewels after a casual little game of cards in old New York, suggests why it's so hard to beat the stock market.—Kansas City Star.

Wireless Photos

London report says that wireless photographs have proved successful, which is more than can be said of many of them you sit for in a studio.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

A Costly Tire Job

A man at St. Paul wants \$25,000 for injuries sustained while helping another man fix an automobile tire. This fellow must think he is working in a garage.—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

Commissions and Commissions

Every little while the country has to appoint a royal commission to find out what was wrong with the recommendations of the last royal commission.—Guelph Herald.

Locating the Waistline

Dressmakers and designers in session had a hard time deciding where to put the waistline. At last reports it will be some place between the knees and the back of the neck.—New York World.

In a Manner of Speaking

For the first time since the war tea is reaching Russia from China. The Russians are said to be the greatest tea drinkers in the world and it is a rare thing for them to be out of hot water.—Vancouver Province.

Undoubtedly

We don't see any news about it on the market page, but would hazard a guess that one of the crops that is coming along first class in the country is the crop of June brides for 1923.—Brantford Expositor.

For Very Much Less Than That

An English syndicate is offering \$250,000 for a fight between Dempsey and Beckett. A lot of men did a lot of fighting for much less than that during the last eight years.—Vancouver World.

Sensational Newspaper Stuff

From a careful perusal of the magazine sections of some dailies it would appear that world news consists mostly of pretty murderesses, pet dogs and chorus girl's legs.—Tacoma Ledger.

Safe "Statesmanship"

When we, as a loyal member of the only party that does things, don't know what in thunder to do under any given set of conditions we can always clear our throat impressively and announce that we shall wait until the situation clarifies.—Toledo Blade.

Not a Talkative M. P.

"Mr. J. D. Hope of Berwick," writes a Manchester Guardian correspondent, "has not made a speech in the House of Commons for over twenty years." The others have been told about it but they will go on doing it.—London Punch.

Transportation the Key

The key to successful commercial and agricultural development is transportation. The key to successful exporting is transportation. With the largest Canadian railway system publicly owned and in progressive hands, the Dominion has reason to face the future with confidence.—Toronto Star.

Air Hogs

Kitchener has trouble with radio fans who are cutting down equipment that interferes with their own. Are we approaching that stage where a man can say, "This is my block of air. Keep out."—Kingston Whig.

Mob "Justice"

In Florida a negro is accused of a crime and a mob starts out to administer "justice" without a trial. The result: Seven people dead, including three whites, the homes of many innocent negroes burned, and the only fellow in the neighborhood who hasn't suffered is the accused of the crime. He escaped.—Providence Journal.

Passing the Buck

That fine old custom is still in existence of police courts giving vagrants and others of their tribe an hour or so to leave town. Thus is justice served and the buck passed on to some other place.—Brockville Recorder and Times.

What Germany Owes Us

According to the present outlook, it is just as well that Canada did not have any very high expectations in regard to getting its share of the German reparations. Our chance of getting what Germany owes us is pretty remote.—Lethbridge Herald.

Excitement for the Messenger Boy

The messenger boy who from his hiding place saw burglars rob a bank at Moose Jaw, and who after they had made off, released the teller, whom they had gagged and bound helpless, had his wildest moving picture dreams realized.—Hamilton Spectator.

Prohibition in P. E. I.

The people of the smallest of the Provinces of the Dominion, the little Island Province in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, have declared themselves with no uncertain sound in regard to the prohibition question. More than ever P. E. I. is dry.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Japan's Naval Economy

The cost of the Japanese navy in 1923 will be \$58,000,000 less than it was in 1922. The Japanese Government is pointing to this fact as a result of the disarmament conference at Washington and as a proof that Japan has no desire to precipitate a war for the dominancy of the Pacific.—Victoria Colonist.

The Planet of the War God

Mars is some forty-two millions of miles distant from the earth. If only all his worshippers in Turkey and other European countries could be deported an equal distance what a fine place the world would be to live in!—Toronto Globe.

The Klan of Many K's

What do you imagine the agent of the Ku Klux Klan who is to engage in internationalizing work in Europe during the next few months will do when he tries to establish a branch of the Klan in a country which has no "K" in its alphabet?—Chicago Tribune.

Would the Agreement Be Kept?

A proposal has been put forward to "humanize aerial warfare." The idea is to have an agreement that air operations be banned from non-combatant areas. This will work very nicely until somebody decides that victory could be achieved by terrorizing the undefended.—Winnipeg Free Press.

The Russian Resort to Capitalism

Communist Russia appears to be nibbling at the capitalistic ideas in order to get the system on its feet. After the country's industrial life has been restored by capitalistic methods it is proposed to go back to full-fledged Communism. And after things are on the rocks again they will be able to start all over.—Winnipeg Tribune.

A True Comment

A Toronto girl, four years of age, had been adjudged "Canada's loveliest child" in a competition conducted by a Toronto newspaper. And that in spite of the fact that the loveliest child in all the world is to be found in every home where there is a child!—Edmonton Bulletin.

Consequences

In very large measure the present crisis of the French occupation of the Ruhr Valley is due to this country's repudiation of its duties and responsibilities three years ago in failing to join the League of Nations and to ratify the treaty signed by Great Britain and by President Wilson for the protection of France.—New York Evening Post.

Greeks and Turks

The issue between Greeks and Turks is not one of comparative atrocities—though even on that basis the Greeks could show the better record. With the Greeks, destruction of villages and killing of inhabitants have come from the immediate bitter passion. With the Turks, they spring, as a rule, from a settled policy. The Turk is unable to deal with a superior race except by massacre and deportation.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

A Different Kind of Invasion

Actions of revenge seldom, if ever, accomplish a useful purpose. At the same time one cannot help wondering how the Germans would take it if right now France set out to flood mines, smash machinery, dynamite factories, girdle trees, poison wells, and utterly devastate 12,000 square miles of their territory.—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

Looking Forward Forty Years

In less than forty years western Canada's grain production has grown from a million and a half bushels to three hundred and eighty million bushels. It will be well worth while living to see the development in the next forty years. In that time grain handling may become as pretentious on the Pacific coast and on the Hudson Bay as it is today at the head of the lakes.—Edmonton Journal.

Vain-Glorious and Incompetent

The memoirs of the late General von Moltke reveals the ex-Kaiser as a pinchbeck figure even in the days of his splendor. Von Moltke was obliged on one occasion to rebuke him for spoiling the army manoeuvres by insisting on riding at the head of the troops. Stripped of his pomp and feathers, the whole world now sees the vain-glorious incompetent in his true light.—London Express.

Death of a Movie Star

The death of Wallace Reid, the movie star, was a tragic thing. On the screen he was pictured as winning many fights, while he was in reality every hour losing the fight against the drug to which he was addicted. To the crowds in the movie houses he appeared on "the silver screen" as a handsome, dashing figure, full of courage and daring, while back of it all was the hectic flush of dissipation and the pace that kills.—Galt Reporter.

The Cariboo Trail

The reported find of gold in paying quantities in the Cariboo district of British Columbia will revive interest in one of the romantic chapters of the settlement of the coast province. The Cariboo trail winds through the memory of those Canadians who link the present with the days of the pioneers.—Regina Leader.

Quick Work

A fast freight pulled into Chatham at an early hour in the morning. An officer in charge of a car of liquor went to phone for lunch, and on his return the car had been robbed. If the facts are as stated, then it must be that the bootleggers have a code system that would have put the Germans in Paris two days after the war started.—London Advertiser.